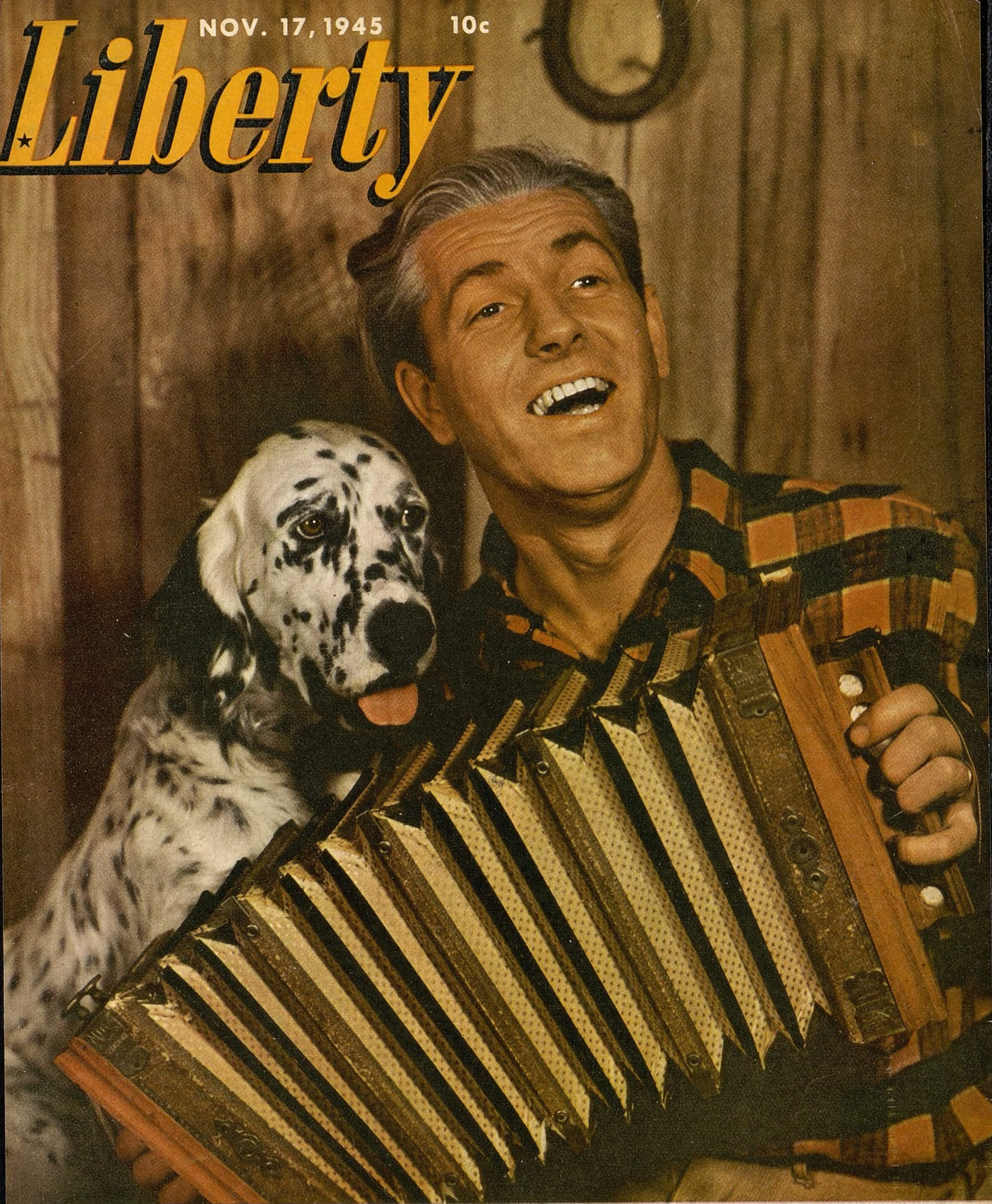
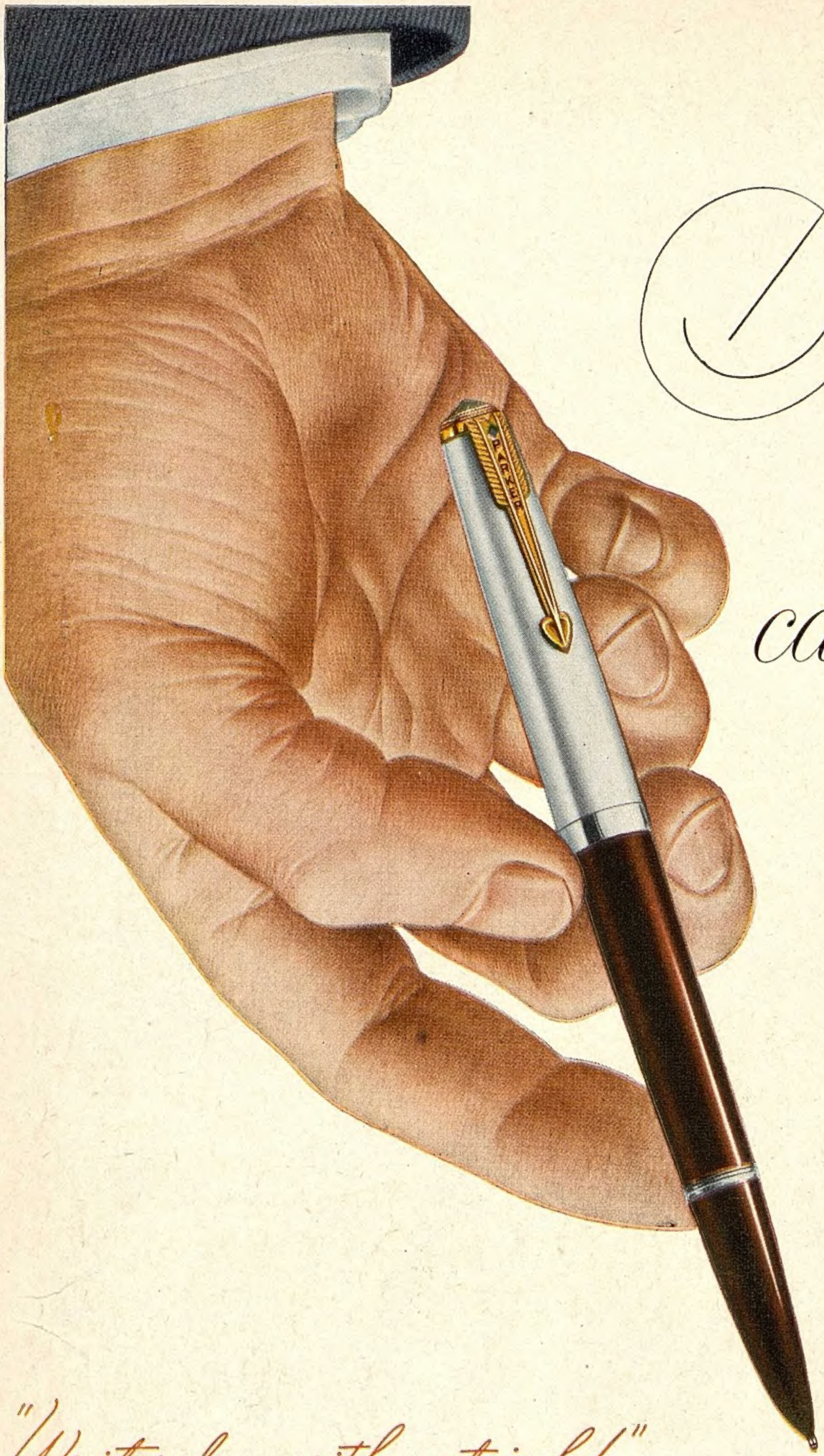
NOV. 17, 1945 10c

Liberty



Book: THE EGG AND I—Chicken Farming Is Frantic Fun

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—WHAT *REALLY* HAPPENED TO THE BATAAN NURSES



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"Writes dry with wet ink!"

If you are one of those still waiting for a Parker "51", you will be cheered by this: there'll be more 51's! The day is coming when you will hold a new "51" in your hand. Then you will see how its protected Osmiridium tip starts writing instantly... glides across the paper with magic silence and smoothness.

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Yes, there'll be more **51's** . . . so place a reservation order with your Parker dealer now. But no matter how great the demand, Parker 51's will not be hurriedly mass-produced. Only precision craftsmanship . . . the same craftsmanship that has produced Parker-made matériel of war . . . can create this "most wanted" pen.

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The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin

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Sure, Goodyears wear out — but read how long it takes!

IN NEW YORK: "have travelled more than **50,000 MILES** on pair of Goodyear synthetic tires." **STILL GOING!** *Attorney*

IN COLORADO: "average service from Goodyear synthetic tires before recapping is **25,000 to 28,000 MILES.** Goodyear recaps most satisfactory." *Cab Company*

IN TEXAS: "now have **50,000 MILES** on my first Goodyear synthetic tire. It's been recapped once." **STILL GOING!** *Field Supervisor*

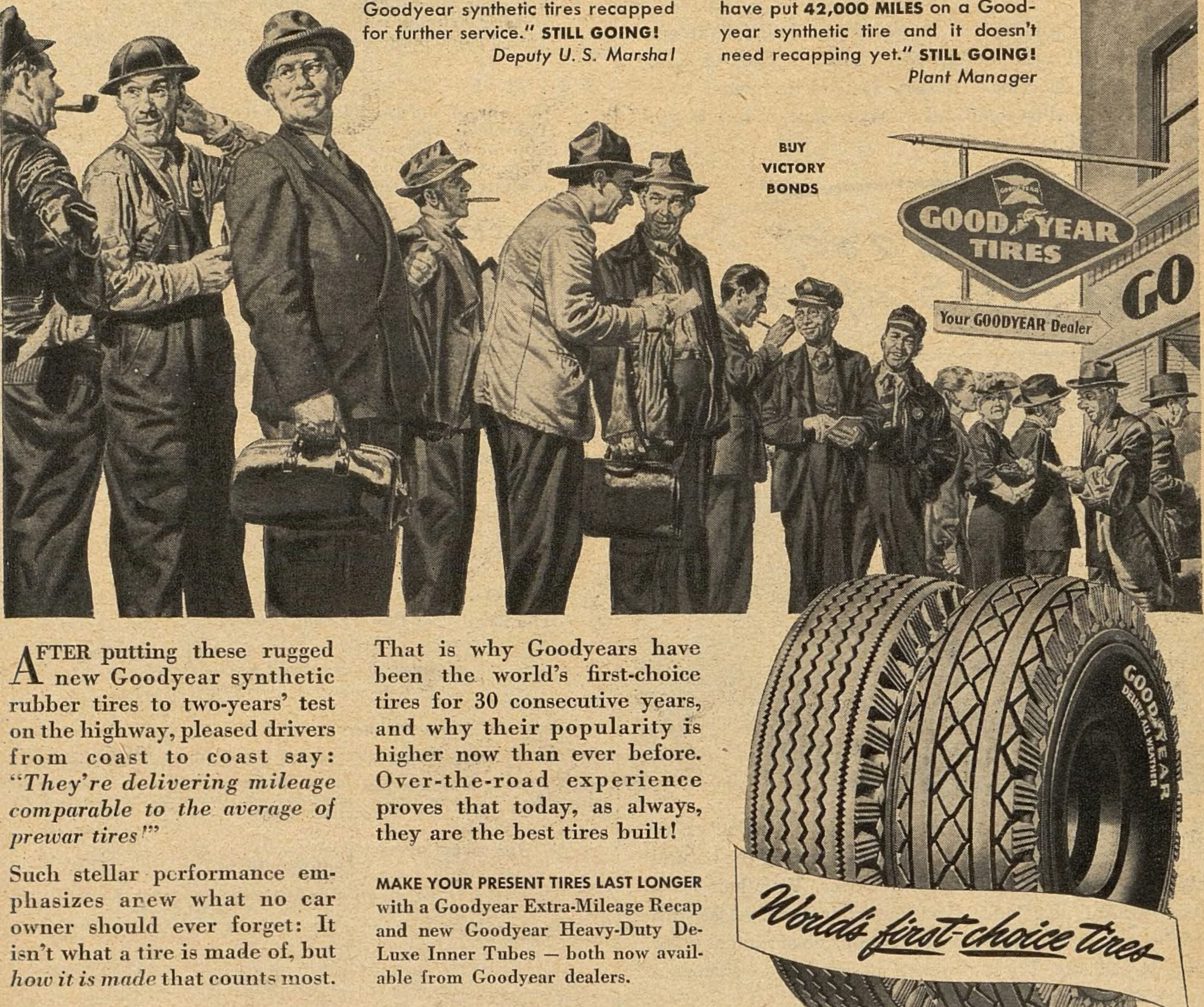
IN MINNESOTA: "very pleased with service from Goodyear synthetic tire — **29,414 MILES** on all kinds of roads." **STILL GOING!** *Doctor*

IN CALIFORNIA: "after **23,000 MILES** of hard usage, have just had two Goodyear synthetic tires recapped for further service." **STILL GOING!** *Deputy U. S. Marshal*

IN MICHIGAN: "wish to report driving a Goodyear synthetic tire **50,000 MILES** before recapping." **STILL GOING!** *Traffic Manager*

IN ALABAMA: "my Goodyear synthetic tire went 37,000 miles before recapping, 15,000 since. Total **52,000 MILES.**" **STILL GOING!** *Expressman*

IN NEW JERSEY: "since June 1943 have put **42,000 MILES** on a Goodyear synthetic tire and it doesn't need recapping yet." **STILL GOING!** *Plant Manager*



AFTER putting these rugged new Goodyear synthetic rubber tires to two-years' test on the highway, pleased drivers from coast to coast say: "*They're delivering mileage comparable to the average of prewar tires!*"

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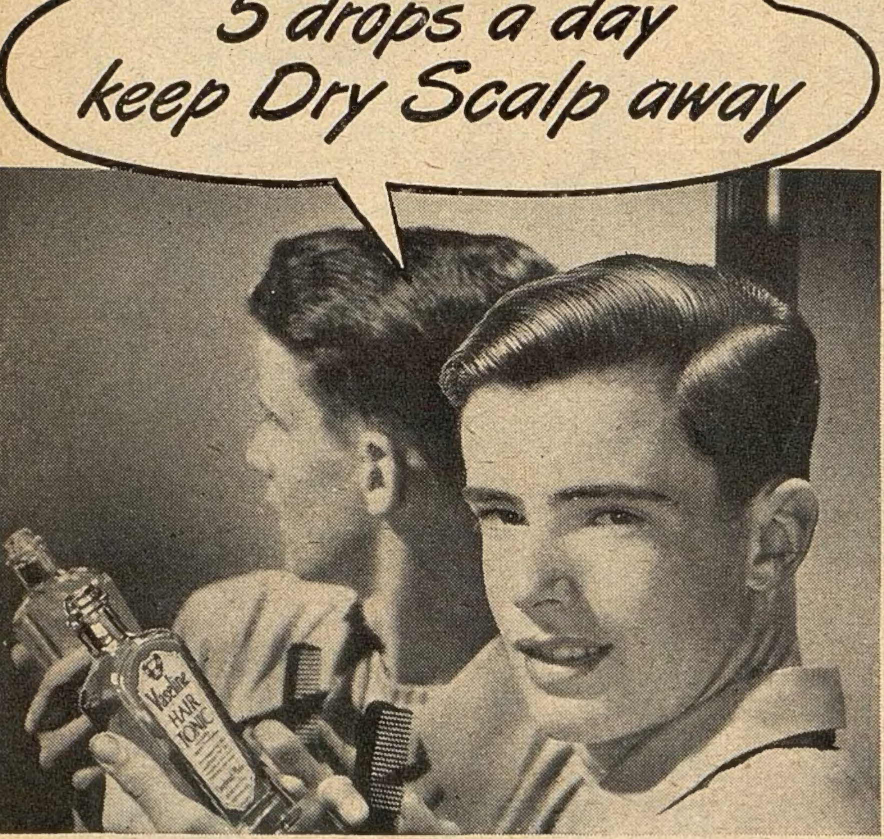

IT'S THE HELP YOU NEED! Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by *supplementing* the natural scalp oils. Your scalp *feels* good all over. Your hair looks wonderful. And no wonder. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature—not against it, because it contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

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Liberty, November 17, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 46. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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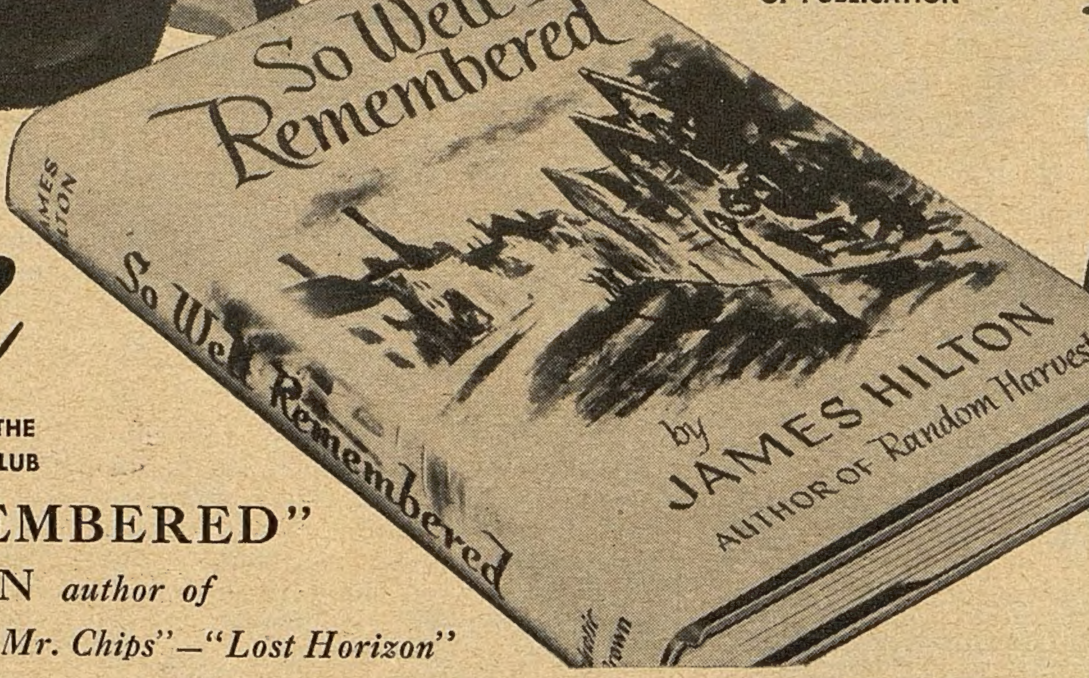

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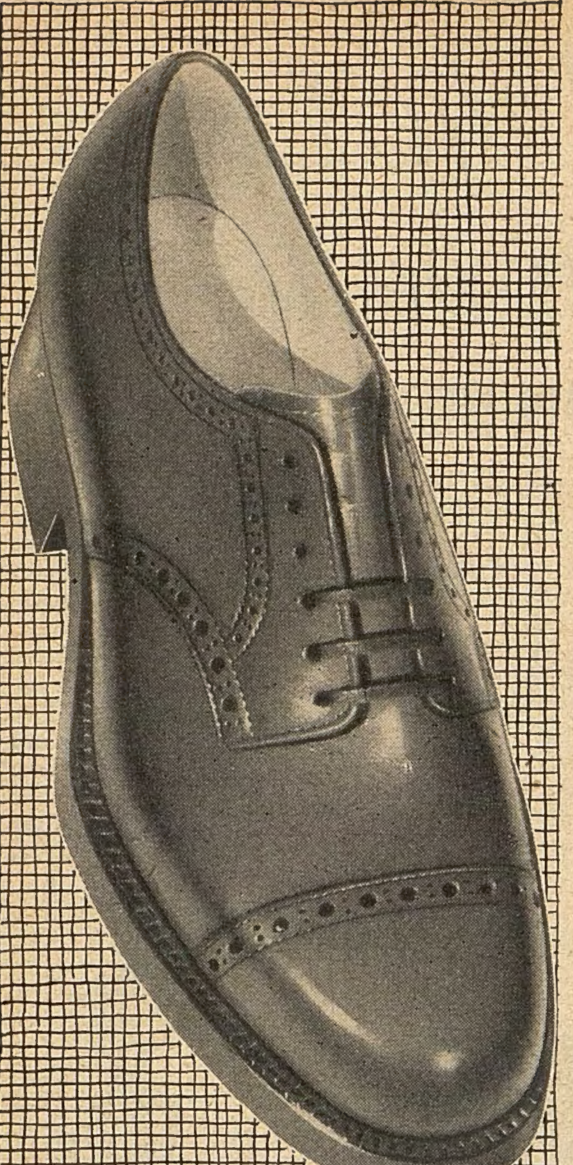

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VOX POP

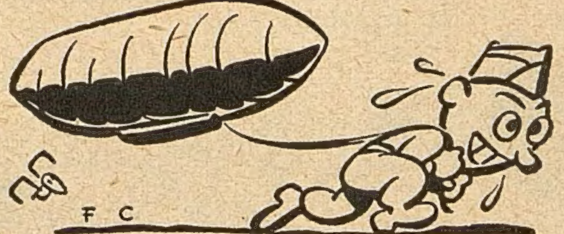
"The Voice of the People"

PREFERENCE QUALIFIED

Spokane, Wash.—A veteran has called our attention to the article, Salvaging the Surplus, by Fairfax Downey (October 6).

The author states, "For returned veterans, dealing in war surpluses should prove an ideal business. Congress has voted them preferred treatment in the sale of this property."

But there's a "but" attached to that. Congress has voted them preferred treatment in buying up this property for their own use, but *not* for resale, as Mr. Downey implies. —*G. A. Pershall, Smaller War Plants Corporation.*



CAPTAIN KID FOREVER

San Diego, Calif.—My subscription heretofore has been solely on account of the Ted Shane puzzles. But I cannot omit praise for the Captain Kid cover (September 15). It is worthy of being framed and kept forever.—*V. F. Safranek.*

POOR LITTLE RICH STATE

Jackson, Miss.—I hate to see a magazine like yours misinform so many people. In the Rancorous Mr. Rankin (October 6), Stanley Frank states that Mississippi is the poorest state in the Union. Perhaps the writer will be surprised to learn that Mississippi has several million dollars in cash, or convertible cash.

Mississippi could not be the poorest state in the Union. Perhaps Mr. Frank was speaking of the poor lands and minerals. To falsify this, I need only say that Mississippi ranks second in the raising of cotton, and only recently Mississippi has surged ahead as a leading oil state. Besides, she is one of the few states that is able to grow tung trees from which we get tung oil.

Mississippi has also produced noted men, namely Admiral McCain, James Street, and Will Percy.

The poll tax has often been the subject for bitter debate, but this money is used for good purposes, namely schools and public programs. —*Charles Trenholm.*

ABOLISH THE POLL TAX

Washington, D. C.—There are many items of close interest to me in your October 6 issue, which probably owe their happy appearance in a single issue to accident, but certainly have a close relationship.

The first is a Vox Pop letter from Miss Mescal Rowland disapproving of Senator Eastland; the second is a letter from Russell P. Howard suggesting we tax citizens who do not vote; the third is a remarkably thorough and acute analysis of John E. Rankin, The Rancorous Mr. Rankin, by Stanley Frank.

Senator Eastland, Congressman Rankin, Senator Bilbo, and the other irresponsible demagogues among the distinguished Southern delegations in Congress are products of the poll-tax system in the South—the very antithesis of the remedies for lax citizenship proposed by Mr. Howard.

The poll tax effectively disfranchises ten million American citizens in seven states—seven million white adults, three million Negroes. The poll-tax issue is not a race issue; it is an issue of good government, of responsible government, of majority government in the American way. The most widely supported and most practicable way of getting rid of the poll tax is to enact the federal anti-poll-tax bill. The poll tax discriminates against every American voter, because in Congress one poll-tax voter has as much voting power as four free voters.—*Katherine Shryver, National Committee to Abolish the Poll Tax.*

WRONG SEX

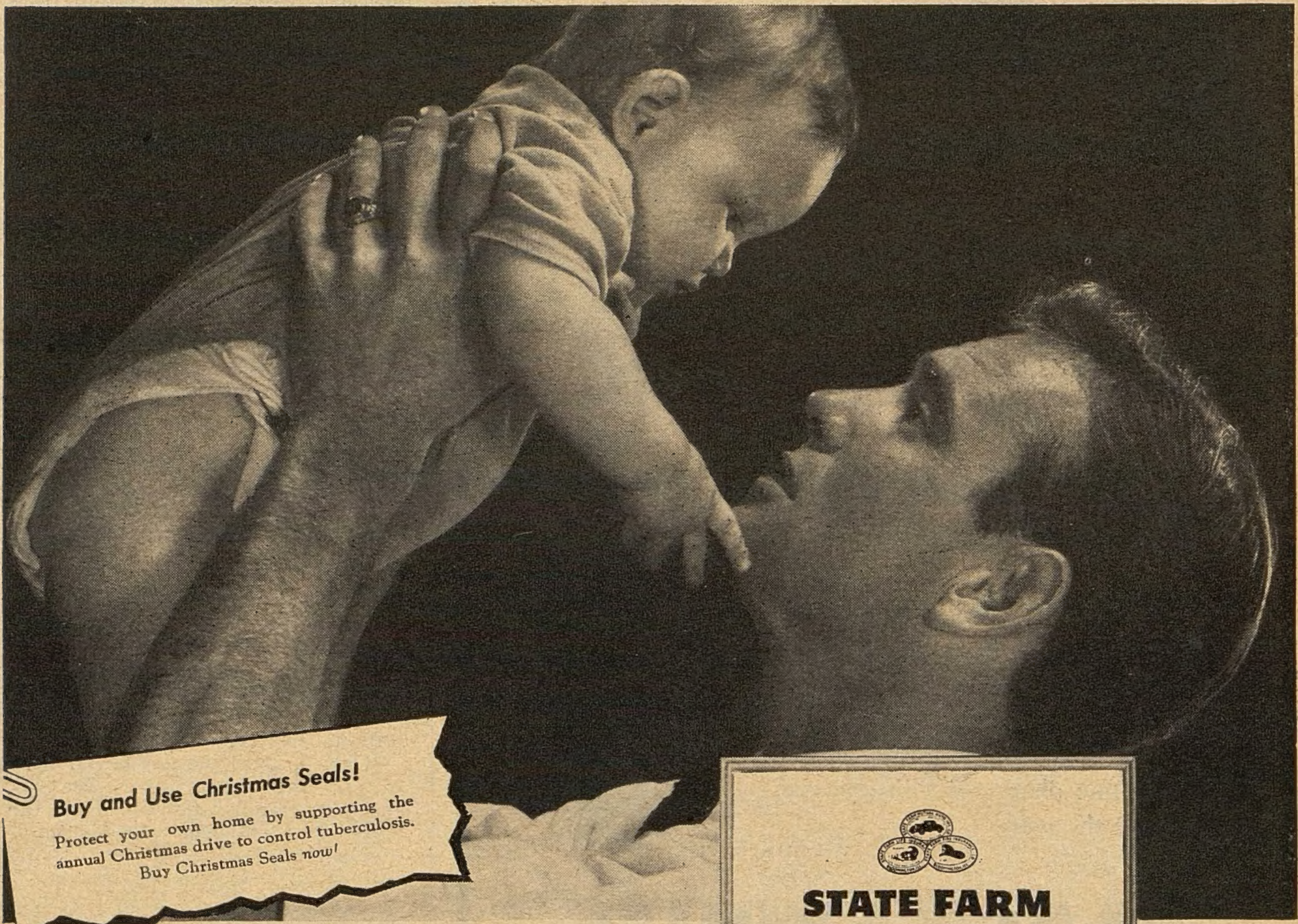
Wilmington, Del. — You've got some nice illustrations for Lt. Sam Stowe's article, Pets of the Can-Do's (September 29), but the captions for them leave your readers in doubt as to whether the man who edits was from Harvard or Yale. Get a

(*Continued on page 8*)

"Son, I've really let you down!"

"We'd planned big things for you . . . right from the start. We even had a special room for you in the house . . . the house we *used* to own. But you see, Son, I overlooked *one* thing — overlooked *one* trifle — and all our hopes for your rosy future were swept away. I had an auto accident. There was a court judgment that took everything we owned. It'll be tough going, Son. I put two strikes against you . . . when I neglected the trifle of auto insurance."

Auto insurance a trifle? Yes, but what a *tremendous trifle* — tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. Yet all auto insurance is NOT alike. State Farm's is different in ways that we sincerely believe give you the most for your insurance dollar. That's why State Farm Mutual is now the largest auto insurance company in the world, with more than 1,100,000 policyholders and over 6,000 agents at your service.



Buy and Use Christmas Seals!

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IMPORTANT NOW! You may save 3 ways when you buy your next car through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN: (1) on the purchase price; (2) through lower cooperating bank financing rates; (3) on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan. It also gives you basic facts about life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance before you buy. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today.*

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Blackie: "I hope the artist puts real character into our portrait, Whitey."

Whitey: "Naturally, Blackie—our picture would be incomplete without it!"

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(*Continued from page 6*)

country boy to write such items, and you won't go wrong. A city boy ain't got what it takes.

Witness: Philbert, the chicken, is a hen and not a "he" (she has no spurs or comb); Hawkey-Tawkey is a female duck and not a "he" either, since there is no curl in the tail, which shows sex; Grunt, the hog shown, is a sow and not a boar, as the article states and the caption picks up by using "his." I'll grant one, though—the masculinity of Stupid, the dog, goes unquestioned. —*Guy K. Browning.*

Our man's research at Dartmouth didn't extend to the animal kingdom.—Vox Pop Editor.

ANIMAL LOVERS

Oxnard, Calif.—We certainly enjoyed reading the short story, The Watcher by the Pool, by Kenneth Gilbert (September 22).

It seems so refreshing to get out of doors once again! The story was a pleasant, well-written respite from the war stuff. As great lovers of animals we do hope you'll publish more —and soon.—*Lt. & Mrs. James O. Mayo.*

SKIMMING THE CREAM?

Palm Beach, Fla.—I have just read Victory Gardens in the Pacific, by Victor Boesen (September 29).

GARDEN OF EATIN'

Did Mr. Boesen see Guam from the inside of the officers' club or the admiral's mess? Wherever he was, he was certainly skimming the cream in this man's Army or Navy. Put down that highball glass, Mr. Boesen, and get down in the mud with the doughfeet and gobs.

I quote from a letter from my son, stationed on Guam.

"Gee, dad, all we get to eat here is goat meat from New Zealand, and dehydrated vegetables from the States. I haven't had a good piece of beef since I left the States, and no milk at all."—*George W. Drowne.*

Victor Boesen beat you to the draw. Hospitals, he says, got the native-grown stuff first. "Rarely, until recently, did any remain for the healthy messes."—Vox Pop Editor.

ALMANAC SLEUTHS

Raleigh, N. C.—Your almanac cover (October 6) reflects credit on the magazine as well as its creator, Mr. Cooper. The list of anniversaries of notable dates and other information is quite captivating.

However, as a resident of the most important of the communities of the planet carrying the name of the great Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, I must needs call attention to an error in the date of his execution. It was 1618, not 1636.

In Octoberumors, I believe Mr. Cooper is in error in stating that the ancient Romans applied the names of the chief heavenly bodies to the days of the week. As a matter of fact, their weekdays were termed either at, or before and after, the nones, ides, and calends.—*Fred G. Mahler.*

HERE LIES SIR W.R.
IT'S A LIE!
FC

Redondo Beach, Calif. — I'd like to point out that Fred Cooper slipped up on one item under Octoberumors. While it is true that October was the eighth month at the time of the founding of Rome, it was moved to the tenth place by Julius Caesar about 47 B. C., on the advice of the Egyptian astronomer, Sosigines. This, as you will observe, was some 1,600 years before the time of Pope Gregory, to whom Mr. Cooper gives credit for the switch.—*William A. Mason.*

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

Alaska—I'm a little late with this, since it takes a long time for magazines to reach us here, but I wonder if any of the Coast Guard were vigilant enough to rib you about Al Schmidt's illustration for the short story, The Bone-Yard Special, by Moran Tudury (June 30).

It's the one that shows the sailor sitting on a barrel, laughing at an old horse and buggy. He's got blue trimmings on his white uniform. That outfit went over the side about twenty-five years ago.

But never mind. Pretty soon we can all junk our uniforms and read Liberty after getting the milking done.—*Com. H. T. Coburn, U.S.M.S.*

THE AMERICAN WAY

Miami, Fla. — I thought Paul Hunter's editorial, Unemployment Insurance as It Sometimes Works (October 6), was very thoughtful and most apropos. All that thoughtful Americans want is a chance to make a decent living for themselves and their families. By developing initiative and our inherent ability as individuals, we shall go forward as a nation to lead others to a deeper appreciation of the ideals and accomplishments of a democracy.—*Clara A. Bachelor.*

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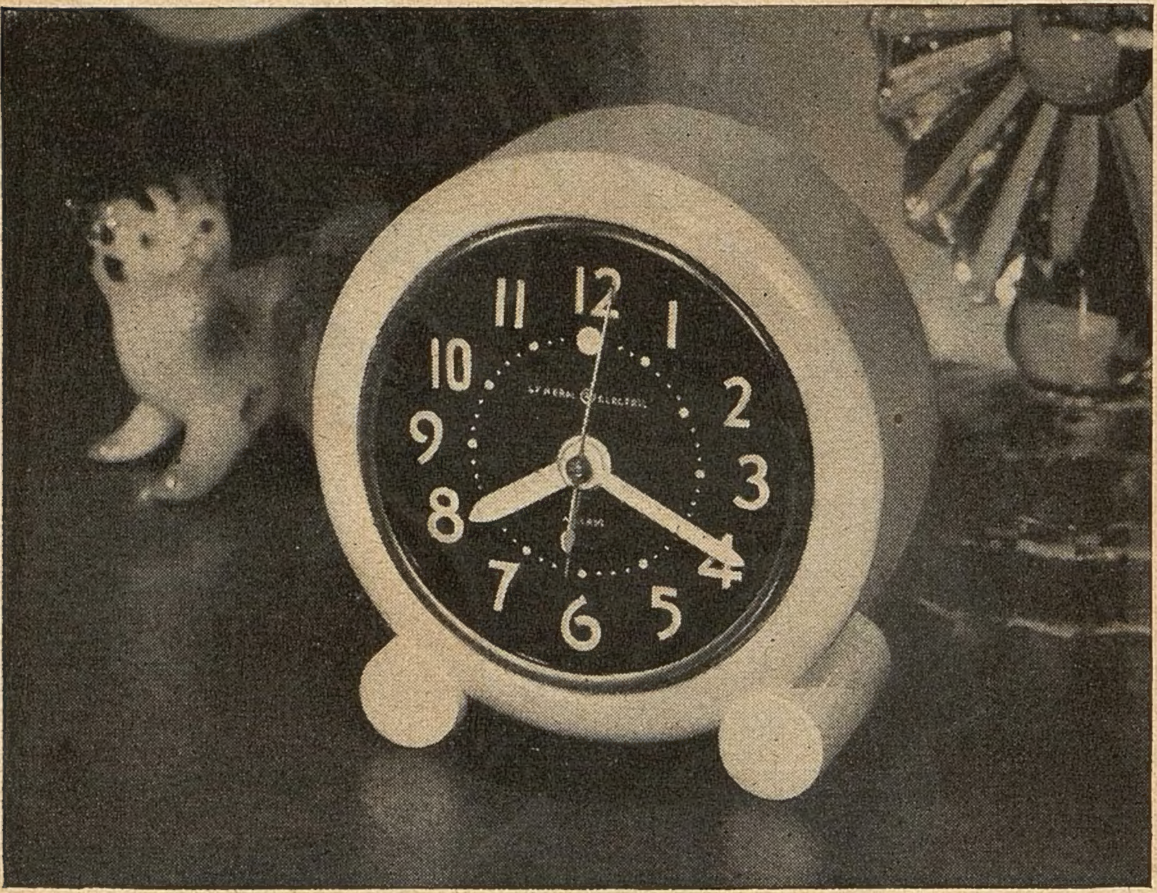

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There's nothing to wind on your new General Electric Alarm Clock. Just set it, plug it in, and the self-starting electric motor will do all the work from then on!

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More clocks coming! General Electric is working at full speed to bring you a full line of kitchen clocks, occasional clocks, chime, and striking clocks. They're worth waiting for. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p.m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p.m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p.m., E.W.T., CBS.

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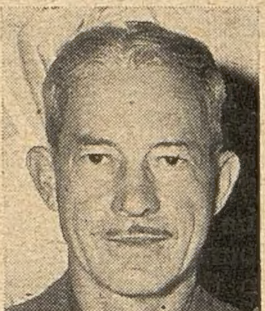
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE BY-LINE

Since 1913, when he became New York's municipal investigator, Robert Moses has headed a score of public works, highway and park commissions. Now, with twenty-two years of big-time planning (New York State Council of Parks, World's Fair, Henry Hudson Parkway Authority, to mention a few) under his belt, he looks to the future of our amazingly complicated highway system and asks, WE ARE BUILDING ROADS TO WHERE? . . . Dick Calkins indulged in his first futuristic scribbling (with illustrations) when he was twelve. And now he's the possessor of the lucrative brain child, THAT PROPHETABLE GUY, BUCK ROGERS. In between he studied at the Art Institute in Chicago, developed into a cartoonist while working for the Detroit Free Press and for Hearst, and served as a pursuit pilot in the first World War. . . . George Moorad went to Australia in 1941 to act as Red Cross Public Information Director for the South Pacific. He soon switched over to news, and traveled a route from Sydney to Moscow to San Francisco, broadcasting for CBS. And in this week's issue he tells his experiences MAKING FRIENDS WITH MOSCOW. . . . Captain Rosemary Hogan reveals WHAT DID *NOT* HAPPEN TO THE BATAAN NURSES after she and her colleagues were captured at Corregidor until they were rescued from Santo Tomas early this year. Commissioned in the Army in 1936, overseas since 1940, she's now chief nurse of the Miami Biltmore Hospital in Florida.



NEXT WEEK

Liberty
BEACHHEAD ON THE WIND
ARCTIC CRADLE OF THE ATOM

Richard L. Neuberger shows you how the few rusty notes set down by a Canadian geologist forty-five years ago led to the world's richest source of uranium, ARCTIC CRADLE OF THE ATOM. . . . Our Foreign Service needs drastic overhauling, say Blair Bolles and Walter Fitzmaurice. Here's what ails it and what's being done to fill it with TOP BRAINS INSTEAD OF TOP HATS. . . . Read a novel of drama and humor about some American sailors in the Aleutians—BEACHHEAD ON THE WIND, by Carl Jonas, condensed in next week's issue.

SKYCYCLING AS EASY AS BICYCLING? It all depends on knowing how. And Piper says it will be easy to pick up the "know how" of flying this new type Cub Skycycle.* But whether you fly the skyways or drive the highways, there's *new* Sinclair Gasoline power-packed with 100-octane components to help your motor do its utmost.

**(20 ft. wing spread, 16 ft. fuselage)*

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CAR CARE—*OR ELSE!* With fourteen million eager buyers awaiting new cars, figure your chance. Then you'll agree it's wise to nurse that old car. SINCLAIR-IZE service saves wear. See your Sinclair Dealer today.

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A good name and great riches are united in **OLD TAYLOR.** For in this hearty, full-grained bourbon, a creator of many noble whiskies poured forth all the richness of his skill in a bourbon he freely acknowledged as his masterwork. To this day it proudly bears his name—and in any company where fine bourbon is appreciated, **OLD TAYLOR** is hailed and appreciated as The Master's Choice.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
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Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

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The Master's Choice

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OFFICIAL WAR DEPT. PHOTO

At airfields in Burma where C-47s arrived unfailingly with supplies for Allied ground forces, awed natives from the hills were always on hand to gaze at them.

ON THE BEAM

Good news for private fliers: an operator of local airports wins a well-deserved five-G prize . . . Still more laurels to the ATC

BY WAYNE PARRISH

JUST as first-class automobile service stations were slow in developing from the blacksmith shops which first installed gas pumps for the newfangled gas buggies, local airport facilities for personal fliers have been slow in improving. Too many airfields have been marked by ill-kept hangars and dingy offices and a general lack of lounges and other attractions for the pleasure flier.

But one local operator in the South has been given recognition for providing better facilities for his customers. A magazine called Airports decided some months ago to award a $5,000 prize to stimulate the development of airports. It turned over the money to the National Aeronautic Association to sponsor and administer.

A few weeks ago the winner of the fat check was revealed as Beverly Howard, of Orangeburg, South Carolina, who heads the Hawthorne Flying Service and whose school of aeronautics trained Army fliers during the war. He operates airports at Rocky Mount, Greensboro-High Point, and Fayetteville in North Carolina; in Columbia, South Carolina, and in Albany, Georgia.

What helped Howard win was his installation of telephones between his gas pumps and his airport offices to make his customers happy. Attendants tell the cashier what the customer's bill is, thus cutting down the time between an airplane's landing and its take-off. Also Howard has created lounge and other facilities at Columbia for local and transient pilots.

Howard is one of those local operators who came up the hard way. He started out years ago at Charleston, South Carolina, and thanks to hard work, personality, and service to customers, his business grew even during hard times. In order to make ends meet in the tough days, he appeared at countless air shows as a stunt flier, and today he's one of the best-known operators in the Southeast. Not so long ago he won the sight-seeing franchise at busy Washington National Airport. Soon many thousands of tourists will see the national capital from the air in Howard's planes.

Southwest Wing, Take a Bow!

After fourteen months of operation, the Southwest Pacific Wing of the Pacific Division of the widespread Air Transport Command has ceased operations.

What makes this important is that the Southwest Wing established just about the highest single record of military air-transport operations in the world. It flew something like 47,000,000 miles in fourteen months in twin-engined Douglas C-47 cargo planes over jungle and water in none-too-favorable weather conditions, and never so much as lost a pound of freight or scratched a single passenger. And virtually every flight crew in the Wing was composed of lads from nineteen to twenty-five years of age, right out of training schools and without a single bit of prior aviation experience.

Old-timers have watched the Wing with amazement. There were no airways, no radio aids, poor airfields, meager weather information, no airline supervision at the top—yet the boys ended up with a 100-per-cent safety record.

The routes extended from Aus-

(*Continued on page 16*)

CUSTOMBILT • FROM BOWL TO HILT

So cool, the joy does not pall...So light, the jaw does not tire...Because each CUSTOMBILT PIPE is a union of lighter stummels and bigger bowls ...No breaking-in, either...Cured for your immediate pleasure . . . And styled by artists who use their imagination as well as their hands ...No two alike.

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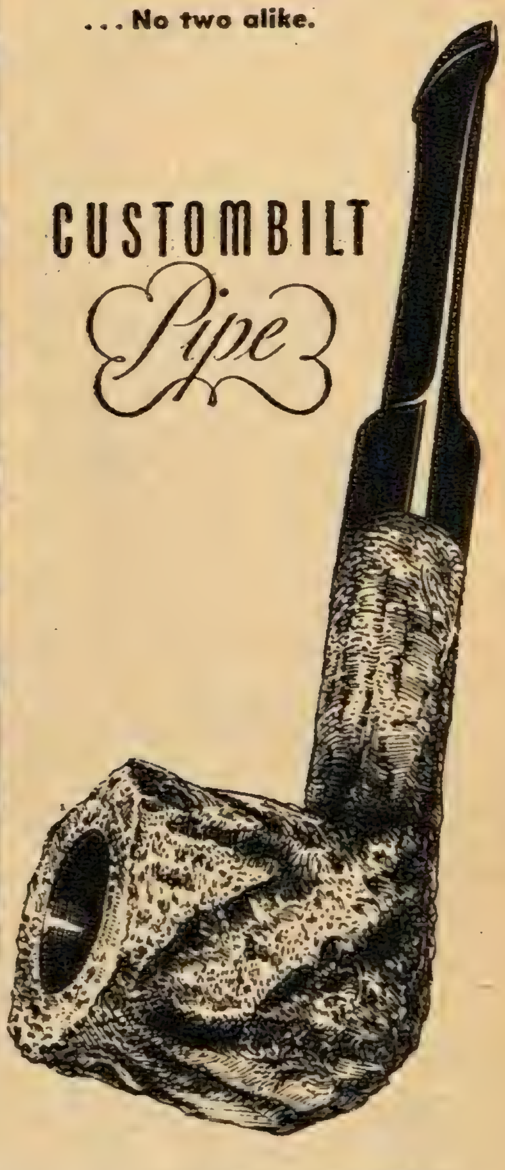

Pipe illustrated, $7.50. The CUSTOMBILT Pipe collection includes a wide range of styles at $5, $7.50, $8.50, $10, $12.50 and up. All packaged in handsome gift boxes. Only at Better Stores.

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Distributors also of Sportsman Pipe Mixture, Sasieni Fine English Pipes and Sportsman Toiletries for Men.

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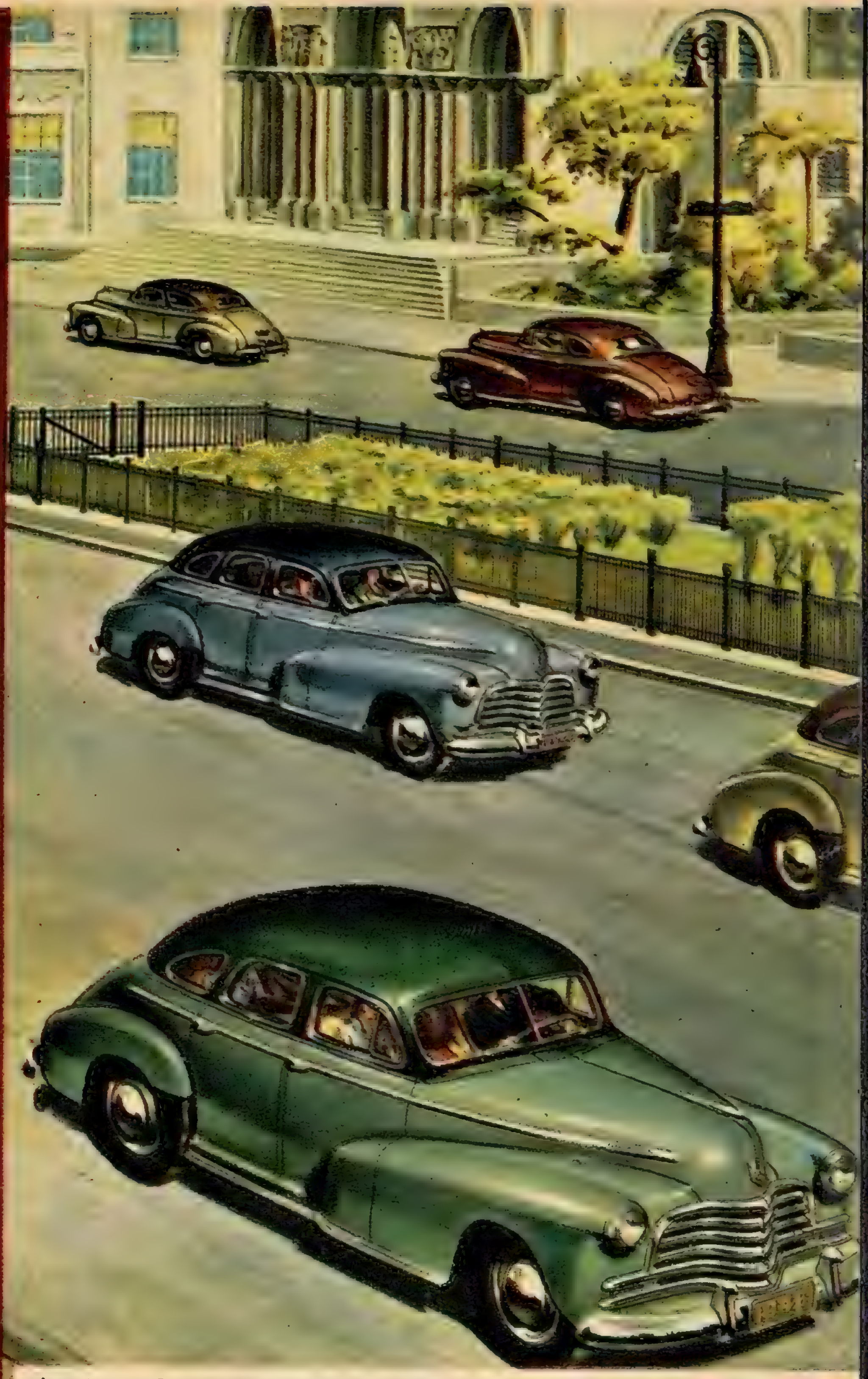

The Best Car the Leader Ever Built

FEATURING distinguished new styling, new colors, new exterior
interior ornamentation, plus many other important extra values
will cause you to say—"CHEVROLET IS FIRST AGAIN!"

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1st in Sales because 1st in Valu

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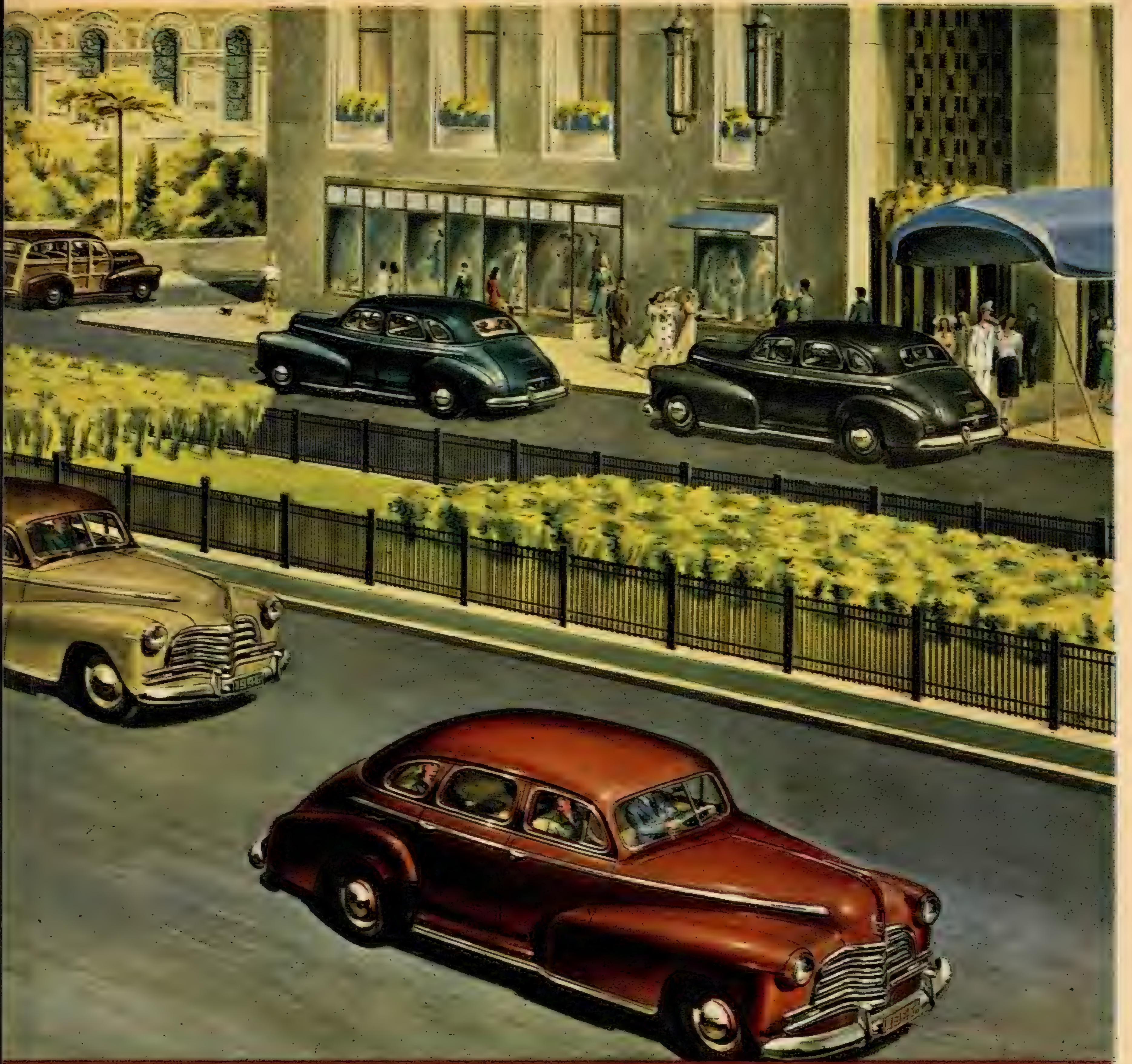


Again America will say

WHY PAY MORE? WHY ACCEPT LESS?

0 of the last 11 car production years

ETROIT 2, MICHIGAN ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BUY VICTORY BONDS

FOR
SMOOTH GOING!
You need Dependable
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUGS

You, too, can enjoy "smooth going" with more efficient, economical and dependable engine performance by insisting on Champion Spark Plugs. Wartime driving emphasized enormously the primary importance of spark plugs as a means to these ends. It has also demonstrated the fundamental superiorities inherent in all Champion Spark Plugs by the outstanding manner in which they proved their ability to insure maximum performance and dependability in every engine, on land, sea and in the air.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

VICTORY LOAN

They Finished Their Job—Let's Finish Ours

(Continued from page 13)

tralia over New Guinea (high mountains and much of the time abominable weather) and on up through the entire Philippine archipelago. Overwater routes were as much as 800 and 1,000 miles in twin-engined planes.

Experts give credit first of all to thorough Army training, and secondly to the reliable and sturdy C-47 which has established records all over the world. But most of the pilots started right in flying these transports with only 300 or 400 hours. A commercial air line would shudder at the thought. But the boys have proved that it could be done. They've proved again that there isn't as much mystery to flying outside the United States as some had us believing—provided, of course, that you are trained well at the start and use caution.

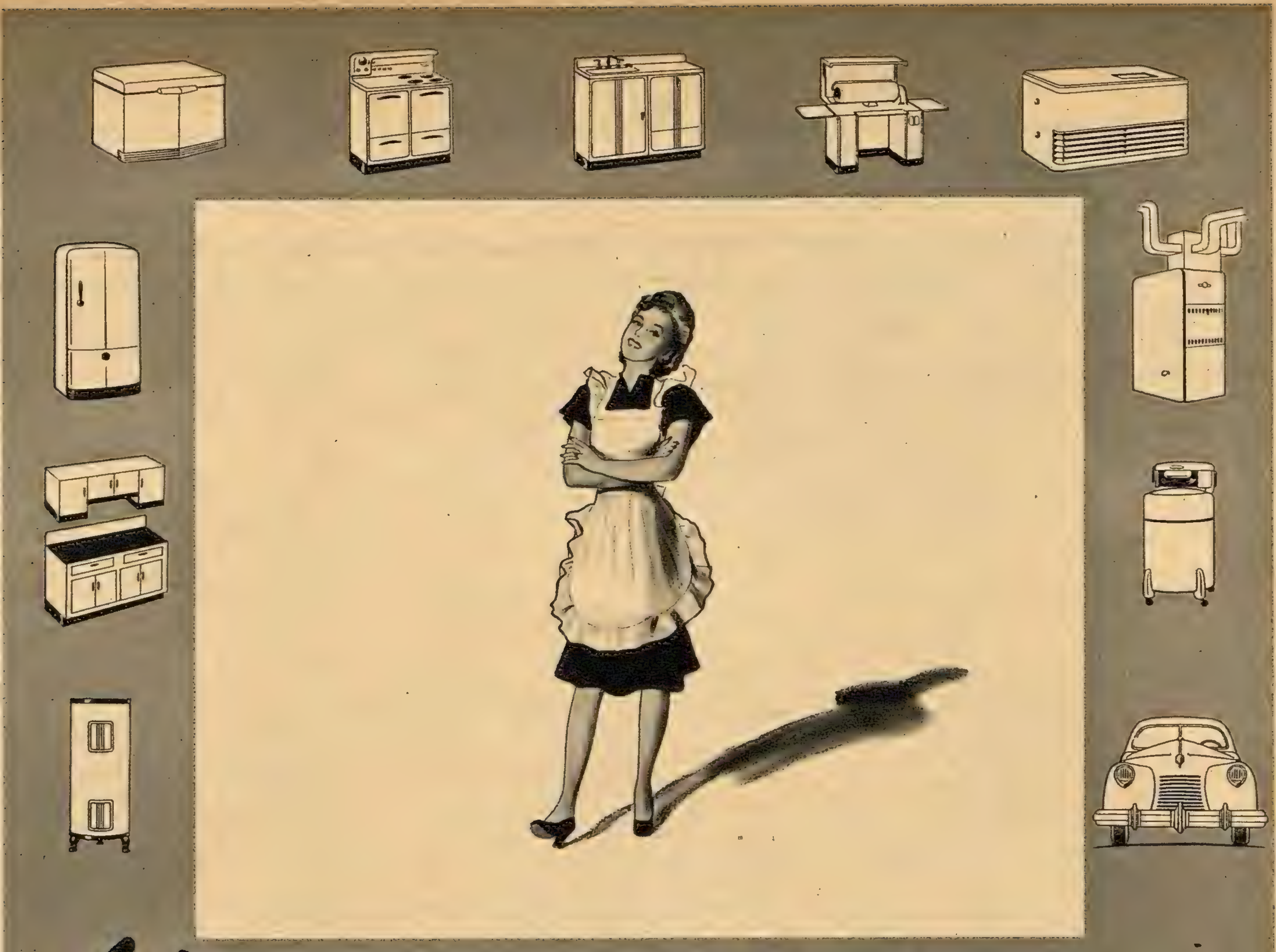
Brigadier General Edward Alexander was Commanding Officer of the Wing. About the only air-line man he had in his organization was Maurice "Rosey" Stallter, who joined the Wing in February. Incidentally, personable and able Stallter has the honor of being the Air Transport Command's first commanding officer in Japan. He was moved up there when the occupation forces were flown in, and at this writing is on his way out of the Army to rejoin American Airlines.

Air Transport into Japan

Even though your mind may be on peacetime aviation, the story of the airplane in the war should not pass by without credit to the Air Transport Command for flying two divisions of occupation troops into Japan. This is unquestionably a chapter in aviation history, for no occupation was ever staged before by air—at least, no peaceful entrance. Fourteen hundred flights were made from Okinawa to Japan in ten days, all with four-engined Douglas C-54 Skymasters, plus some Curtiss Commando flights by the Troop Carrier Command.

It's a five-hour flight from Okinawa, and we are informed by old-time aviation men that the five-minute departures were among the most impressive things they have ever seen. On clear days there was a constant stream of these large planes, all operating with clocklike precision. And we're told, too, that United Air Lines, which has played such an important part as a pioneer of Pacific flying, made a real contribution to the job. United has been flying for the ATC under contract, and its civilian flight crews pitched in and put up with hardships just like the Army regulars. Many crews went long hours without sleep, often went without food, in order to keep the planes flying.

Those who participated in that greatest of all ten-day shows say they'll never forget it. It was one of the finest demonstrations of mass air transportation yet achieved.



We're making steel for her again

Maybe she thinks of it as "iron" or "tin" or "enamel," rather than sheet steel. Maybe she doesn't think of it at all. But all the same it's there on the job, serving in the appliances the housewife uses—or hopes soon to buy—that make her life easier and more pleasant.

Sheet steel in the pans, enamelware and range she cooks with . . . in her gleaming white refrigerator . . . in the "tin" cans that line her kitchen shelves . . . in the family car . . . in the washing machine . . . in the home heating system . . . in the children's toys.

Why has sheet steel become a material of so many uses? One reason is the continuous strip mill, a production marvel that turns out flat-rolled steel by the mile. Another is the work steel men are doing to make sheet steel better and cheaper, and suited to myriad new uses.

Thanks to these developments, the sheet steel now going to manufacturers of peacetime goods in large tonnages is more resistant to rust, better adapted to take paint or enamel, more readily "deep drawn" into shapes like automobile crown fenders, and so strong that it greatly reduces deadweight in motor trucks and railway passenger cars. Sheet steel today is making many a finished article better-looking, more durable, more serviceable than was dreamed possible a few years ago.

Look around you, wherever you may be, and you'll see sheet steel at work. In your home, on the highway and the railroad; in the city street and on the farm . . . strong, long-lasting, adaptable sheet steel is serving in dozens of ways to save money and help make life pleasanter and more productive.

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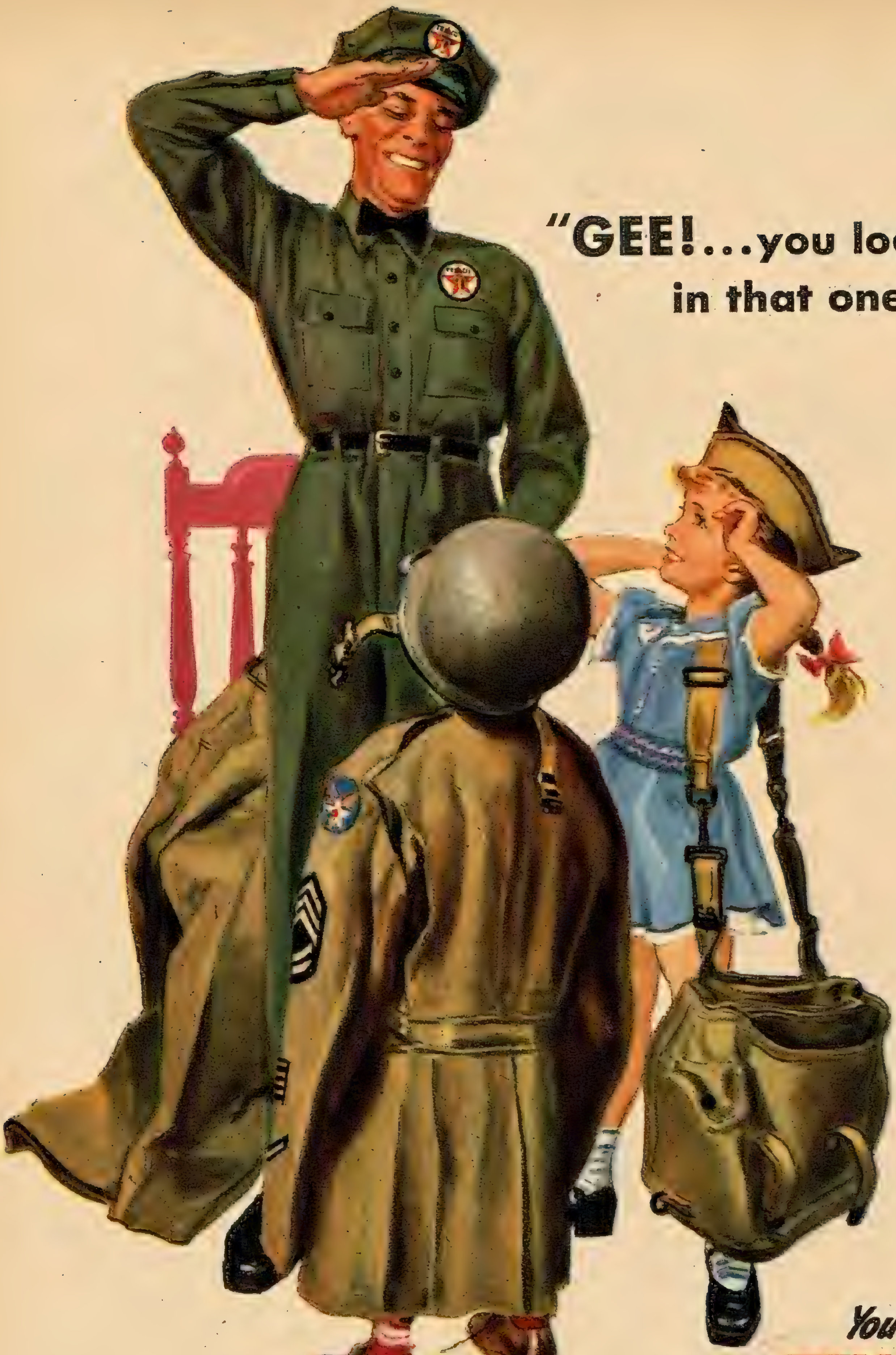

"GEE!...you look pretty snappy in that one too, Pop!"

Pop likes it too . . . and he's glad it was waiting for him.

He wore it before the war. And he's glad to put it on again. Because he knows it stands for the kind of career he wants to build for himself.

As a Texaco Dealer, he'll stand on his own two feet as an independent business man, a responsible member of his community.

He'll have a great line of services and products to offer. He'll offer services that build good will and good business.

He'll handle fine products . . . made better by Texaco's intensive war research . . . including even better Sky Chief and Fire-Chief gasolines.

No wonder he's getting right back into that Texaco uniform. And going places in it, too!

You're welcome at

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TUNE IN . . . Texaco Star Theatre every Sunday night starring James Melton. See newspapers for time and stations.

A GREAT TEXACO DEALER LINE-UP

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ALL NIGHT SERVICE FROM COAST-TO-COAST AS CONDITIONS PERMIT

FIRE-CHIEF
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TEXACO MOTOR OIL

HAVOLINE AND TEXACO MOTOR OILS

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MARFAK
your car

MARFAK LUBRICATION

TEXACO

REG. T. M.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Three long years after their capture at Corregidor, the Angels of Bataan were glad to leave Santo Tomas—even in a truck.

What Did *Not* Happen to the Bataan Nurses

BY CAPTAIN ROSEMARY HOGAN

ARMY NURSE CORPS, A.A.F.

As the home folks back in Chattanooga, Oklahoma, got the story, the Japs had chopped off my arms, cut out my tongue, and left me pregnant. Just to vary the theme, someone said my legs had been amputated.

All this was going on when I was still in Santo Tomas helping take care of troops wounded in liberating us from the Jap internment camp.

After all the terrible, and terribly true, stories about Jap atrocities against soldiers and civilians, I suppose it was just too much for the people in the States to believe that any of us — the sixty-eight nurses from Bataan — could have escaped the same beastly treatment.

Take the infantryman who had been celebrating the capture of Santo Tomas on beer.

This soldier strolled casually into our little hospital, stopped, and stared in amazement to find Army nurses there.

Capt. Rosemary Hogan, A.N.C.

A nurse who fell captive to the Japs on Corregidor tells about the treatment accorded this brave band of American women. It's not what you've heard before — but it's the plain, unvarnished truth

"Well, tell me," he said, "how did the Japs treat you?"

"It could have been worse," I said.

"Didn't they do anything to you?"

"Sure. They locked us up in this place."

"Damn it," he insisted, "I mean, did they rape you?"

Even the wounded, as they came in on their litters, wanted to know. Were we really the nurses from Bataan? They couldn't believe that we could have arms and legs, much less be alive, after nearly three years of captivity.

I never heard the ghastly rumors about myself until I had been home a week. Then a girl friend said:

"I guess you've heard all the frightful things that have been said about you?"

I had not, but it seemed that an officer from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where I had been stationed before the war, called this girl and asked her, "Did you hear what happened

(*Continued on page 80*)

Champs

There's lots of thrill and satisfaction in raising horses—especially pure-bred Arabians on a ranch where all the wiseacres said it couldn't be done. Lynn Van Vleet has a purpose behind his pastime too

"ZARIFE! Rifage! Kabar!"

Three Arabian stallions pause momentarily as they hear their foreign-sounding names echoing across the Colorado hills. Heads upraised, ears forward, tails cocked expectantly, then, peeling off like dive bombers, they wheel and plunge hell-bent down the steep slope, racing at a dead run to meet the riders waiting for them at the corral gate of the Lazy VV ranch.

Pure-bred Arabian horses are strangers in the West. Ten years ago there weren't a thousand in all America. But about that time a globe-trotting American business man, vacationing with his family in North Africa, watched some burnoosed Bedouins stage a dusty but exciting impromptu show with their handsome desert-bred horses. That did it. Lynn Van Vleet fell in love with Arabians, "The horses of the Prophet."

Collecting a stableful of the finest Arabian stallions and mares, Van Vleet shipped them halfway around the world to the Lazy VV, his cattle ranch high in the Rocky Mountains.

Up there, in that colder, rougher world a mile and a half above sea level, the brash American did something that would make any True Believer shudder—he put those pure-bred Arabians to work, earning their keep as cow ponies!

It wouldn't work. Such was the judgment of other breeders, whose valuable pure-bred horses lead gentlemanly lives in well-tended pastures and bridle paths somewhere nearer sea level. No pure-bred horse, they were certain, could stand the shock of so many abrupt changes in its environment and way of life. Others thought the experiment would fail and give the Arabian a black eye.

Some of the breeders were so out-

Zarife, oft acclaimed the world's most beautiful horse, now shines as a cow pony.

# of the Bit

By

HENRY W. HOUGH

raged they got a little bit personal about it. One might expect Lynn Van Vleet to try some wild stunt like that, they said. After all, raising horses is only a side line with him. He is one of the country's biggest bean men. Through his Trinidad Bean & Elevator Company, he buys and sells beans for Bostonians, pork 'n' beans, navy beans, dried beans—all kinds of beans, plus peas and lentils by the carload.

"You may be the King of Beans," twitted one of the less venturesome breeders, "but you don't know beans about horses."

Grinning cheerfully, Van Vleet took the remarks of his critics as friendly ribbing and invited everyone to come up to the Lazy VV and have some fun with his horses. Curious, they came, to have a look at Van Vleet's breeding stock and to see if the transplanted desert steeds were making the grade in the highlands of Colorado.

WHATEVER else they discovered, the Lazy VV itself wasn't hard to take. Years ago it was Tom Tucker's Bar Rump Ranch. Today, expanded and dressed up for company, it stretches for miles along the eastern slope of the continental divide. The ranch buildings and riding ring adjoin a little lake. Not far away is the junction where a winding canyon road from Boulder meets the Peak, to Peak Highway that runs northward from Pike's Peak to Estes Park.

From the saddle trails on the Lazy VV the riders can see right over the Front Range of the Rockies to the gray vastness of the Great Plains extending to the eastern horizon. Nighttime views show the lights of Denver nearly a mile below and only thirty-five miles away as the crow flies.

No other cattle outfit boasts a *remuda* including seventy-five pure-bred Arabian stallions, mares, fillies, and colts—the Van Vleet Arabian stud. Whatever else he may be trying to prove, there remains no doubt that Van Vleet's desert-bred horses and their sky-born foals are doing very well in their new environment.

For workday chores, the Lazy VV cowboys slap easy-riding stock saddles on riding horses that would make a sultan gulp with envy. Like all well-trained cow ponies, the Arabs go to work with a will and seem to enjoy the tasks. After all, this is an animal bred for thousands

Pure-bred Arabian stallions, with centuries of tough desert riding in their blood, make tireless, model cow ponies. But they never forget the desert, still shy from muddying a water hole, a capital offense on Africa's sands.

These prize Arabians will sow their wild oats where they do the most good: by breeding with the best of the "mongrels" to produce better American foals.

In Spring, the Arabians help herd the whitefaces (below) up to their Summer range, work all day at man-tiring altitudes without showing any strain.

Working with bawling calves ready for branding is made to order for the tricky-footed Arab.

of years for just one purpose—to carry a rider.

The sky-born Arabs seem as swift, as lusty, and as carefree as the winds that whip across near-by Arapahoe glacier and whistle on down the steep slopes of the Great Divide. Like all Arabians, they are easily recognizable by their powerful, compact, and short-coupled bodies. Character combines with intelligence in the wide-set eyes and wedge-shaped head, held high as if asserting the pride of the strain.

Any master who rides with a light rein in a firm but considerate hand receives his reward from the Arabian in a lifetime of devoted loyalty and gentleness combined with pride and courage.

Whatever the color of an Arabian horse may be, its trade-mark is the proud-flaring tail, which cocks impudently to signal "get set" and then flows out triumphantly like a great feathered plume when the horse springs into action.

Frequently the horses in the Lazy VV string have no more serious work to do than to carry Boss Van Vleet and a party of his guests on a ride over the mountain trails. To carry a rider and to do his will are life enough for any pure-bred saddle horse. The Arabian's easy gait never seems to tire the rider and the effortless motion accounts for much of the animal's amazing endurance. The perfect Jeeves of horsedom, the Arab senses what to do and responds as if by intuition to the slightest indication of the rider's wishes.

Like his nomadic masters, the Arabian horse loves to show off. It takes to show business naturally, adding to its eye appeal by mastering tricks that enable its rider to perform handsomely. Circus troupes invariably feature their "Arabian" horses, even when the name represents no more than wishful thinking.

The Arab's arched neck and high-held head is a fine thing on the parade ground, but this characteristic of the breed is a handicap when it comes to sporting events such as racing, jumping, and riding to hounds. On a race track or on cross-country fox hunts, riders want mounts that will keep their heads down. For these events the Thoroughbred is by far the favorite horse because of its sustained speed and the flat line from ears to tail—streamlined for speed and easy handling.

On the other hand, the showier Arab appeals to the average horseman who isn't looking for a race horse but does want a spirited steed that always is good for a quick sprint and holds its head high without being prompted.

Lording it over the Lazy VV's great string of pure-breds is Zarife. Sired by Ibn Samhan, his mother was the peerless Mahroussa. Zarife was bred by His Highness Prince Mohammed Ali and was born in Egypt seventeen years ago.

Barek, Kabar, Miralai, Miras—names that sound as though they were out of The Arabian Nights—sound strange in the Colorado Rockies. If the names are too fancy, they *(Continued on page 101)*

Sky-born Arabians with a desert pedigree and Colorado citizenship: a promise of better horses for America.

With 50,000,000 cars by 1955, urban traffic will require costly and involved patterns where highways intersect.

We Are Building Roads to Where?

BY ROBERT MOSES

The highway builders will have to step on it to keep pace with our motorized civilization and the dawning atomic age. An old hand at planning in a big way offers some provocative views

A QUARTER of a century ago Alfred E. Smith, newly risen from Tammany to the governorship of New York, horrified the faithful by appointing as New York State Highway Commissioner, Colonel Frederick Stuart Greene, an obscure but forthright Virginian just back from World War I, and quite without political backing or experience. As the result of his early trials in this job, the fiery Greene, who was in no mind for compromise, wrote an exciting magazine article in which he paid some well-deserved compliments to the blunderers and plunderers who were temporizing with modern highway construction, clinging to old methods, playing road-locating and contracting politics, and who seemed unable to realize that automobiles had come to stay and would shortly swamp thousands of miles of dated sixteen-foot dirt and macadam roads.

Much has happened that Fred Greene prophesied, and the startling revelations and scandals of 1920 have become the platitudes of 1945. In that quarter century, every scheme to relieve congestion, noise, and strain and to make life run more smoothly in our modern Bedlam, and every program to preserve and to make accessible our natural advantages, have been pretty thoroughly canvassed.

When it comes to postwar road building and other needed public improvements, what we should now pray for is not so much vision as common sense and elbow grease. Colonel Greene plugged for safe, wide concrete roads in place of dangerous, narrow dirt ones, and in his time this was a great contribution. Our problem now is to keep pace with a motorized civilization and to keep it civilized.

Curiously enough, the Second World War, which stimulated such vast improvements in so many fields, has had comparatively little effect on arterial plans at home, perhaps because we were already pretty far advanced. Under war-production pressure we built access and strategic roads, and some pretty good ones, like the Detroit Expressway connecting the River Rouge and Willow Run plants. At the front, extraordinary feats of rapid construction, often under fire, were accomplished, such as the Ledo Road. But aside from using larger and heavier equipment, apart from the invention of the jeep and new forms of tanks and tractors, I know of no great change in civilian car and road manufacture which grew out of mechanized fighting.

There are clever people who honestly believe that air travel will be a great rival of the highway, and that highway design must be changed to accommodate flying autos and trucks which will open and fold their wings as they leave, land, and run on highways or on strips built adjacent to them. Certainly there will be a prodigious increase in civilian

Midtown Manhattan and (upper center) the new Idlewild airport designed to handle international air traffic.

flying, but I recommend a cautious approach to lurid prophecies. There is room in three dimensions for the train, the car, and the plane without confusing their rights of way. Roads will be unsafe for cars if roadable planes and aerocars land all around them at great speed.

Flying strips have been no great success to date, and smarties who touted them as adequate substitutes for all but the largest formal airports are now whistling other tunes. The facts thus far demonstrated are that planes and roads don't mix. We have had plenty of trouble in separating the quick and the dead at railroad grade crossings. Let's keep the planes separated from the beginning.

WHAT we need in road building is to complete and carry out the plans to which we are already committed and which are sadly lagging in most parts of the country. The first objective should be to build roads at least as good as the cars which will use them, and adequate to carry the tremendously increased number of automobiles which will run off the assembly lines now that the war is over. By 1955 there will probably be 50,000,000 cars in the United States, more than one to every three people, and more than in all the rest of the world put together.

The invention of the internal-combustion engine revolutionized traffic and speed, but not road building. At that stage of the game mechanical genius, backed by private initiative, quickly outstripped highway planning handicapped by government fumbling and inertia. It ought, as a matter of fact, to be easier to build good highways than good cars, but this is not the fact. What makes highway progress tough will be apparent on reflection. A used-up car soon goes to the auto dump, but a neglected, broken road remains a menace until it is fixed, and a road wrongly planned is a dead loss. It can't be salvaged or moved.

I once had a consulting landscape architect who recommended building a rubber parkway on Jones Beach together with neatly designed storage barns. The idea was to pick up sections of the road in the fall, store them over the winter, and place them on new locations in the spring, to the perpetual wonder and delight of native and visitor alike. I decided this genius was a luxury we could no longer afford, and the rubber-road experiment should in the first instance be made by a bolder and more opulent administrator in some other bailiwick.

The car manufacturer has his problems, too, confined, however, largely to the design and marketing of his postwar models. He does not have to study, as road builders do, the intricacies of existing, future, induced and diverted traffic. He does not have to distinguish between ordinary streets, boulevards, expressways without lights and crossings at grade, and landscaped parkways, wide rights of way, planning and zoning which go with park construction.

THE road builder has to think about the cost of the last word in lighting, signs, and curbs, and of so-called incidental improvements such as landscaping, parks, playgrounds, filling stations, and terminals in arterial construction, and the relation of such construction to slum clearance, new housing, and other municipal improvements. The modern road builder, whatever his title, must realize the distinction between a genuine landscaped parkway limited to passenger vehicles and a mixed-traffic expressway; but he must also know that the latter need not be a gasoline gully nor a gigantic peep show flanked by billboards, signs, and over-decorated hot-dog stands.

The highway official has to worry about railroad grade-crossing eliminations that run into staggering costs. He must concern himself with the intricate relationship between federal, state, and local officials in the planning, financing, and supervision of road, bridge, and tunnel

Setting up access arteries to bring the two points only twenty-six minutes apart is a major problem.

construction. He must decide what constitutes a wide regional through artery justifying federal and state help, as distinguished from a less important thoroughfare of state or purely local concern.

The car builder has a flexibility in the selection of his research, production, and financial aids which the public highway and parkway official lacks. The former may be harassed by bureaucrats, but he is not hamstrung by politicians.

Atomic power harnessed to cars will enormously increase the importance of safety controls and the urgent necessity of composing the differentials between the machine and the track on which it performs. Otherwise man will again have invented a Frankenstein's monster which he can neither tame nor subdue—as dangerous in peace as in war. Research often ends where it should begin—with mere exploitation.

RESEARCH might, for example, show how rapid a tempo the human nerves can stand. We can't tolerate a world in which quiet will be found only in a Tibetan monastery. There is no sense in building a seventy- or eighty-mile-an-hour car to run on a thirty-five- to fifty-mile road, nor in making trucks and buses so large and heavy that pavements will not sustain them. The rage for speed fostered by impatient drivers and irresponsible promoters has killed and maimed hundreds of thousands. The speeder never seems to realize that one man's exhilaration is another's martyrdom.

The relations between the car makers, the oil and gas man, and the road-building official should be much closer. This is a field wide open for postwar domestic diplomacy.

Up to very recently the makers of cars and the gas and oil companies exhibited little constructive interest in roads, and government officials in the road-building field were just about as narrow in their range of vision. In fact, the relations were often antagonistic, due in part to the curious belief of car owners and builders and oil companies that all taxes contributed by car users for license plates, gas and oil, and traffic fines should go right back into roads and be used for no other purpose. Egged on by skillful propaganda, the car owner began to believe that if every nickel he chipped in was not used directly for his benefit, he was being robbed. The theory that diversion is unfair and unprincipled is, of course, quite absurd. Local, state, and federal governments have a right to impose reasonable taxes where they can be readily and fairly collected.

The setting up of special accounts outside of general funds for each revenue-producing government facility would, if pursued to its logical conclusion, bankrupt every government and result in Alice in Wonderland bookkeeping. No doubt too large a proportion of automobile taxes are diverted. This is a matter for local remedy; but there is no such thing as a principle of government that demands that the dollars collected from car users shall go back into roads, including even penalties for reckless driving.

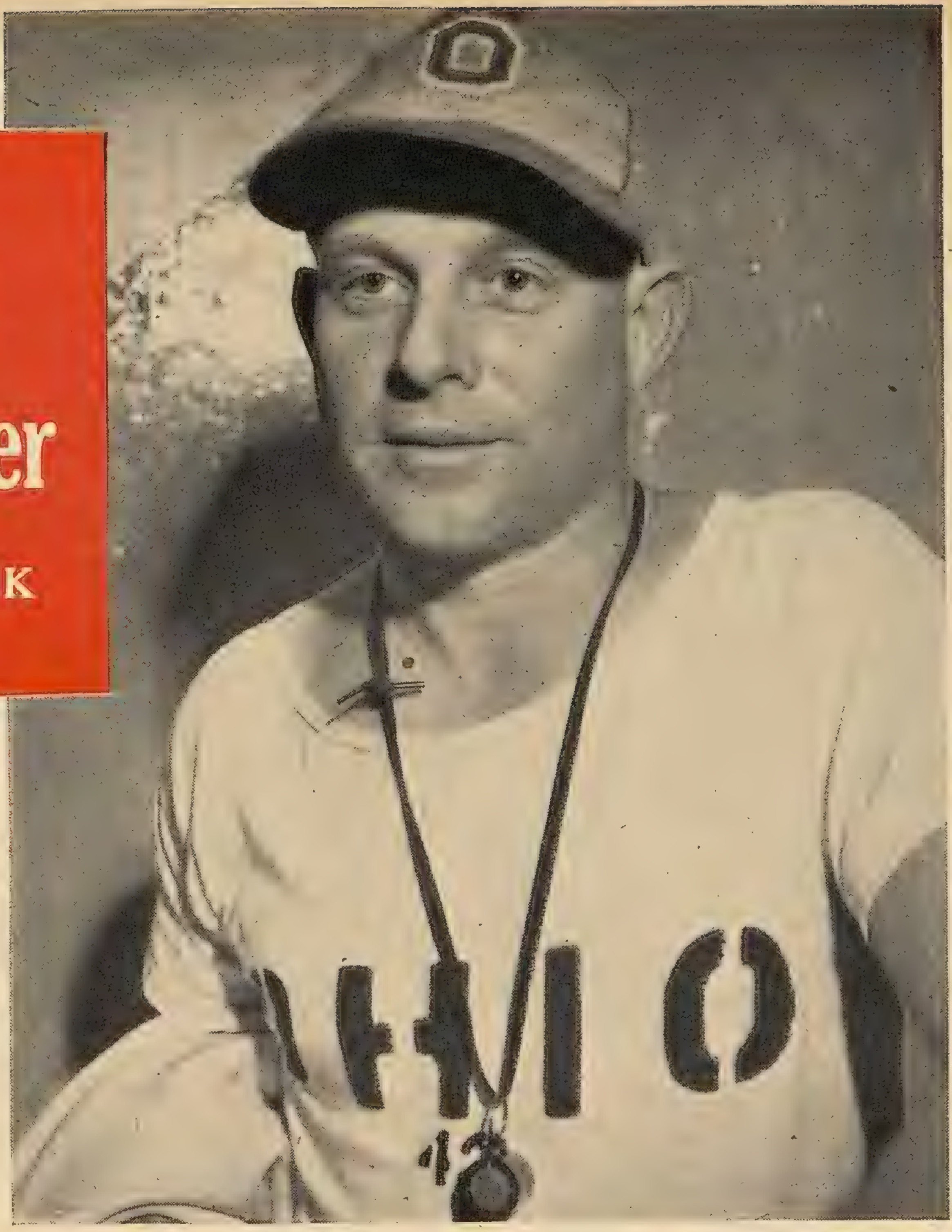
I WAS chairman of the Committee on Highways, Parkways and Grade Crossings at the last New York State Constitutional Convention in 1938, and I found no genuine sentiment either in my committee or in the Convention as a whole for an amendment such as was advocated by the oil companies and automobile clubs to prevent diversion of automobile revenues. The subject never came to the floor, but if it had been debated there, the vote would have been at least five to one against the amendment.

Road building in the next ten years must stand on its own feet. It should not depend upon the accidents of tax collections. It should depend solely upon the logic of smooth and pleasant travel in a mechanized world. The suspicion of extravagance must be faced and allayed.

(*Continued on page 84*)

Big-Time Bush-Leaguer

BY STANLEY FRANK



Strictly a sub coach, Carroll Widdoes produced a championship outfit.

Carroll Widdoes wasn't supposed to be the man for the job, but last season his Ohio State eleven didn't lose a game. Here's an insight into the man and methods of football's most unspectacular coach

IN their own interests, the nation's football coaches might have done well to kick Carroll Widdoes of Ohio State University out of the lodge a year ago. Widdoes, who looks like a grocery clerk and has as much magnetism, violated every rule of the football profession. He was a bush-leaguer from way back; he never before had been a head coach, even in high school; he made the racket seem disarmingly and dangerously easy. His colleagues were outraged—but they voted him the outstanding coach of 1944.

Much as it pained them, the high-pressure colleagues couldn't deny him the award. Strictly a second-choice stopgap coach, Widdoes confounded one and all by winning the Big Ten championship with Ohio State's first unbeaten, untied team since 1916. The key opponents on his schedule were loaded with experienced, hot-shot service trainees, but Widdoes hit the jack pot with a team consisting of five seventeen-year-old freshmen, three 4-Fs, and three players deferred to finish dental and veterinary courses. Maybe Army had the best college team in America last season, but the all-civilian nature of Widdoes' grab-bag team clinched for him recognition of the No. 1 coaching job by a comfortable margin over West Point's Red Blaik.

The odds against any Johnny-come-lately establishing himself immediately as the top coach in the business are almost incalculable. Against Widdoes, the odds were astronomical. Born in the Philippines of missionary parents, Widdoes never saw a football game until he entered college. He was an undistinguished member of a thoroughly undistinguished team at obscure Otterbein, which did not win a game in his senior year. Big-time football was so far above him that he had to serve as a Boy Scout usher, when he was

Les Horvath, Player of the Year.

Jack Dugger, All-America end.

a college junior, to see Ohio State play for the first time. As a coach, he cast a feeble shadow in the refulgence of Paul Brown, his boss for ten years and a glamor boy if ever there was one.

Indeed, although Widdoes generally was recognized as Brown's right-hand man, Ohio State authorities thought so little of his potentiality as a temporary head coach that he was not given first consideration for the job when Brown went into the Navy after the '43 season. The chief handicap against Widdoes, though, was his own personality, or rather, lack of it. He's a short, balding, inarticulate fellow who throws off about as many sparks as a piece of wet sandpaper. He surmounts the heights of eloquence in pep talks when he tells his kids, "Football is a contact game. You know you've got to hit them." Yet he has an abundance of one quality which transcends color and charm. His utter sincerity impels his players to play the very best football they can.

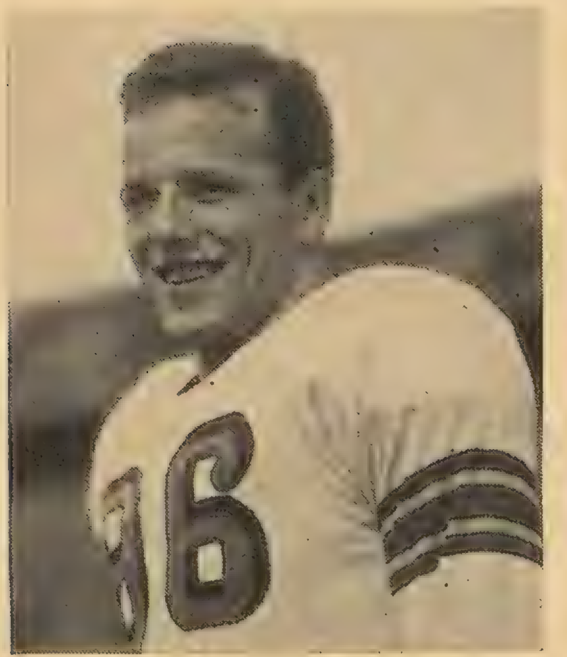
MORALE is an expression of a team's attitude toward its coach, and a prime manifestation of that morale is a team's willingness to put out in the clutches and win the close ones. There were five tough games Ohio State could have lost last season—Great Lakes, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Illinois. It scored 111 points in those five games—and fifty-two were made in the last period.

The dim view the high-pressure boys take of Widdoes is understandable. What do their personality, experience, and brilliant records as athletes—which they cultivate so industriously—add up to if a guy like Widdoes can make them look silly without any build-up? Then Widdoes commits the final heresy by asserting his bush-league background actually has made him a better coach in the big time.

"There's no difference between coaching in high school and col-

(Continued on page 107)

Coach and first team: Mrs. Widdoes and sons Tom, Jimmy, and Dick.


All-America guard Bill Hackett.

Reunion after Widdoes' parents were freed from a Jap prison camp.

PHOTOS FROM SOVPHOTO

The A.P.'s Eddy Gilmore and Reuters' Paul Winterton and Harold King manage an unsupervised chat with a Russian in Kharkov.

Making Friends with Moscow

BY GEORGE MOORAD

AMERICAN readers should realize in reading reports from Moscow and many stories about Russia written on the outside, they are consuming the output of the most intensive propaganda system ever devised.

When I entered Russia I was prepared for any limit of censorship, but not for the mental ghetto into which every foreigner is relegated.

The life of a Moscow correspondent is regimented and supervised as closely as that of a Soviet citizen, except that we get much more to eat.

Our contacts are limited to translators or secretaries and messengers, who are carefully investigated and licensed by the Foreign Office (*Narkomindel*) for their dangerous professions. These employees may be seen in our company at the ballet, theater, or even dinner.

Nothing may be cabled or broadcast by foreign correspondents until it has appeared in the Soviet press. This ensures that Tass, the official agency, and Radio Moscow will reach London with their messages twelve hours earlier. Correspondents, however, are allowed a limited interpretation of the Soviet expressions, if they are considered favorable. But during the war it was not "favorable" to dwell on the high-speed advance of General Eisenhower's troops, and on one occasion I was not permitted to say, "Naturally the Russians are highly pleased at the progress of Allied armies in the west. . . ." I then asked the censor if I might say the Russians were *displeased,* and he restored the original expression.

> Russians are friendly people, but their tough-minded officials don't like a correspondent to have too sharp a nose for news. Inquisitive foreigners get "the business," Soviet style

As a rule we were not allowed to stress the importance of the Anglo-American war effort, to mention lend-lease and its effect on the Russian diet, our strategic bombing in support of the Red Army, the need for closer Allied relationships, or any of the Soviet's postwar plans.

During my assignment to Moscow, the number of correspondents dropped from about thirty to fifteen, due to the harsh travel restrictions and censorship.

One of the most cruel and fascinating facets of life in Moscow is watching the indoctrination of a newcomer and observing his struggle against the system.

Usually he drops quickly into one of the two classifications which we entitled Fascist Beasts and Kremlin Stooges. This classification has little to do with writing, because censorship is meted out impartially to friend and foe. In fact, many of the leading Kremlin Stooges have been forced to smuggle out material which was slanted in Russia's favor.

For example, there is a rigid taboo on description of life within the Soviet Union, harmless details of food or clothing, or mention of the tremendous personal sacrifice which each Soviet citizen made during the war. It took me three days to make my first broadcast, because New York had requested a description similar to one I had previously done on London and its people in wartime.

During the latter days of the war in Europe, we could not travel more than fifty kilometers from Moscow, although Finland, Poland, Rumania, Bulgaria, part of Czechoslovakia, and half of eastern Germany were solidly under Russian occupation.

In an effort to better the situation, last March a three-man committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, making a round-the-world campaign on behalf of a free exchange of news, reached Moscow.

The committee included Wilbur Forrest of the New York Herald Tribune, Ralph McGill of the Atlanta Constitution, and Carl W. Ackerman, dean of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism.

The fact that the American committee was allowed to enter the Soviet Union at all made its trip a success. Its members were allowed to see a responsible Russian official, Vice-Commissar Simon Lozovsky, a feat which resident correspondents had been unable to accomplish in nearly two years.

They were also permitted an interview with Editors Pospelov of Pravda, and Ilyichev of Izvestia, who, as the Americans observed, "Declared in almost identical speeches their system was most representative of the wishes of the people and was a 'free press' because it represented only the people." The Soviet editors also said that Red Army generals would not permit U. S. correspondents to accompany their armies because "the Americans have too often broken their word about releasing news and information."

Correspondents got to one Soviet bigwig—Commissar Simon Lozovsky.

This particular excuse was new to us, although in my first talk with Apollo Petrov, chief of the press department, I was told:

"The Soviet Union does not recognize the institution of Allied war correspondents, and American and British agencies have been so informed by our embassies."

When I pressed Mr. Petrov for the reason, he first said that Russian correspondents were given no facilities in the west. I pointed out that two Tass correspondents had gone into France with me, and that I had seen others in Italy and Egypt. Then he said the Soviet Union was afraid we might be killed. He declared we were assigned only to cover Moscow and our editors knew it, and predicted there might be a trip to the Balkans "in some days." This is a favorite Russian expression, something like the Spanish *mañana*.

In the next seven months, while all of eastern Europe was liberated, I had only two trips, totaling twenty days, away from Moscow—to Helsinki and to Bucharest.

When unauthorized material does slip through or emanates from the outside there is a self-contained department devoted to answering foreign critics. In spite of all their fiery phrases, the Russians mean nothing personal in these attacks. It is merely business—the routine of propaganda.

Not every critic of Russia will feel the lash. An obscure correspondent, driven frantic by Moscow censorship, might write a series of unfavorable stories. Unless these stories attained prominence abroad, the writer would not be troubled.

But once a story finds prominence abroad, the denunciation machine swings into action. The story, or offending excerpts, will be cabled back to Moscow by Tass for study by the Bureau of Propaganda and Agitation. Depending upon the importance of the item, the job of answering will be assigned to Ilya Ehrenburg, or to the volatile David Zaslavsky, or perhaps to some official of the Foreign Office writing under a nom de plume.

The more scholarly answers are left to Ehrenburg, who formerly lived in Paris, where he attained some prominence as a novelist. Ehrenburg loves France almost as much as he dislikes Anglo-Americans, and his particular joy is to find someone who proposes soft treatment for German war criminals. Tass in New York combs the American press for suitable quotations from Senator Wheeler, the Hearst and McCormick publications, or any stray story which may fit in Ehrenburg's slot.

(*Continued on page 112*)

ПРАВДА
ПРАВДА

Pravda, whose editorial offices occupy this structure, denounced critics of the Soviet Union as Fascist beasts.

Science is still trying to catch up with Buck Rogers' creator, shown ready to repel interplanetary invaders.

That Prophetable Guy, Buck Rogers

BY DICK CALKINS

WHEN I first flashed Buck Rogers across the face of the planet Earth, there was consternation in newspaper offices.

The gentlemen of the press just couldn't digest the antics of a comic-strip character who zoomed between Earth and the distant planets with the nonchalance of a suburban commuter. Buck Rogers, they said, was nothing but the mad dream of a screwball cartoonist.

"Dick," warned John Dille, my syndicate president, "our brain child has done a ground loop. Buck Rogers is too fantastic for the boys who have the say-so. Can't we tone it down?"

So I redrew the entire first eighteen strips of Buck Rogers.

Where I had him jumping 500 yards at a clip, I cut him down to fifty or sixty feet. Where he had blasted 100,000 Tigermen from Mars with one pull of the trigger, he now wiped out only about twenty or thirty.

Where his rocket ship had blazed along through the solar system at 263,000 miles a second, it now ambled at only a paltry 600 miles a second.

Atom bomb? Rocket ships? Old stuff to Buck, that fabulous space-trotter, and his pal, Dr. Huer, who's always a jump or two ahead of real-life scientists when it comes to fantastic inventions.

Slow-motion stuff. But our intrepid salesmen, armed with this revised edition, went forth to battle, and Buck Rogers clicked!

Now comes the new Buck Rogers. Times have changed and people think nothing of seeing Buck strap on his trusty flying belt and whiz with the speed of light to the rescue of his sweetheart, Wilma Deering. Even when Buck hauls out a rocket pistol that shoots around corners, the reader never bats an eye.

The atomic bomb which the crew of the B-29 Enola Gay dumped on Hiroshima opened up a future to poor earthbound creatures hitherto undreamed of—except, if I may say so, by Buck Rogers.

As Eddie Rickenbacker puts it, the world is catching up with Buck Rogers.

My readers are becoming very science-minded and speak glibly of protons, neutrons, molecules, and atoms.

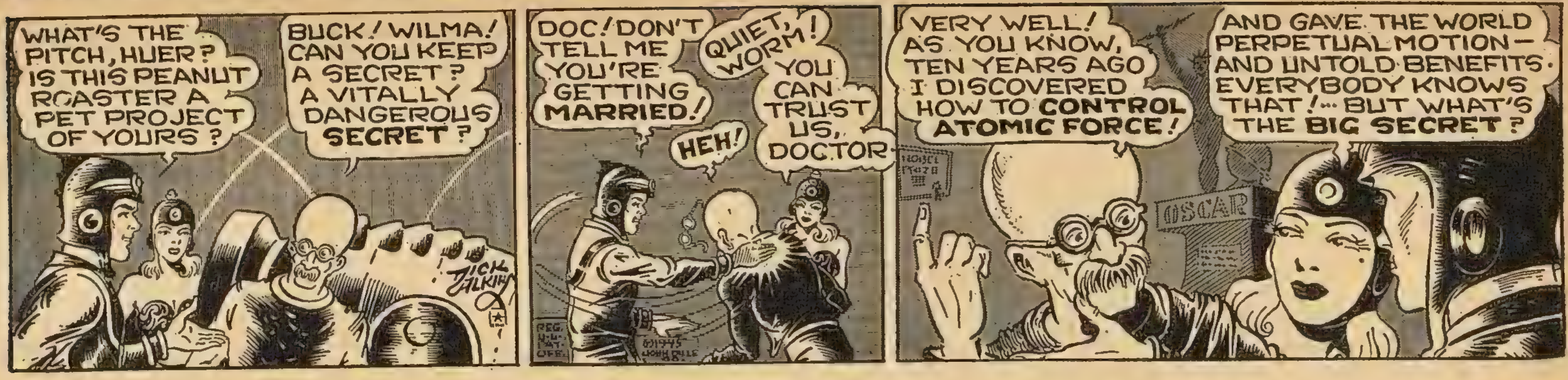
Personally, I never figured the stuff out. It is a strain on my mentality to add two and two.

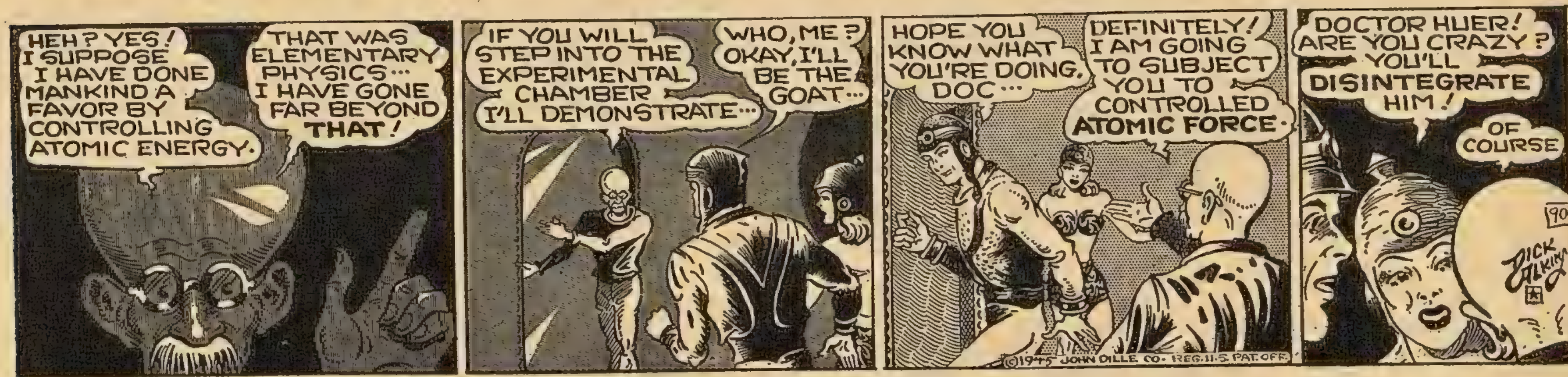
But Buck Rogers must have been hitting close to something. A University of Chicago professor told John Dille that the Army, which was conducting secret atomic bomb research, had detailed a major to read Buck Rogers daily to make sure that no inkling of the tremendous secret was leaking out. I imagine that the

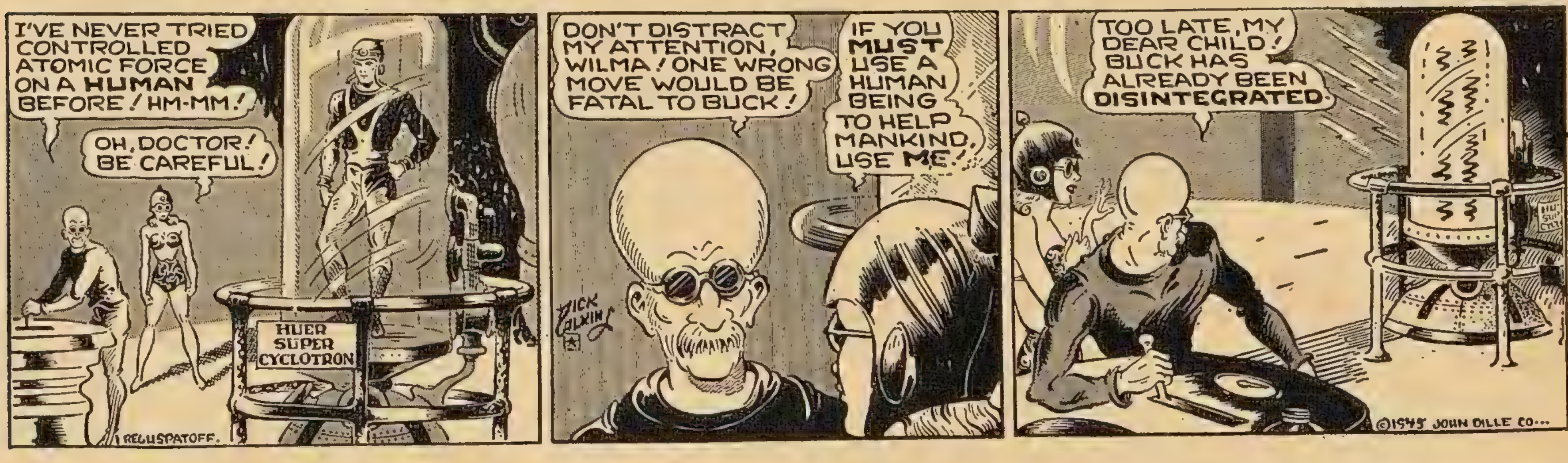
Calkins' cyclotronic imagination scooped the Oak Ridge boys who disintegrated Hiroshima. ▶

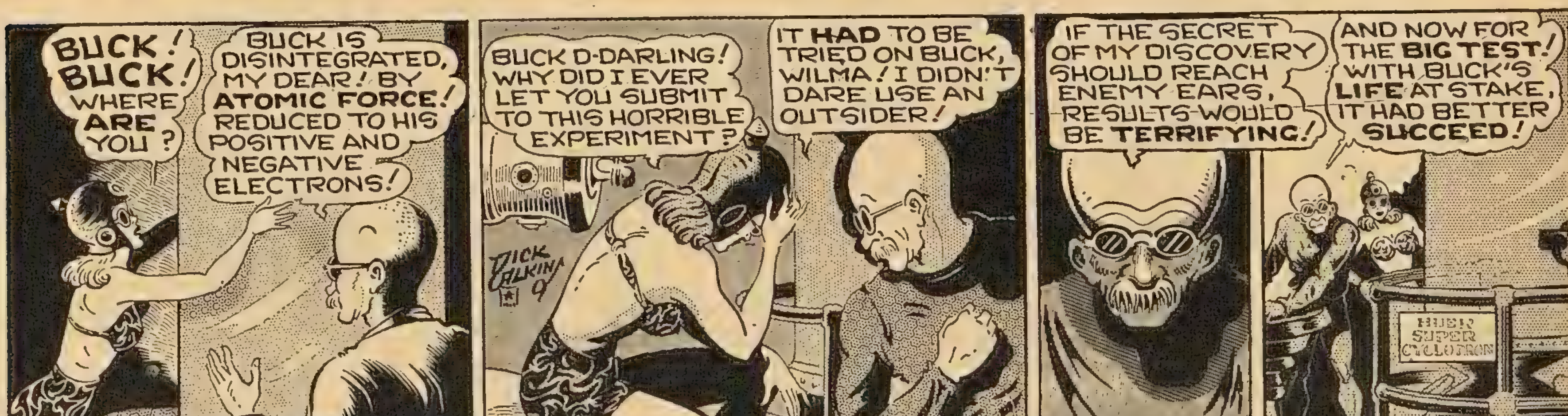
BUCK ROGERS, 25TH CENTURY, A. D.

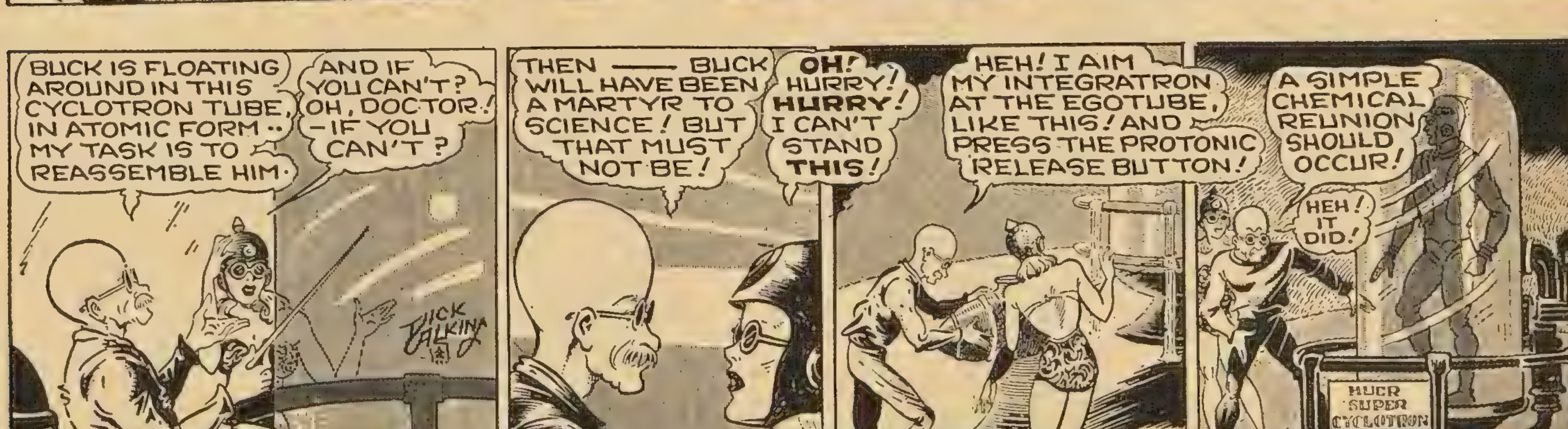
By LT. DICK CALKINS


WHAT'S THE PITCH, HUER? IS THIS PEANUT ROASTER A PET PROJECT OF YOURS?
BUCK! WILMA! CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET? A VITALLY DANGEROUS SECRET?
DICK CALKINS
DOC! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GETTING MARRIED!
QUIET, WORM!
HEH!
YOU CAN TRUST US, DOCTOR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
©1945 JOHN DILLE CO.
VERY WELL! AS YOU KNOW, TEN YEARS AGO I DISCOVERED HOW TO CONTROL ATOMIC FORCE!
OSCAR
AND GAVE THE WORLD PERPETUAL MOTION— AND UNTOLD BENEFITS. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!... BUT WHAT'S THE BIG SECRET?


HEH? YES! I SUPPOSE I HAVE DONE MANKIND A FAVOR BY CONTROLLING ATOMIC ENERGY.
THAT WAS ELEMENTARY PHYSICS... I HAVE GONE FAR BEYOND THAT!
IF YOU WILL STEP INTO THE EXPERIMENTAL CHAMBER I'LL DEMONSTRATE...
WHO, ME? OKAY, I'LL BE THE GOAT...
HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DOC...
DEFINITELY! I AM GOING TO SUBJECT YOU TO CONTROLLED ATOMIC FORCE.
©1945 JOHN DILLE CO. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DOCTOR HUER! ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU'LL DISINTEGRATE HIM!
OF COURSE
90
DICK CALKINS


I'VE NEVER TRIED CONTROLLED ATOMIC FORCE ON A HUMAN BEFORE! HM-MM!
OH, DOCTOR! BE CAREFUL!
HUER SUPER CYCLOTRON
REG U S PAT OFF.
DON'T DISTRACT MY ATTENTION, WILMA! ONE WRONG MOVE WOULD BE FATAL TO BUCK!
IF YOU MUST USE A HUMAN BEING TO HELP MANKIND, USE ME!
DICK CALKINS
TOO LATE, MY DEAR CHILD! BUCK HAS ALREADY BEEN DISINTEGRATED.
©1945 JOHN DILLE CO.


BUCK! BUCK! WHERE ARE YOU?
BUCK IS DISINTEGRATED, MY DEAR! BY ATOMIC FORCE! REDUCED TO HIS POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE ELECTRONS!
BUCK D-DARLING! WHY DID I EVER LET YOU SUBMIT TO THIS HORRIBLE EXPERIMENT?
IT HAD TO BE TRIED ON BUCK, WILMA! I DIDN'T DARE USE AN OUTSIDER!
DICK CALKINS
IF THE SECRET OF MY DISCOVERY SHOULD REACH ENEMY EARS, RESULTS WOULD BE TERRIFYING!
©1945 JOHN DILLE CO.
AND NOW FOR THE BIG TEST! WITH BUCK'S LIFE AT STAKE, IT HAD BETTER SUCCEED!
HUER SUPER CYCLOTRON
REG U S PAT OFF


BUCK IS FLOATING AROUND IN THIS CYCLOTRON TUBE, IN ATOMIC FORM... MY TASK IS TO REASSEMBLE HIM.
AND IF YOU CAN'T? OH, DOCTOR! —IF YOU CAN'T?
DICK CALKINS
THEN —— BUCK WILL HAVE BEEN A MARTYR TO SCIENCE! BUT THAT MUST NOT BE!
OH! HURRY! HURRY! I CAN'T STAND THIS!
©1945 JOHN DILLE CO.
HEH! I AIM MY INTEGRATRON AT THE EGOTUBE, LIKE THIS! AND PRESS THE PROTONIC RELEASE BUTTON!
REG U S PAT OFF
A SIMPLE CHEMICAL REUNION SHOULD OCCUR!
HEH! IT DID!
HUER SUPER CYCLOTRON

Individual jet propulsion makes a jaunt to Mars quite feasible.

major would like to wring my neck.

But even General Hap Arnold must read it. At a news conference in Washington, the commander of the U. S. Army Forces said, "When you think of our present long-range airplane and the atomic bomb, you get a Buck Rogers conception of war which is right on our threshold."

Thanks for the plug, Hap.

The way things are popping, I'll have to get a move on. Jet propulsion is here, atomic energy is here, radar is here, rockets are here, rocket ships are—well, they'll be along any minute.

A rocket ship is a distinct possibility, and I mean a rocket ship capable of going to Mars, Venus, or Saturn. It will be a bit difficult to obtain the first passenger load. We Americans are not Kamikaze-minded. That gives me an idea for dealing with war criminals.

The rocket ship is really a simple affair. Hardly as complicated as the postwar washing machine that will fry eggs and cut the lawn while sweeping the floor. Ancient meteorologists of the twentieth century fussed and fumed along rocket-ship lines for years, all the while being looked upon as vague thick-lensed visionaries. But these men of science were not so crazy. They had some little success. What they lacked were a few new elements, of which Buck Rogers has a pocketful.

In order to fly, you must first overcome the force of gravity. I learned that while training as a pilot in World War I. The airplane uses thrust and lift to attain flight, the lighter-than-air craft uses helium—and Buck Rogers uses inertron.

This new element, found in minute deposits on the fifth moon of Saturn, has a property peculiar to itself. Although it is a mineral, it resists gravity. For instance, if you were a blacksmith—or even if you weren't a blacksmith—and had an anvil made of inertron, you would have to bolt it down or it would *fall up* and punch a hole through your roof.

Thus, by means of inertron, a rocket ship can be so balanced as to weigh but a few ounces in relation to gravity. And with atomic power one million times the force of gravity, you can see how simple it is to get away from Earth. Or can you?

This inertron balance can be adjusted in flight, like the ancient adjustable pitch propeller on old-fashioned airplanes, so the weight of the rocket ship is tuned to the gravity pull of whichever planet you wish to land on, making that operation safe and practicable.

Atomic power furnishes your take-off power. Once in space, where there is no head resistance or skin friction, you highball along like a comet. A touch of port or starboard rocket juice swings you on your vertical axis, while your dive or climb is taken care of by directional jets above and below the ship's center of lift. It is a nice jaunt, but the scenery is a bit monotonous. Our newer models will carry a floor show.

THE Buck Rogers flying belt also works on the inertron principle. You merely go into a sporting-goods store and the clerk weighs you. Let us suppose you weigh 170 pounds. (May I interest you in my Reducto Ray?)

You're fitted with a Buck Rogers flying belt having an inertron balance lift value of 169 pounds 14 ounces. That leaves you weighing exactly two ounces in relation to Earth's force of gravity.

Assuming that you can jump two feet, with a running start, and weighing 170, you can now jump as the square of your weight loss multiplied by twelve, while wearing the flying belt, or— You figure it out. Maybe ten miles or so. By touching a button you have atomic jet propulsion and you fly like a bird, only better.

So you think I'm crazy, do you? Just the other day a stunt parachute jumper wanted permission to use the Buck Rogers flying-belt idea in connection with a gadget which he claimed would actually work. He planned to make a human rocket of himself, shoot up a couple of thousand feet, and return via the parachute. I absolutely refused to pull the old gag about how he could take the parachute back to the factory and get a refund if it didn't open.

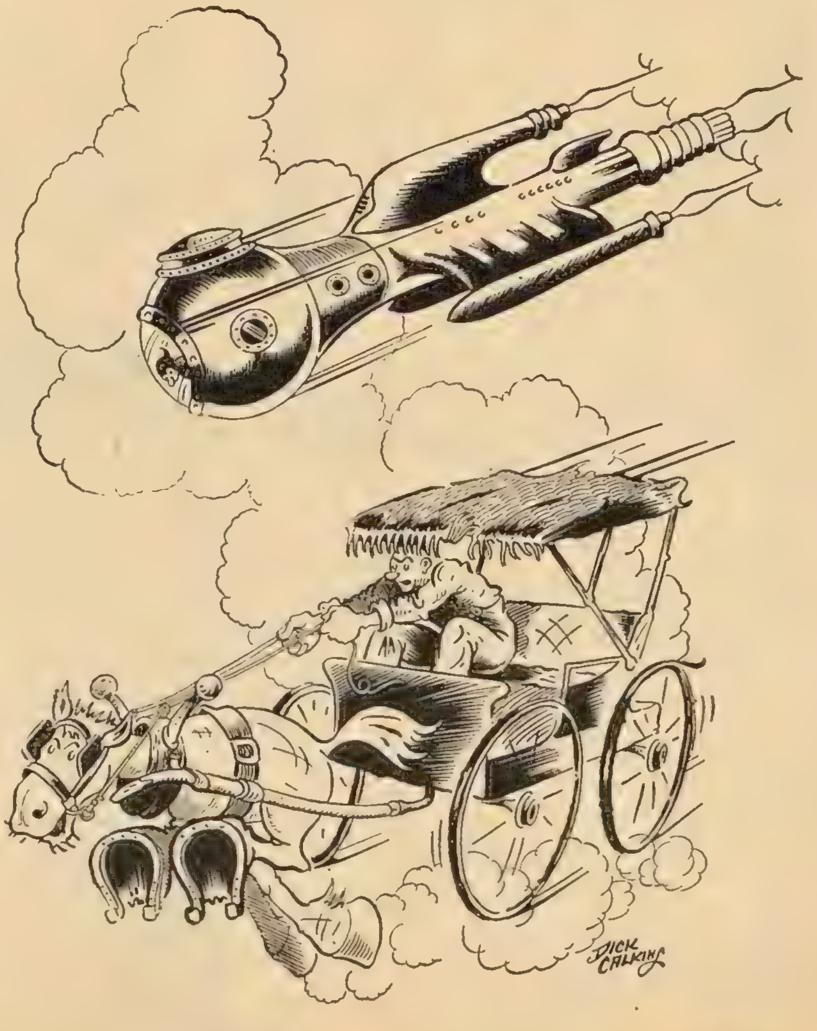
In either event, parachute open or parachute closed, he would return to Earth. That is elemental physics. I told him to go ahead, but that he could not hold Buck Rogers responsible for any slight mishaps. After all—no inertron.

Major Cass Hough (or are you now a colonel, Cass?) of the Army Air Forces and the Daisy air-rifle people, were instrumental in putting the highly successful Buck Rogers disintegrator gun on the market, with which the younger generation disintegrated imaginary enemies. Cass later took a P-38, I think it was, into a power dive over England while on a test hop, and pulled out safely after attaining a speed of something like 700 miles an hour. You may have read about it. What didn't come out in the news reports was the fact that I had loaned Cass my own personal inertron-balanced flying belt. And I'm too modest to mention it.

The disintegrator gun is a neat little weapon for children to play with. It works on the principle of fissionizing the atom. All you do is point the gun at somebody you have a grudge against, squeeze the trigger, and—blooey! No more grudge. Just a flock of protons and neutrons.

Some organizations object to such wholesale slaughter, especially in the comic strips, so I invented a new gadget for Buck to sort of take the curse off. It involves some highly scientific stuff in which you would not be interested, but the net result is to gather the atoms together again

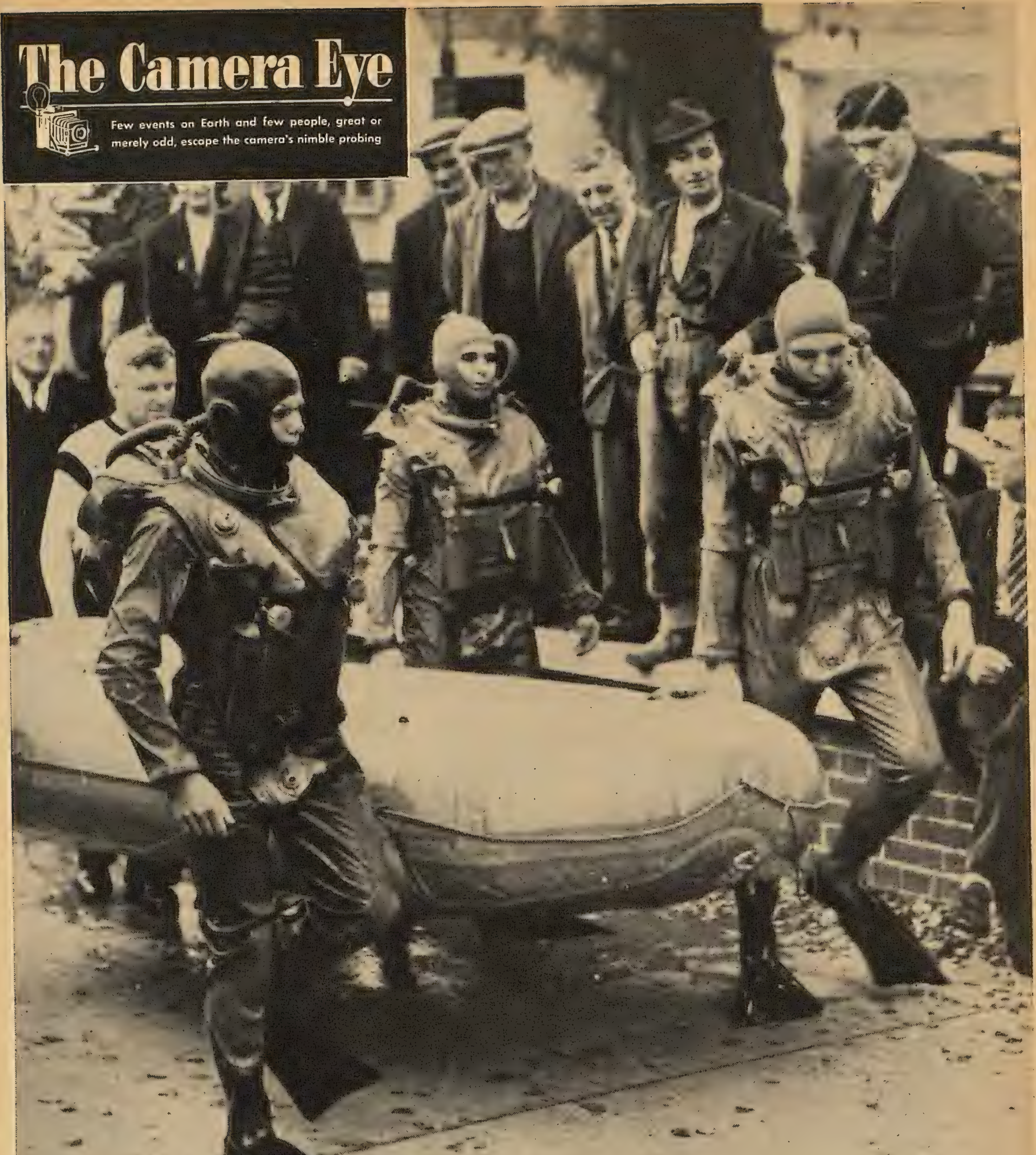
(*Continued on page 76*)



"Will the horse 'n' buggy ever give way to the rocket ship?"

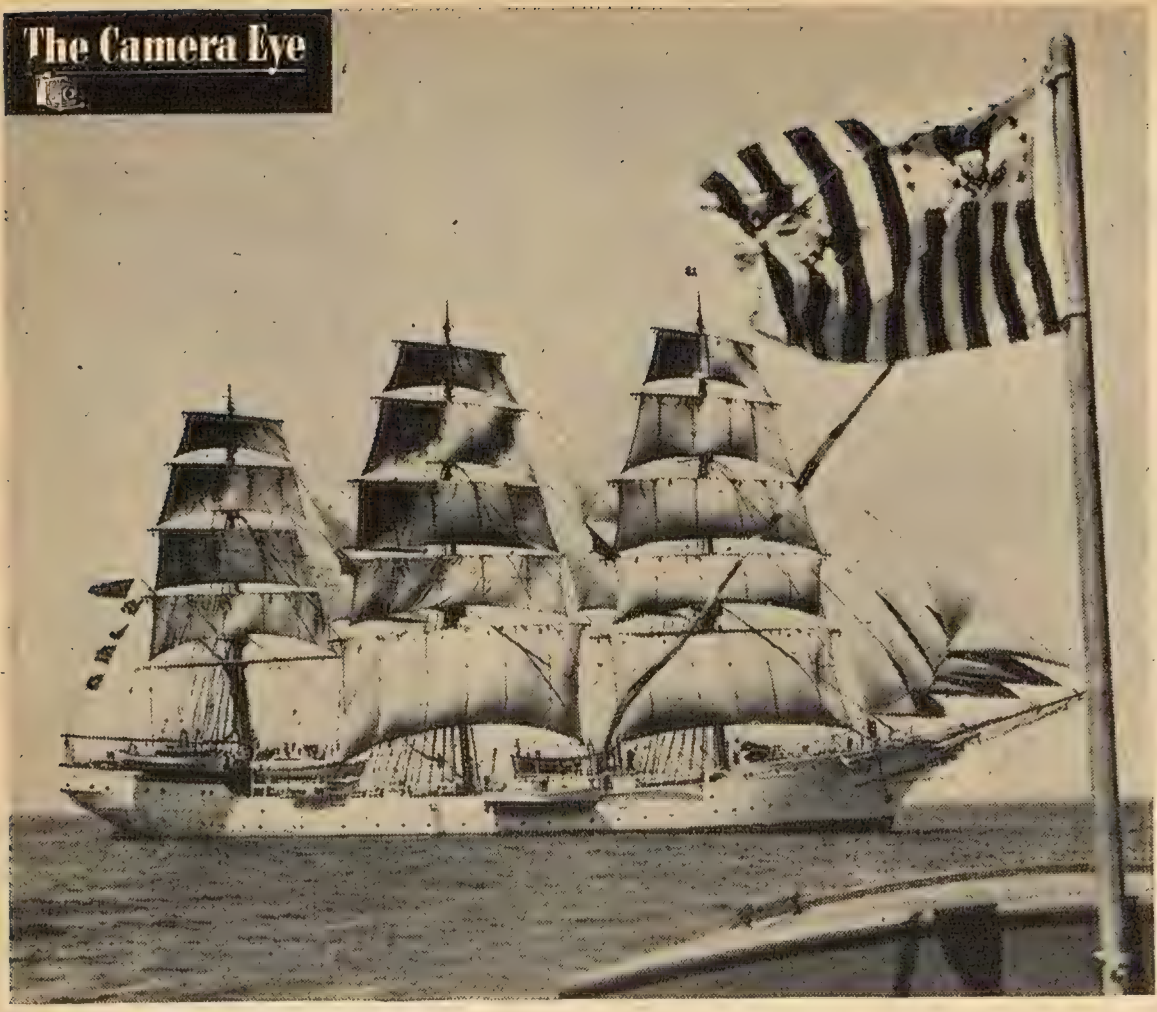
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

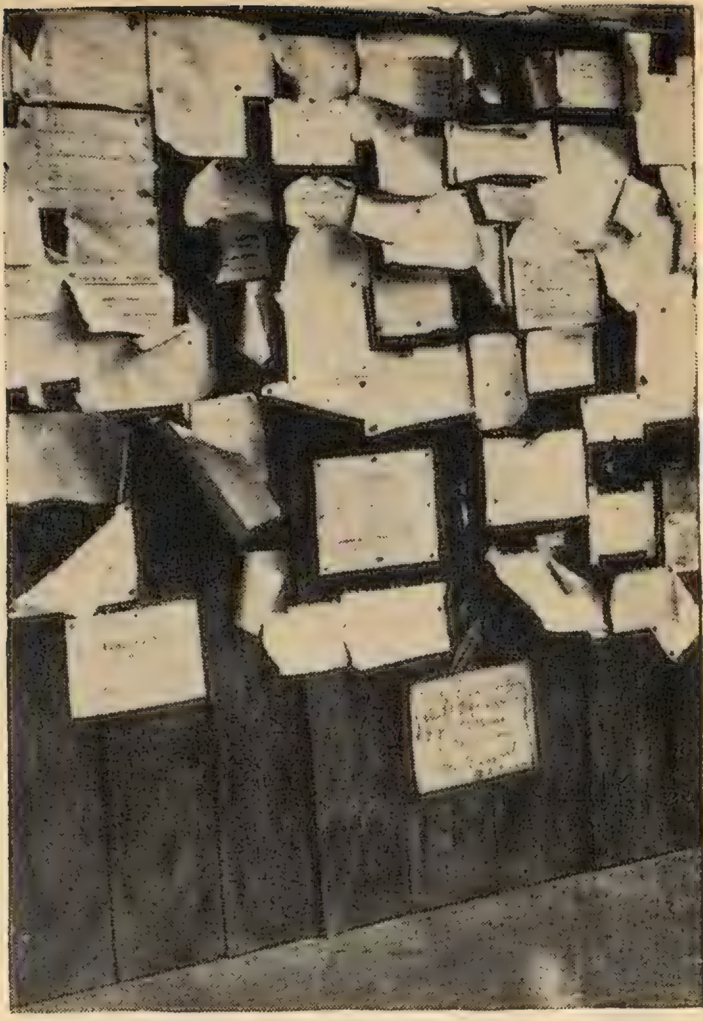


THEY HOBNOBBED WITH DAVY JONES—These British heroes, secretly trained, used their flapper-footed diving suits to clear underwater obstructions that might have jammed up the Normandy invasion. Their courageous role was revealed only recently.

The Camera Eye



PROUD BEAUTY—The clean-lined Danish square-rigger Danmark was the wartime training ship for about 3,500 U. S. Coast Guard cadets. Now she is back home once more.



HAPPY LANDING—Life's one mad whirl for Jane Cowell, who gets the spin treatment in an ice show. Hugh Thomas looks as though he is tempted to let her go—just once.

MIDDLEMAN — Network comedian Perry Ward ran an avoirdupois contest in Los Angeles. Winners: 447-pound Alline Foster (left); Nellie Lane, 407.

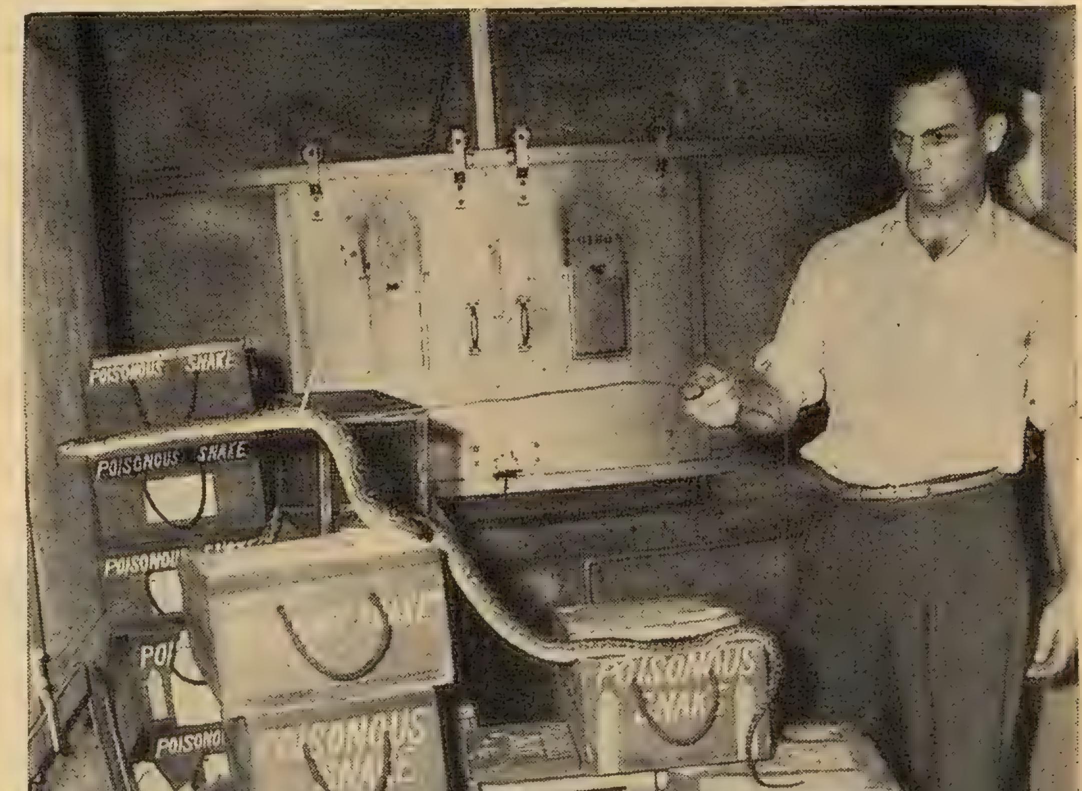
LEGIONNAIRE — Helen Hayes' poodle appears properly waggish over joining the Nyack, New York, Vets' K-9 Corps.

HAS HE LEARNED ABOUT WAR?—Russians whipped his outfit, Yankee airmen bombed his home in Lüneburg. Defeated and alone, he is searching for his family.

WRAPPED UP IN HER WORK—Testing a new sleeping bag on icy Mt. Washington seems easy to Lt. Beulah Greenwalt, Army nurse: She spent thirty-three months as a prisoner of the Japs.

DON'T HIT 'EM, BOYS—They mean well and they're G.I.s, too. The models, all former prisoners of the Germans, are showing soldiers at the Miami Beach, Florida, redistribution center just what's what in civilian toggery.

JOB FOR A STEADY HAND—Army medics flew "habu" snakes out of Okinawa to produce antivenin for soldiers. But one got out, and Mario DePrato of Washington's National Zoo won for himself a most unenviable assignment.


POISONOUS SNAKE
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POISONOUS SNAKE

ASSIGNMENT OUT

NEW PERSONNEL REPORT HERE

There's a spring in the sergeant's step as he enters the Fort Dix separation center, for that's the way out of the Army. There he's told how it's done.

TO Staff Sergeant Ed Evert of Schuylerville, New York, as to millions of other G.I.s, the biggest day in his career as a soldier was the day when he ceased to be one.

He had completed four years of a five-year course at Syracuse University when he enlisted in June, 1941, in the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was still in training when he transferred to the U.S.A.A.F., and when he reached the Fort Dix separation center he was truly a veteran. He had flown thirty-five missions as a tail gunner with the redoubtable Eighth Air Force, and sported gunner's wings, battle stars for France, Normandy, and Germany, and the Air Medal with leaf that denoted five clusters.

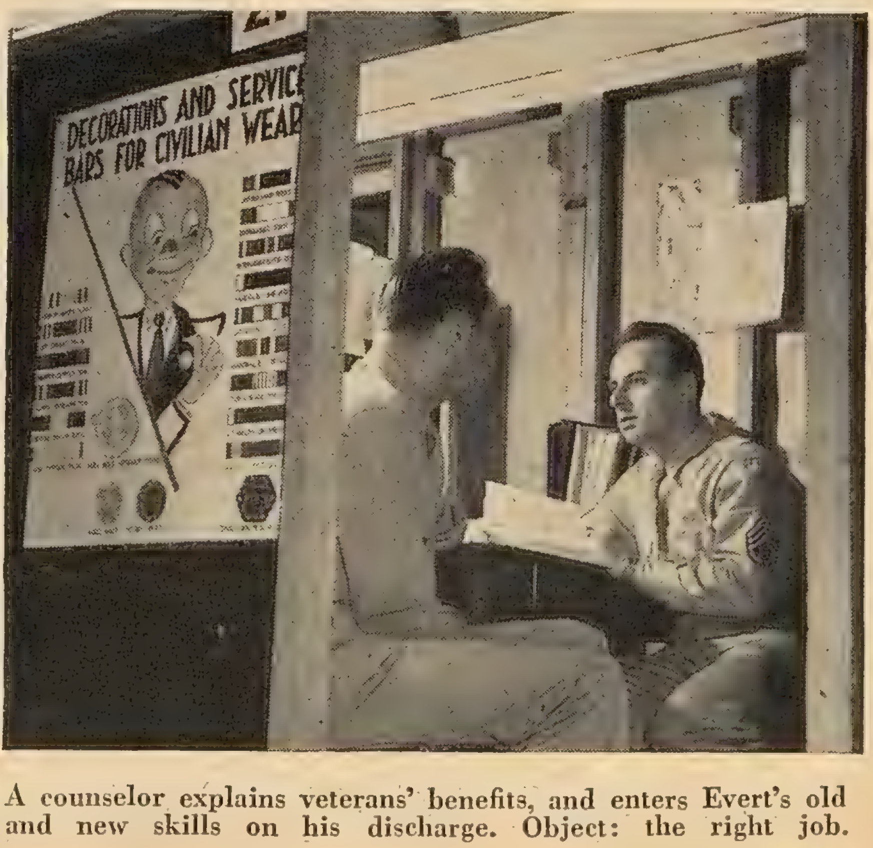
As the pictures relate, the Army seemed reluctant to part with him. He was examined painstakingly, filled out endless forms, and listened to lectures on civilian deportment.

But finally the Army tailor sewed the discharge emblem on Evert's blouse, the long program of separation ended, and Mr. Evert, honorably discharged veteran, could start for home and the pilot's career he had chosen.

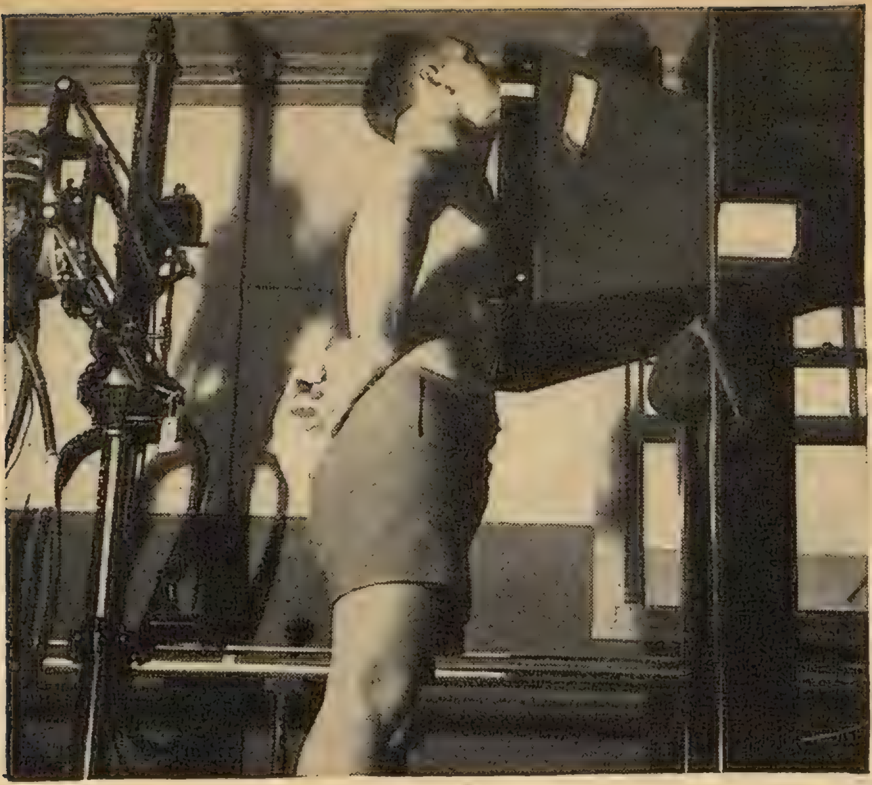
At twenty-eight, he had given four years of his life to his country. The remaining years, whatever they would bring, were his own.

NECKLACE FIELD JACKET ALL EXCESS GI PROPERTY
YOU KEEP

He turns in his O.D.s, but keeps one cotton and one wool uniform for wear at the center and on the trip home.


DECORATIONS AND SERVICE BARS FOR CIVILIAN WEAR

A counselor explains veterans' benefits, and enters Evert's old and new skills on his discharge. Object: the right job.



Rigid tests of body, teeth, and eyes prove him right as rain. Defects would have been corrected at government expense.

His last act as a soldier: He signs the discharge paper with ink, then with his thumbprint. He's Mister Evert now.

Still being processed, he's reminded of his civilian responsibilities, and—glory be!—given that cherished discharge.

Cashier No 1
Cashier No 1
Cashier No 2
Give Your Name

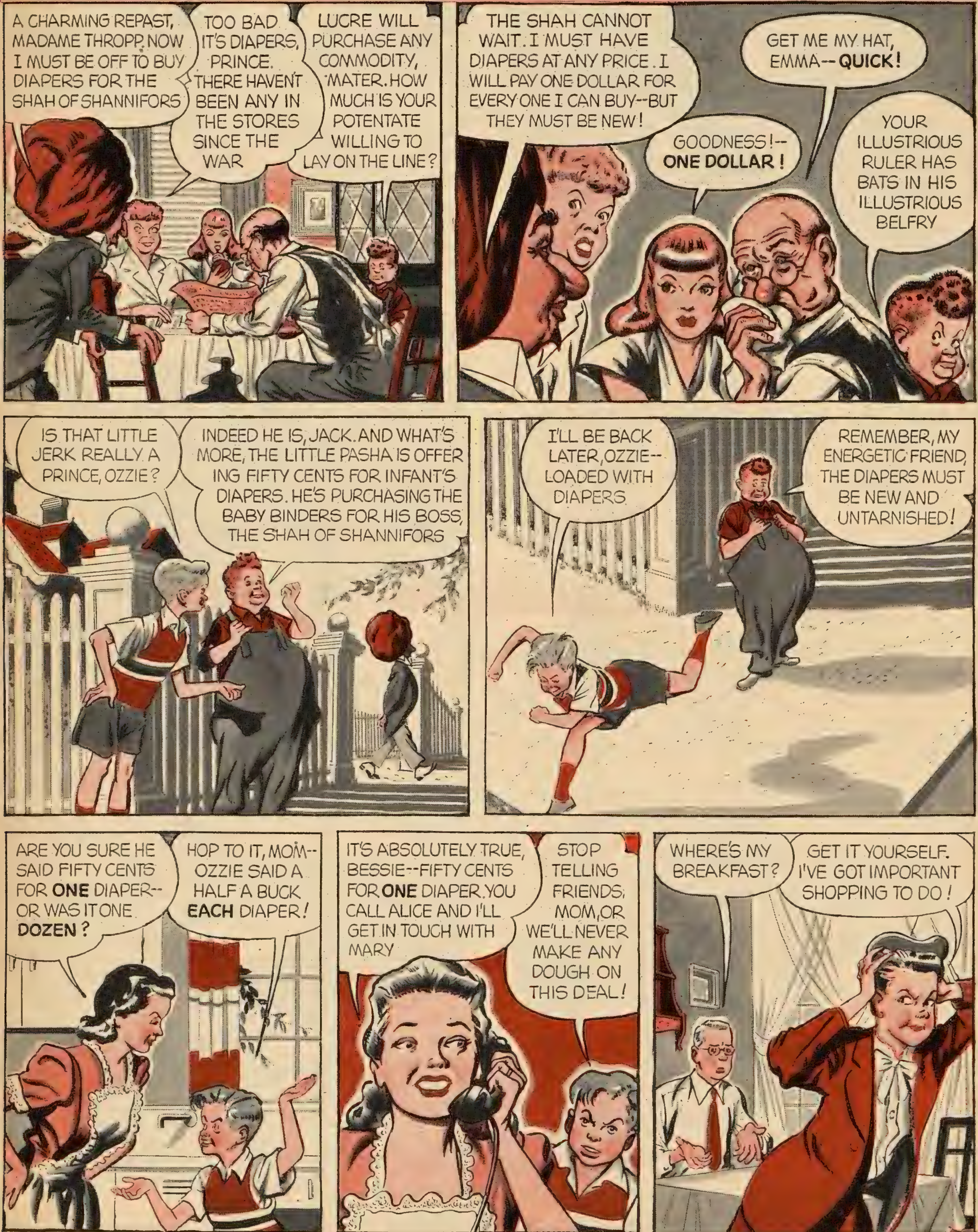
One more important step nets him his final Army pay and $100 of mustering-out allotment. The other $200 comes later.

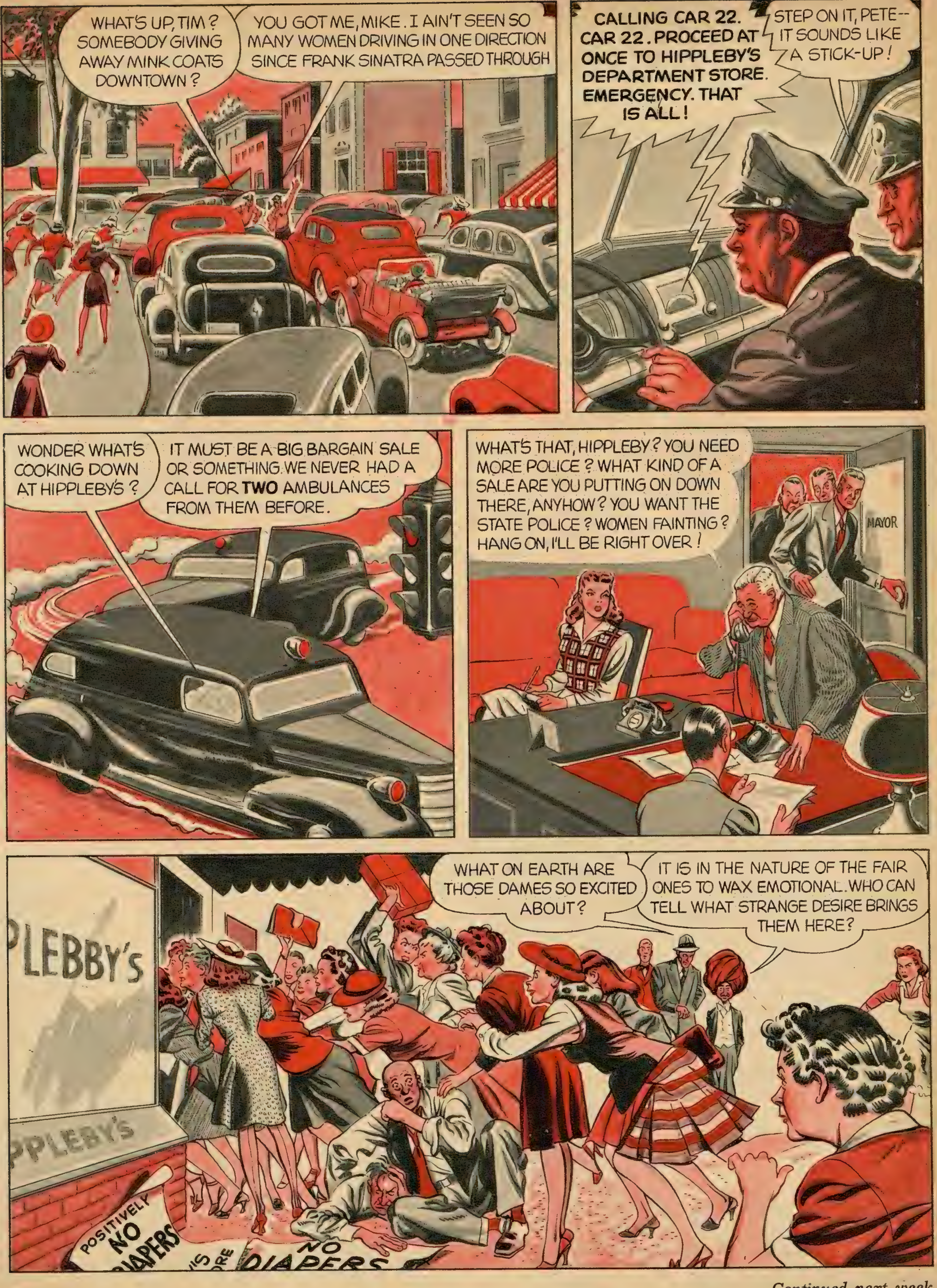
Here's home, and the folks, and comfort with Mom, Dad, sister Theresa, and Grandpop. The girl friend's on her way over.

With seventy hours' "time," Evert wants to be a commercial pilot, so now the Glens Falls airport sees a lot of him.

THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

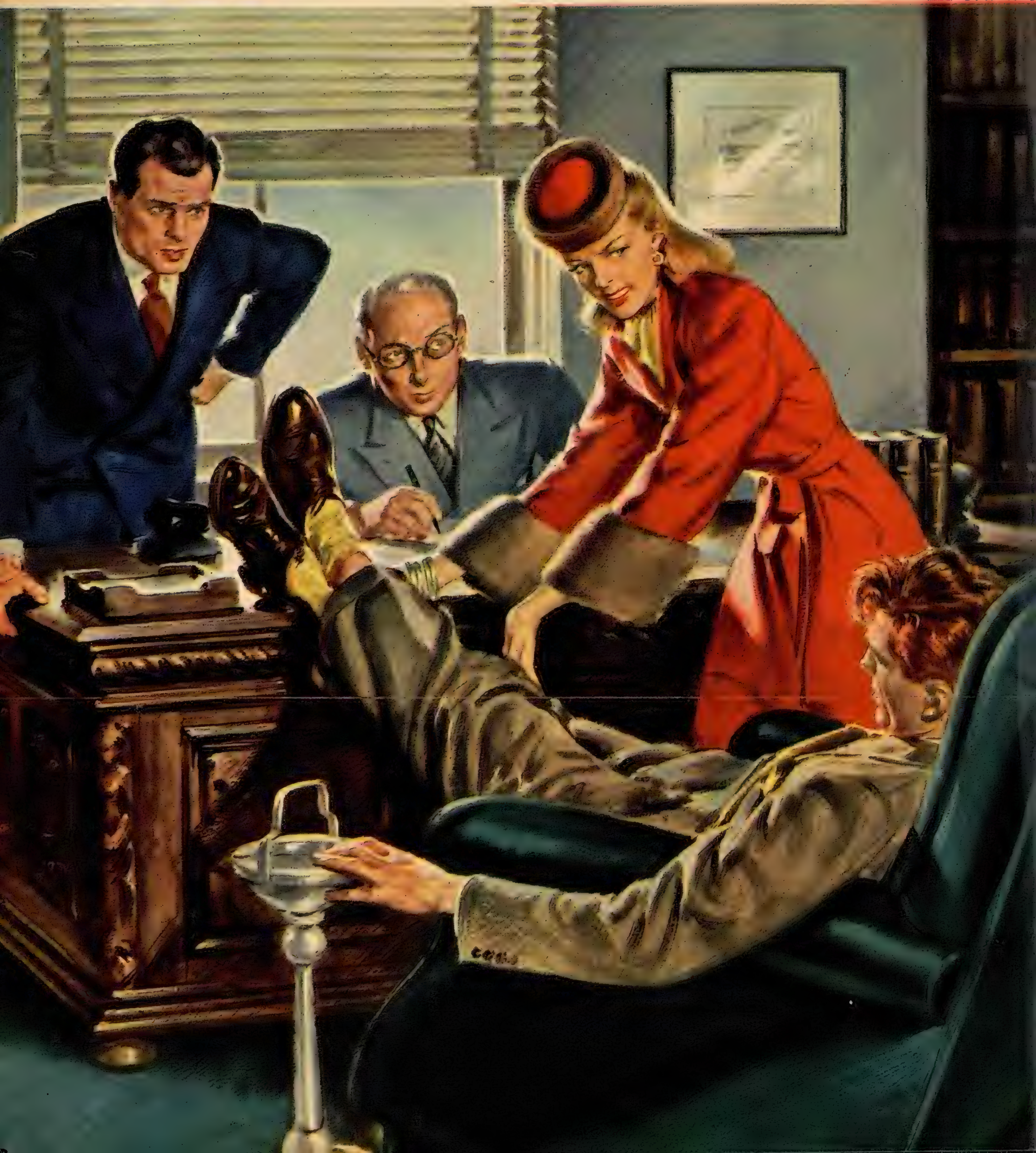

A CHARMING REPAST, MADAME THROPP. NOW I MUST BE OFF TO BUY DIAPERS FOR THE SHAH OF SHANNIFORS
TOO BAD IT'S DIAPERS, PRINCE. THERE HAVEN'T BEEN ANY IN THE STORES SINCE THE WAR
LUCRE WILL PURCHASE ANY COMMODITY, MATER. HOW MUCH IS YOUR POTENTATE WILLING TO LAY ON THE LINE?
THE SHAH CANNOT WAIT. I MUST HAVE DIAPERS AT ANY PRICE. I WILL PAY ONE DOLLAR FOR EVERY ONE I CAN BUY--BUT THEY MUST BE NEW!
GOODNESS!-- **ONE DOLLAR!**
GET ME MY HAT, EMMA-- **QUICK!**
YOUR ILLUSTRIOUS RULER HAS BATS IN HIS ILLUSTRIOUS BELFRY
IS THAT LITTLE JERK REALLY A PRINCE, OZZIE?
INDEED HE IS, JACK. AND WHAT'S MORE, THE LITTLE PASHA IS OFFERING FIFTY CENTS FOR INFANT'S DIAPERS. HE'S PURCHASING THE BABY BINDERS FOR HIS BOSS, THE SHAH OF SHANNIFORS
I'LL BE BACK LATER, OZZIE-- LOADED WITH DIAPERS
REMEMBER, MY ENERGETIC FRIEND, THE DIAPERS MUST BE NEW AND UNTARNISHED!
ARE YOU SURE HE SAID FIFTY CENTS FOR **ONE** DIAPER-- OR WAS IT ONE **DOZEN**?
HOP TO IT, MOM-- OZZIE SAID A HALF A BUCK **EACH** DIAPER!
IT'S ABSOLUTELY TRUE, BESSIE--FIFTY CENTS FOR **ONE** DIAPER. YOU CALL ALICE AND I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH MARY
STOP TELLING FRIENDS, MOM, OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE ANY DOUGH ON THIS DEAL!
WHERE'S MY BREAKFAST?
GET IT YOURSELF. I'VE GOT IMPORTANT SHOPPING TO DO!


WHAT'S UP, TIM? SOMEBODY GIVING AWAY MINK COATS DOWNTOWN?
YOU GOT ME, MIKE. I AIN'T SEEN SO MANY WOMEN DRIVING IN ONE DIRECTION SINCE FRANK SINATRA PASSED THROUGH
CALLING CAR 22. CAR 22. PROCEED AT ONCE TO HIPPLEBY'S DEPARTMENT STORE. EMERGENCY. THAT IS ALL!
STEP ON IT, PETE-- IT SOUNDS LIKE A STICK-UP!
WONDER WHAT'S COOKING DOWN AT HIPPLEBY'S?
IT MUST BE A BIG BARGAIN SALE OR SOMETHING. WE NEVER HAD A CALL FOR TWO AMBULANCES FROM THEM BEFORE.
WHAT'S THAT, HIPPLEBY? YOU NEED MORE POLICE? WHAT KIND OF A SALE ARE YOU PUTTING ON DOWN THERE, ANYHOW? YOU WANT THE STATE POLICE? WOMEN FAINTING? HANG ON, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
MAYOR
WHAT ON EARTH ARE THOSE DAMES SO EXCITED ABOUT?
IT IS IN THE NATURE OF THE FAIR ONES TO WAX EMOTIONAL. WHO CAN TELL WHAT STRANGE DESIRE BRINGS THEM HERE?
PLEBBY'S
PPLEBBY'S
POSITIVELY NO DIAPERS
NO DIAPERS

Continued next week

When it came to a divorce, they were in complete agreement—something they'd never been able to manage while they were married. But agreement didn't last long when they began discussing the

Jenny stood up. "Take your feet off that desk, you lousy show-off. Sit up like a man."



Custody of the Dog

BY ISABELLA TAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY MACHTEY

MR. BONES sat on a pink-slip-covered chair looking detached. He was a dog of dubious ancestry, rather large for comfort, with a stubby tail and mournful eyes. Jenny liked to think that he exuded personality, but at the moment he was saving his strength. He was looking detached.

She felt anything but detached. And Jeff, on the prim Victorian sofa, was gradually turning an infused purple.

"I'll give you the car," he said, "I'll give you the furniture and the books, and anything else you want. But I keep Mr. Bones."

At the mention of his name, Mr. Bones allowed the merest tip of his tail to quiver, but he did not open his eyes. Jenny, in the brocade armchair opposite Mr. Bones' deeper-cushioned job, drew out her handkerchief. Her eyes were already swollen and her nose was red.

"But he is my dog," she said. "He was only six weeks old when I got him—"

"When I gave him to you," Jeff corrected with mounting tension. "You saw him in a pet-shop window and fell in love with him and I was in the maudlin stage of adoration when I thought you should have everything you wanted. God knows, I've learned a lot about women from you. The experience is worth something and I'm willing to pay for it. But I want Mr. Bones."

"You're being stubborn." Jenny dabbed at her eyes. "You traveled all over the country while I sat at home being a nursemaid to Mr. Bones. I might have been drinking frozen daiquiris on the top of the Mark Hopkins or eating oysters at the Occidental, but I had to stay home and walk the dog."

"You forget," Jeff said, "that it was on a dog walk that you met your great love. If you had been eating oysters in Washington you would have missed that big adventure. I'm not blaming you. Henry Parton is a lot bigger shot than I would ever want to be. I—"

"Jeff," Jenny's voice was cold, "you've been decent up until now. We were going to be civilized about this divorce. You've always been more in love with your job than you were with me. And I'm sick of sitting home while you tear around the world taking pictures. I wish you knew what it means sitting night after night in this damned apartment, waiting for you to call, not even able to go to bed early because I had to take the dog out—"

Her voice broke. Jeff stood up. He was a tall young man with mussed red hair and an air of general neglect. After two hectic years of being married to Jeff and trying to keep his clothes in press and buttons sewed on his shirts, Jenny had begun to suspect that he enjoyed creating the forlorn effect. He would walk into the office of the president of Standard Oil or of the United States and put his feet on the desk just as if he didn't know any better. The syndicate said that was what made Jeff such a wonderful photographer—he had the common touch. Eying his tangled necktie with distaste, Jenny thought, To hell with the common touch!

SHE tried not to look at him when he stood over her. After two years of being married, even though Jeff had not averaged more than eight months at home, divorce was complicated. When Jeff moved out to a hotel, Jenny had packed for him efficiently. Yet she constantly came upon small, unimportant reminders of him—an autographed World Series' baseball, a tie clasp some movie company had given him for Christmas. While she gathered these accusing dumb items into a carton, she was infuriated by calls from him demanding to know the location of other things she well remembered packing.

"I have to go," he said. "I was due at the City Hall ten minutes ago. I'm sorry, kid. I'm prepared to do the decent thing about stepping aside and letting the right man claim you and all that, but I'd like to salvage Bones out of the mess. You won't begrudge me that?"

Jenny's teeth set. "And what will you do with him when you're sent off to China to photograph some railroad? Mr. Bones would die in a pet shop. Mr. Bones can't even stand airplane travel."

Jeff dropped a light kiss on Jenny's forehead. "Oh, then I'd let him visit you. You'd like that, wouldn't you?" He picked up the cowhide case with his equipment, a case unexpectedly neat and efficient. "Good-by, Bones. See you in bachelor quarters."

MR. BONES stood up, shook himself lazily, and dropped to the floor. Then he ambled over to the window, pulled his lead off the knob and stood with it in his mouth, looking at Jeff. Jeff patted the dog's head. "You had better take him out," he said. "With all the changes going on around here, he is apt to get neurotic if he doesn't receive proper attention. I read that in a book."

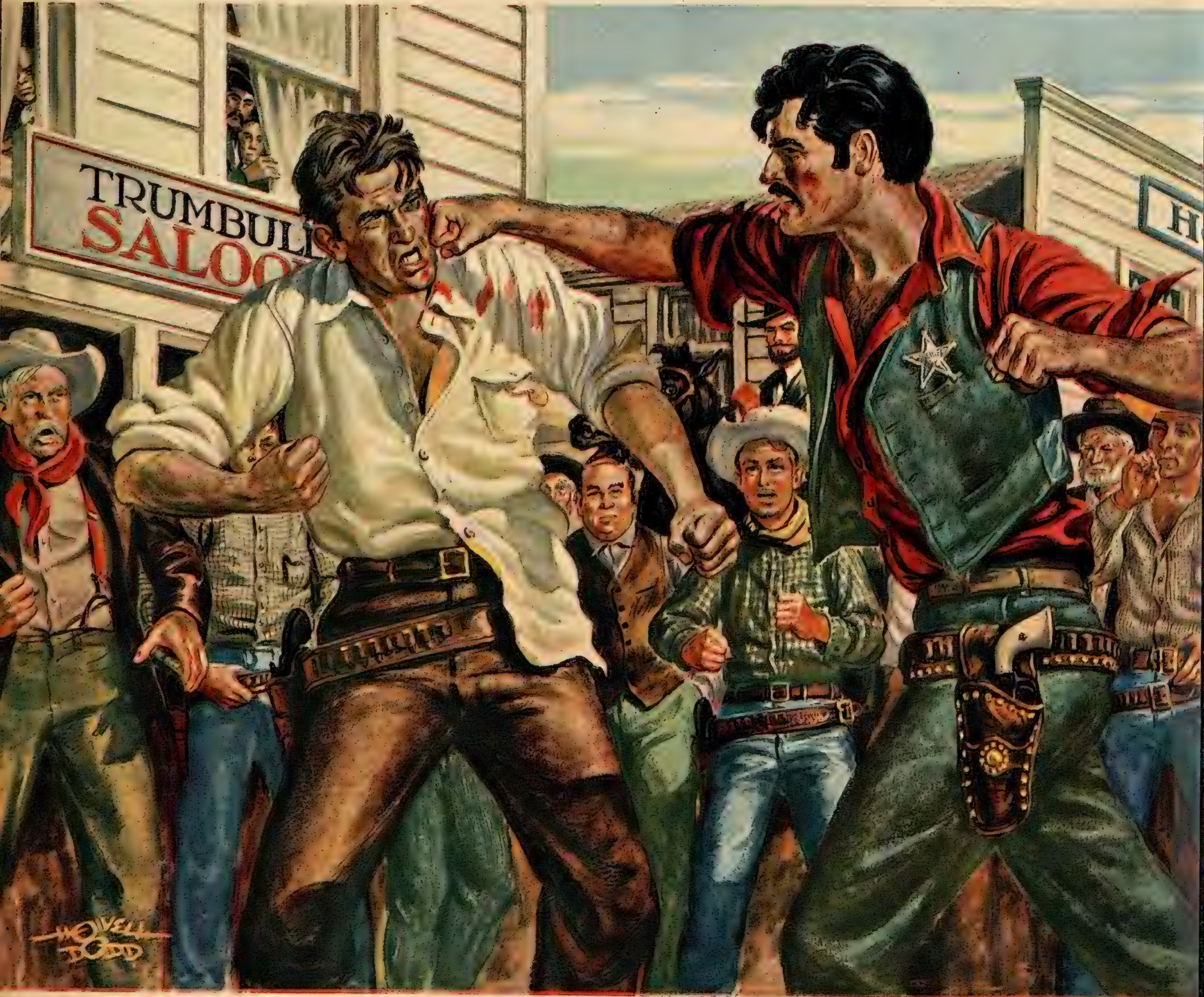
After Jeff had left Mr. Bones eyed Jenny accusingly. Jenny stared back. "You were out two hours ago," she said. "Henry will take you out when he comes, you know that. Don't roll your eyes at me that way. You are a spoiled dog. How do you ever expect to win friends and influence people— Oh, dear." She rose reluctantly and went in search of dark glasses to conceal her tear-soaked eyes. "Just around the block, then."

At five thirty Henry's secretary called to say that Mr. Parton would not be at Jenny's until six o'clock. That, Jenny reflected, was one of the comforting things about Henry. After two years of waiting dinner for Jeff, after two years of never knowing whether he would turn up alone or with the entire Hoboken fire department, Henry's considerateness always surprised her.

She was, Jenny reflected, a very lucky girl. Henry was everything that Jeff wasn't. Henry wore dark blue flannel suits and managed always to look fresh pressed and immaculate. He gave the impression of compact strength; when he smiled, his white teeth shone attractively

(*Continued on page 68*)

Trouble in the Air



The crowd forgot the murder of Johnny Muir. But Hawkins did not forget, even while Pollard's fists thudded against his cheekbones.

SATURDAY night the little horse was one of a dozen tied to the hitching rack in front of Trumbull's saloon. Sunday morning early, when Thomas Hawkins looked out, the little horse was still there, though all the others were gone. So Johnny Muir had spent the night at Trumbull's place. Thomas Hawkins was neither surprised at that, nor alarmed. But then, still looking out the window, he stopped doing up the buttons of his shirt.

Thomas Hawkins was a very early riser, and below his window the one street of Anstruther was deserted. He stood well back from the window, so that he could not be seen from outside. Trumbull, for instance, coming out of the saloon and looking up and down and all around, didn't know that anyone was watching him. Trumbull moved quickly for so fat a man, and even at that distance Thomas Hawkins noticed that his heavy face had lost the fixed smile it usually wore. He lifted a stick he carried and struck Johnny Muir's little horse hard across the rump. She jumped at the blow, and Hawkins saw then that she hadn't been tied to the hitching rack. She trotted off a little way and stopped and looked back, and Trumbull threw the stick at her.

Come to think of it, Johnny Muir never did tie little Bess. She was a pet, and he boasted that she would wait for him wherever he told her

The old sheriff had a pretty good idea who'd killed Johnny Muir. But the new sheriff wasn't taking any tips from his predecessor—at least, he didn't mean to; but the old man's trick worked out .

BY WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD DODD

to stay. Johnny Muir had a way with horses. Bess would shake hands, too, or drop to one knee when he told her to make her manners.

When Trumbull threw the stick at her, she flung up her head and trotted farther down the street. Trumbull, after a moment, went back into the saloon and closed the heavy door behind him. And Thomas Hawkins, a man who did nothing in a hurry, resumed the deliberate buttoning of his shirt.

What had happened to young Johnny Muir? Bess thought he was still in Trumbull's saloon. Trumbull, for some reason, didn't want anyone to think that, though it was funny that Trumbull should care one way or the other. Thomas Hawkins had never seen him before without that famous smile of his. It made considerable difference to Trumbull's looks.

By the time Hawkins came out of his shabby house, Anstruther had begun to stir with the belated, unwilling activity of Sunday morning. A tousle-haired man carrying a water pail grunted a brief salutation as he trudged past. Thomas Hawkins heard stove lids rattle, and a woman's voice reached him, shrill and scolding. Up the street, little Bess was coming back again. She moved daintily, picking up her feet, and stopped in front of the hitching rack at Trumbull's. This time, with men passing in the street, Trumbull didn't come out and try to drive her away.

Thomas Hawkins could not have assigned a reason for the active and vigilant uneasiness that now possessed him. The way he phrased it to himself was that he smelled trouble in the air. Twelve years as sheriff taught a man to distinguish between the innocent and the sinister, between what was really trifling and what only seemed so. There was something ugly here, something he didn't at all like. What had happened to young Johnny Muir?

A COWBOY jerking his galloping horse to a stop and flinging himself out of the saddle answered that question for him. "Johnny Muir's been killed!" the cowboy shouted, and at once the crowd began to gather about him. "He's a-layin' out there, alongside the trail, with a hole as big as a dollar in the back of his head! Where's the sheriff?"

A fair half of the men who heard that turned at once toward the place where Thomas Hawkins stood, then looked away again with varying degrees of embarrassment. Sho! He'd been sheriff so long, a person forgot. Well, if he wasn't sheriff still, it was his own fault! They hadn't elected Dave Pollard just for the sake of a change. But where was Pollard? Johnny Muir had been killed!

IT was the first such case to confront David Pollard since his election, and the voters who had chosen him had sharp eyes. They represented democracy not at its best but at its quickest and most responsive. They made up their minds in a hurry. Nobody knew that better than Thomas Hawkins.

The reason he was no longer Anstruther's sheriff was that he had once taken a stand flatly opposed to the popular will of the moment. He had put up a stubborn and successful fight to save a half-breed named Smoky Sam from a mob bent on lynching him. Smoky Sam had been accused of stealing a horse, and no one but Thomas Hawkins thought it worth while to go through the formality of trying him. Thomas Hawkins won his point—after peppering some of his neighbors with bird shot—and delivered Sam to the county jail, where in due course he was given a perfunctory trial, and acquitted. Sensibly, the half-breed never came back to Anstruther, and everyone forgot about him. But they neither forgot nor forgave Thomas Hawkins' vigorous stand against summary justice.

Because of Smoky Sam, Thomas Hawkins was relieved of any official duty to apprehend the murderer of Johnny Muir. But the habit of twelve years was not so easy to break off. It astonished him that no one else had seen anything unusual in the behavior of Johnny Muir's little horse standing there patiently and in plain sight. The crowd that was still growing gave its whole attention to the cowboy who had found Muir's body.

"The way I come to notice, my horse shied just as I got up abreast," the cowboy was saying, not quite so breathlessly now. "He'd kind of rolled under some bushes, and I might not have seen him, except for that. Been thrown there, more likely! There was a thick kind of a bandage that had been knotted around his head, I guess after he was shot. Whoever brought him there wasn't going to leave any trail. It stands to reason Johnny couldn't have tied the bandage himself, not with that hole in him!"

"Poor young fellow!"

"But who could've done it? He was friends with everybody, Johnny Muir was!"

"Had he been robbed? Who saw him last? Who knows if he was carryin' more money than usual?"

"We'd do right to go and fetch his body in anyhow. Where's the sheriff?"

Other voices took up this cry, and then Thomas Hawkins saw Pollard hurrying up the street. You couldn't exactly blame Pollard for being one of the last to hear about the murder, but it did put him at a disadvantage in handling the crowd. Thomas Hawkins knew a good deal about crowds, and they were the one thing he dreaded. A crowd was always foolish and generally cruel—it didn't matter how decent and reasonable the individuals were from which it was recruited. A crowd was an uncertain, pesky thing, and it amounted to an instinct with Thomas Hawkins now to forestall any action by it. Whatever a crowd did, as a crowd, was pretty sure to be wrong.

HE was aware of the quick change in the mood of the crowd he was watching now. Pollard's appearance had turned it toward unthinking action. There was a rush to saddle horses and form a posse, and Pollard's orders to a half dozen of the most impetuous—to take a spring wagon and go and bring Johnny Muir's body in—were only grudgingly obeyed. Pollard got rid of his most vociferous self-appointed advisers that way, but their departure left a sort of spiritual vacuum that might be even harder to satisfy, and even more dangerous.

It was bound to happen sooner or later! Thomas Hawkins heard someone in the crowd exclaim, "Why, yonder stands Johnny Muir's little

(*Continued on page 103*)

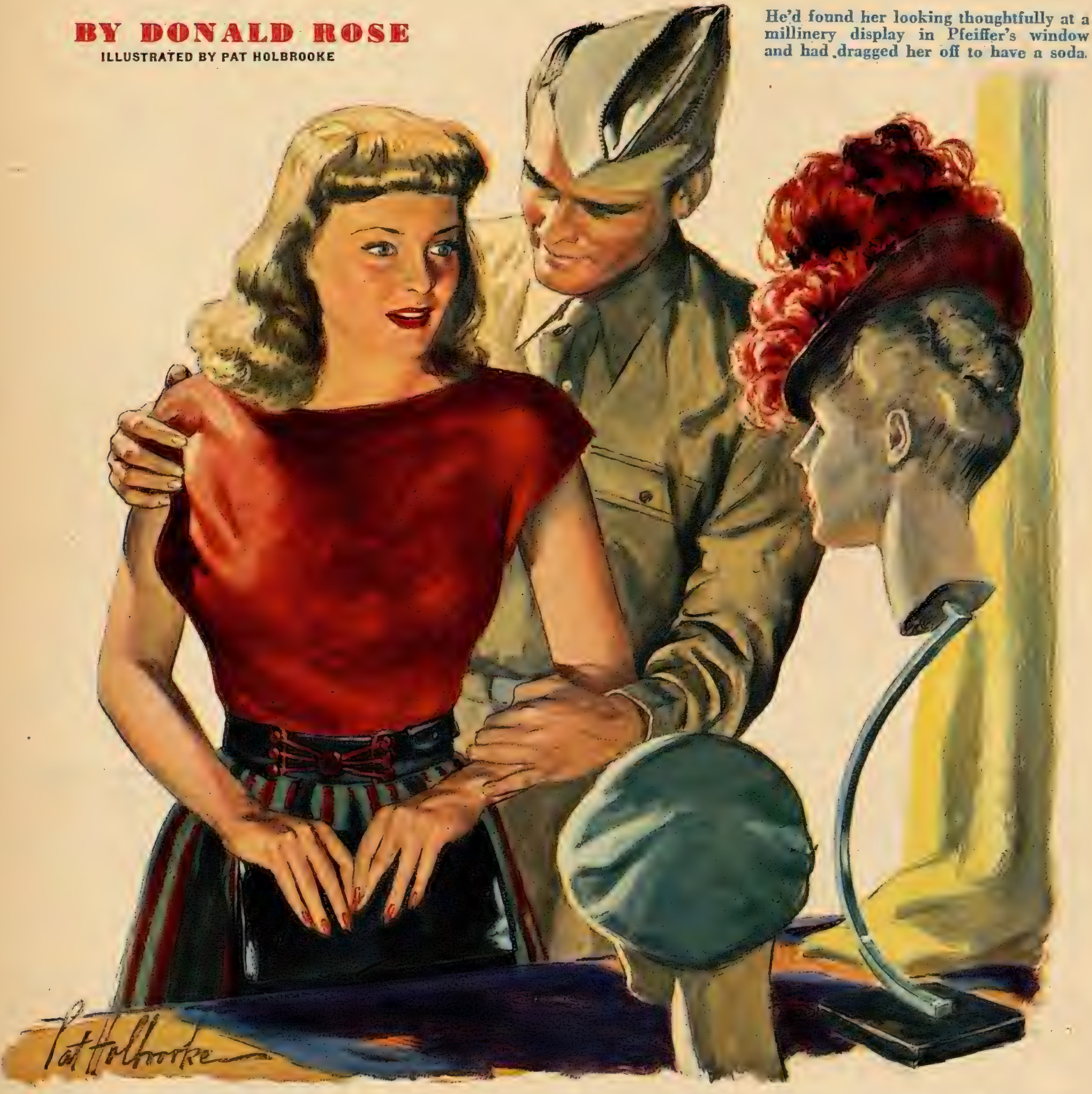
Sentimental Detour

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

It was a crazy thing to do—hop off a train to go looking for a place he'd been two years before—and a tune he'd heard—and a girl he'd known. It was crazy the way it all worked out, too

BY DONALD ROSE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



He'd found her looking thoughtfully at a millinery display in Pfeiffer's window and had dragged her off to have a soda.

As the train rolled in toward Little Rock, he sat low in his seat, letting the clicking wheels set the rhythm of the song in his head: *I'm gonna buy myself a paper doll to call my own . . .*

All the way from the Coast the rails had sung that gibberish for him—that and a half dozen other once popular, soon forgotten tunes. Now he let the words come back to him.

"I'll bet I'm the only guy in America," he grinned to himself, "who can give you the Hit Parade line-up for August, 1943. You'll Never Know, It Can't Be Wrong, In My Arms. And in fourth place this week, la-dies and gentlemen, Paper Doll."

Her song. They'd argued about it a hundred times. Corn, he had said. So, to tease him, she would play it on the juke box there in Harry's Halfway Café (Little Rock, 10 miles) a dozen times in an evening.

Two long, long years, and it was still corn. But now, as in every day and night he'd been away, he could hear the Mills Brothers doing their best for the lyrics. From Little Rock to Frisco they sang it in his head. From Darwin to Guadal to Manila it was always with him, the song and the unblurred memory of Clare standing before the garish chrome and green of the juke, then turning to smile at him as she pushed the plunger and the record began again.

He sat up abruptly, trembling with excitement. "I'm getting off! Going back there!" He straightened his tie and put on his cap.

"What's up, bud?" asked the other soldier sitting in the seat with him. "Thought you were riding through to Pittsburgh."

"No," he said. "Little Rock. I'm taking a stop-over here."

The soldier shrugged. "Arkansaw!" he said bitterly. "Should of never been admitted to the Union. Why, when I was in camp here—"

"Yeah, I know," he interrupted. "I was at Robinson, myself. That's why I'm getting off."

"What?" The soldier stared. Then he shrugged again and mumbled, "My God, Arkansaw! These combat wacks, walking around loose! Dangerous."

HE checked his bags and walked slowly down Main Street toward the bus station. As he walked, he examined himself as from a great distance in time and space.

What gets into a guy, he wondered, to do a thing like this? Crazy! Yeah, but not combat fatigue.

But he'd never find her, or even if he did— Why, they'd never even written; not once. His outfit had shipped out suddenly that August, but, even so, he could have found a way to leave his address and a message. He could have managed it. But it wasn't until weeks later, three thousand miles away, that he realized that their quiet half-formed friendship was so often in his mind.

Now, after two years . . . Well, there was still time to get back to the train, he told himself. Still time, he was thinking, even as he bought his ticket to Halfway Corners.

It was the same bus, only two years older. More rips in the upholstery, more rattles in the chassis.

It was hot. He felt it suddenly, and tugged at the stuck window beside him. It opened halfway, and then he knew, feeling the breeze, that it wasn't *that* hot. He looked around and saw the others looking at him. Embarrassed, he stopped the impulse to close the window again.

"Or another thing, chump," he raged inwardly, "you could have the driver drop you here in the middle of nowhere and thumb a ride back to town. But you won't. You'll sweat it out from here to Harry's, and when you get there you'll ask silly questions about a girl named Clare. Small. Pretty. Just Clare—never knew her last name. When a girl waits tables in a G. I.s' bar you can see her, talk to her twenty, fifty times in a spring and summer and never know her last name. . . ."

While the bus growled up the rolling hills and rattled down again he kept up the imaginary conversation. Must have trained half a million Joes here since he'd left, and after a girl has served her first fifty thousand, one dogface must look like another. Anyhow, what was there for her to remember? Just one more Pfc —the one who liked to argue about the Hit of the Week.

Of course there was that afternoon they'd met in Little Rock. Not a date—he'd found her looking at a millinery display in Pfeiffer's window and had dragged her off to have a soda. It was so quiet in the little drugstore that they forgot their usual playful bantering, saying only a few words now and then between long, comfortable silences.

"We've stayed so long," she said as they were finally leaving. "Now it's too late for me to buy my hat." Well, maybe *that* was something a girl would remember.

HE was the only one to get off when they reached the Corners. As the bus rumbled away, he turned to look for the neon glare of Harry's big sign.

It wasn't there. Swamped in panic, he spun around, searching on the other corners of the crossroads. Then his eyes came back to where he knew it must be; saw the sprawling sheds of the O. K. Welders, and the one-story red brick front of the little place that had been Harry's. The sign was gone. In its place a cold new shield carried the sedately lettered legend. The Blue Lantern.

He walked slowly toward it, feeling his stomach knotted in emptiness and loss. In the window he saw the already sun-faded sign: Under New Management. Then he went in.

A bald-headed man and his girl were the only customers. They did not look up as he passed their table. He sat on one of the new chrome-and-leather stools at the bar.

"Beer," he said.

"Only in bottles," the barman said.

"All right." He spoke sharply, irritated by the unfriendly tone. And as he raised his glass and met the barman's eyes he felt that he was being knowingly observed.

"Well?" he said, in challenge, and the barman turned away to wipe imaginary moisture from the bar top.

"Look! There was a girl worked here. Name was Clare. About five feet, blonde, and kinda pretty. Cute kid—liked music."

The barman stared back at him silently, then shook his head. "No girls here. All our help is men."

Unwilling to be convinced, he turned on his stool and looked searchingly about the room.

The barman was watching him again.

"You stationed at Robinson?"

"No," he said. "Just passing through. When's the next bus to town?"

The barman looked at the clock on the wall. "Twenty minutes."

He raised his glass to drain it, and it was then, looking past the barman and into the mirror, that he saw the juke box. It was almost hidden behind the last booth, its dark plastic shoulder unlighted and lifeless.

He left the bar and went and stood before it, smiling a little as though greeting an old friend.

"Same old juke," he told himself.

His eyes were bright with pleasure as he studied the grotesque design of its chrome-grilled front. Automatically his hand drew a nickel from his pocket and slipped it in the coin plunger. The barman came shuffling and reached behind the machine for the wall plug.

"Got to hook her up," he mumbled. "Our trade don't play it much."

HE did not answer, for as his coin rattled down inside the machine there was a blaze of light and the measured sibilance of the needle on the record. It came exactly twice in a hushed crescendo: *sue-WHISH, sue-WHISH*, like the quick double stomp of a band leader putting his men on the beat at the beginning of a number.

And now full-throated superheterodyne sound filled the room and a glowing florescence in wonderfully violent bands of orange, turquoise, and green began to flow over the booths that flanked the box.

The record that was playing was a new tune by a new band—he'd never heard of them—but it was loud and fast and the rhythm gave him a quicker lift than the beer he had drunk. Almost happily he read through the tiered cardboard markers that listed the recordings. He held another nickel ready, but none of them appealed to him until, with a surprise like shock, he saw the last number on the board—Paper Doll.

His hand shook a little as he twisted the dial to that record and slipped his nickel in. He walked quickly to the bar and waited, listening hard. He heard the first chorus through, bringing him its tumbling flood of memories.

"That thing," he said to the barman, "that old cob of corn. What you keep that in the box for?"

"Not me," the barman said sourly, "Some customer made a deal with the boss. Comes in maybe once a week—even bought the record herself—and plays that thing until—"

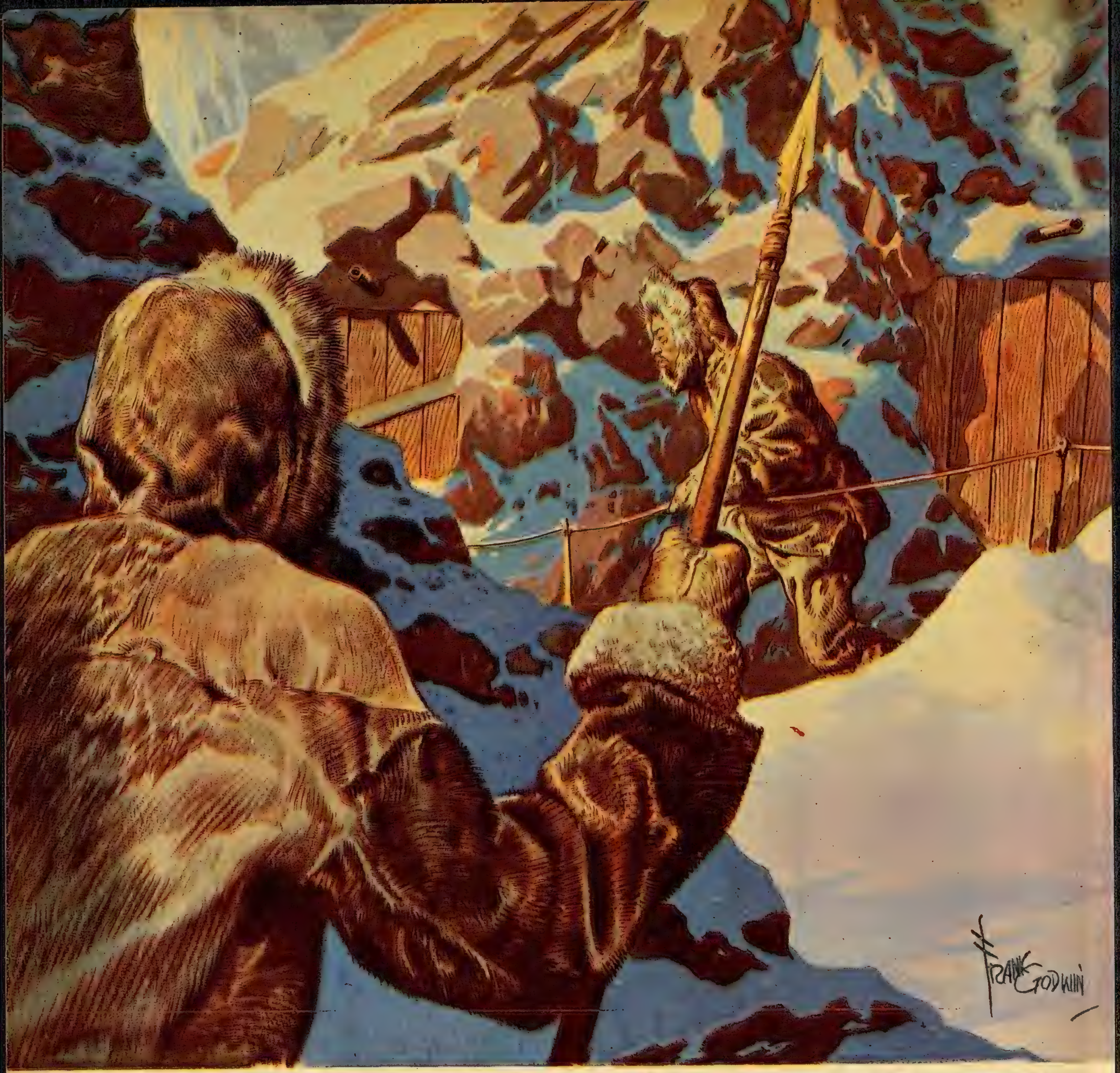
"Another bottle," he said. Grinning into the barman's face, he took a bill from his wallet and held it out. "And give me a lot of nickels!"

The barman looked at the wall clock and frowned. "You'll miss your bus. Not much time."

He laughed aloud and waved the bill insistently.

"I'll stick here a while, chum. Thirty days' furlough—that should be time enough!"

THE END



Through the twilight Webb saw the doors of two caves near the foot of the cliff. A small man in a parka came from the right-hand cave.

FREEZE-OUT

BY MURRAY MORGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Things had never been so bad before, thought Webb as he parachuted into the Arctic wastes without food, gun, or shelter. But he discovered people there—not the kind he'd like to meet, but Webb found they had their uses

THE wind snarled through the open door of the transport. Webb Sidney braced himself against the blast as he heaved his baggage, piece by piece, through the opening. He watched the boxes fade away, back and below, plummeting through the chill Siberian sunlight toward the bruised purple of the Arctic Ocean.

The numbing cold struck through his three-layered Russian parka, and his fingers were stiff inside the triple gloves. In spite of the need for speed, he moved slowly. To work up a sweat in this temperature could be fatal.

The last box of meteorological equipment gone, Webb surveyed the bare cabin. He yanked the brass fire extinguisher and the green escape ax from their hooks and threw them out. As Webb followed the fall of the ax, the motors coughed again. The plane was still losing altitude, and there was nothing left to jettison.

He shouldered the sliding door into place and shuffled forward. The Russian pilot was bent over his instrument board. Webb tapped his shoulder and the pilot turned his masked face. With a push and sweep of both hands the American indicated he had thrown everything out. The Russian glanced at the needle of the altimeter and shook his head. Still falling. Webb pointed questioningly to the radio. The Russian shook his head. Still dead.

"Things are bad all over, I hear," Webb said to himself. He heard the words inside his mask, muffled. The phrase was one he always used when in trouble, and though he did not admit it to himself, he was superstitious about its effect. Admission of trouble was an offering he made to Chance when the going got rough.

Things had never been so bad before, not even the time he cracked up his canoe on the Tanana when making his first trip for the Weather Bureau. This time everything had gone wrong. The navigator's appendix broke at Cape Chelyuskin and though the doctor at the weather station had saved him, they had to leave without him. Now, with no navigator, they were lost over the Arctic Ocean. The radio was out. The motors were missing. "Bad all over," he repeated.

The Russian touched his arm and pointed. Out of the sea rose a mountain, its white peak breaking out of the twilight into the late afternoon sun. Webb was tight with happiness as the pilot heeled the big plane over. But as they swung around the island in a tight circle, his joy froze and settled in an icy lump in the pit of his stomach. No sign of habitation. No place to land. The mountain sheered off into the ugly ocean. He looked at the chart and guessed this was one of the specks between Medvyezh and the New Siberian group. Land lay at least two hundred miles south.

The pilot looked at him again, his eyes dim and expressionless behind the curved glasses of his weather mask. Webb guessed what he was thinking. There was no alternative. He nodded, and the pilot swung back toward the island.

With glove-clumsy fingers he fumbled in the case strapped at his side. He brought forth one of the two copies of his report. Looking at it again, he wished he had done a better job of typing. He had intended to fix it when he reached the States. Bureaucrats like neat reports, he thought ruefully. And triplicate copies. Without him about, to explain things, the report might lie on some desk indefinitely.

Webb had spent nine bad months compiling the six pages of figures, nine months in which, by plane and sled and foot, he had visited the most isolated weather stations run by the Glavzevmorput, the Russian Northern Sea Route Administration. His columns of figures added up to one of the most important discoveries in modern meteorology. With the information he had obtained, the west-to-east movement of weather could be predicted more accurately than ever before. A week in advance, American weather experts could plot conditions in Japan.

THE island lay below again. Webb handed the pilot a copy of the report. The Russian nodded, then took his hands from the wheel and clasped them momentarily, boxer fashion. Webb laid a gloved hand on his padded shoulder and grinned. He was glad the mask hid the grin, for it did not feel convincing.

He closed the cabin door. Crossing to the baggage opening, he did not let himself think. His movements were mechanical. He felt for the ring of the chute and hooked his thumb through it. Then he slid the door open. The island lay below. Without hesitation he stepped out. Not until the opening silk jolted his teeth into the foam mouthpiece of his mask did he start to think.

The plane bore away to the southeast. Watching it, he thought he could see it lose altitude by the minute. It could never reach the mainland. The sacrifice of his weight had not been enough.

He dropped out of the sunshine into the Arctic twilight. The island swelled toward him, its details taking shape. Basalt ridges stuck through the snow, and near the shore he saw tundra, purple in the evening shadow. Experimentally he crimped the guide lines, but could detect no change in his fall. Knowing nothing about chutes, he would have to leave his landing to luck. To hit one of the rocky ridges would be death. Even if he were not crippled, the rocks would tear his clothes. Exposure at thirty below would finish him.

HE came down in snow.

The drift was crusted, but his swinging feet broke the icy skin. He settled in the dry snow, unhurt, still clutching his chance in a million. Soviet weather observers live year round on some of these Arctic islands. He might find a station here. If not, perhaps he could hold out until spring.

"Quit kidding," he said aloud, afraid his optimism might bring bad luck. "You haven't food or shelter or even a gun. You don't know where you are, and if that plane doesn't make it, no one else will know. Things are bad all over." But he crossed his gloved fingers.

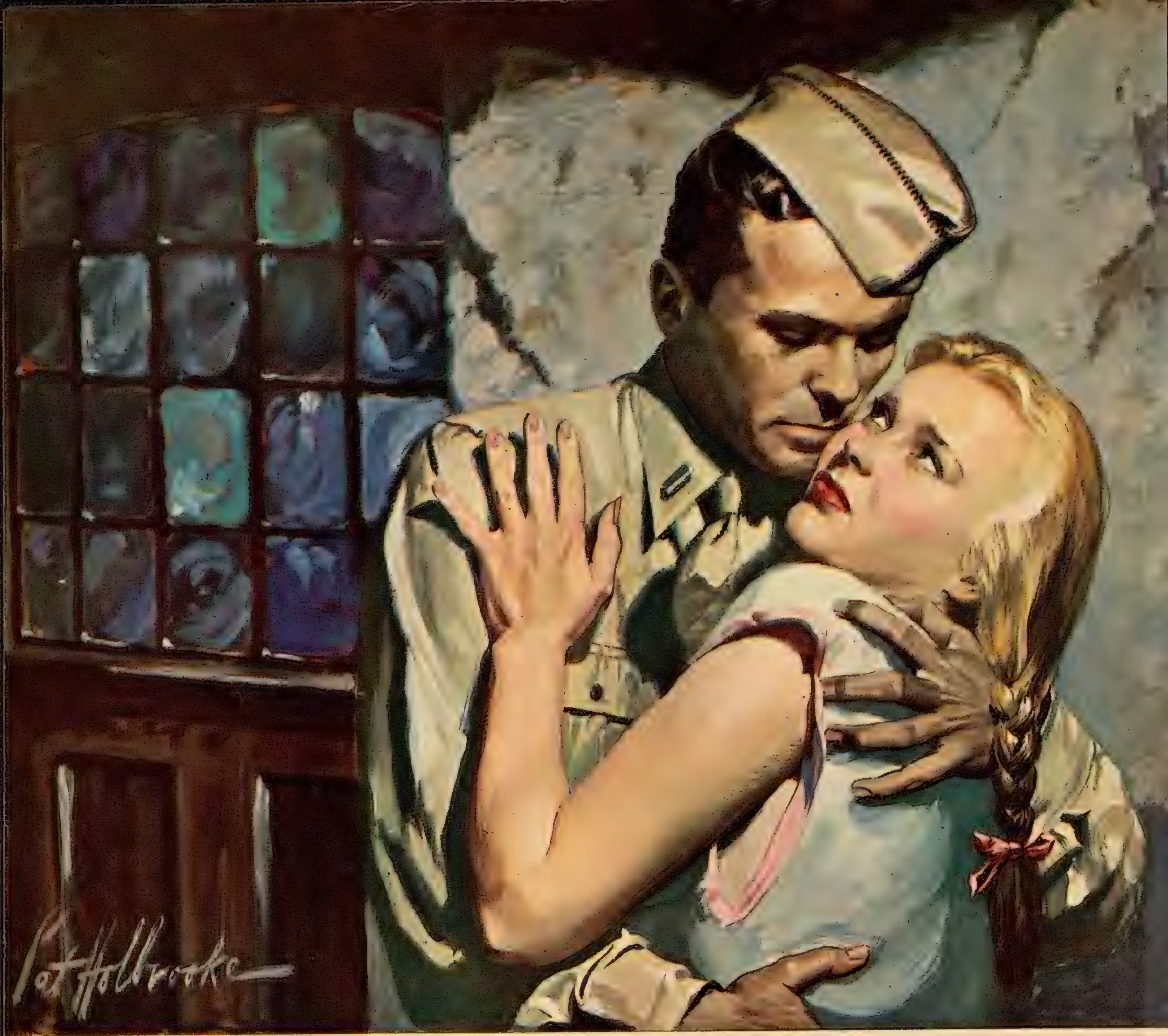
The air was smoky with cold. He dug some snow from the gauntlet of his outer glove and flicked it skyward. The clots fell straight; there was no wind. Carefully he pulled off his weather mask. The cold knifed through the wool helmet underneath.

Webb hoisted himself from the snow wallow he had broken in landing and tested the crust. The surface was old, yellow, and porous, but it supported him. He would not have to flounder through drifts when hunting a cave. His breath cracked in the cold air. Hearing the danger signal, he donned the mask again.

It was too late to explore the island before dark. He prepared to spend the night, foodless, in the snowfield. Enlarging the break he had made in the crust, Webb scooped a wind trench, stamped the bottom smooth with his mukluks, roofed it with the folded chute. Carefully he brushed the loose snow from his clothes and lay down.

Well, he thought, there's a housing shortage home in Fairbanks, too. He was soon asleep.

(Continued on page 94)



He felt Elsa's face against his cheek. "Of all the—the enemy, you would be least likely to forget that we are—people," she whispered.

A MATTER of JUSTICE

BY STANLEY GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

The lieutenant had known the town before—long before—when love and laughter were possible in Germany. Now, as the conqueror, the avenger, he returned to find love again but under far different circumstances

LIEUTENANT FRANCIS TORGERSEN of the Allied Military Government of Occupation had done everything the manual told him to do. Sitting in Jodl's *Weinstube*, fingering the coolness of his half-empty glass of the best local press, he wondered where he had failed. Failure it was, no doubt of it. The carefully averted faces proved that.

And his heart and mind were ill at ease. He remembered the liveliness of this village, where the natives twelve years ago had still called themselves Bavarians, not Germans. He remembered the peaceful dark of the lampless streets, the boys trooping home from late walks singing songs tender and rich with harmony as they passed the houses of their girls.

He remembered the days with Elsa Norden on the paths of the Harz. And one especial day, when the low sun made the checkerboard vineyards below a deeper green, they had stood in an opening of the Oberstberg and said things they thought they would never forget. They had just learned something of love.

He was afraid now that he would never learn any single thing from any native of this town. The streets when they were dark were still peaceful, but he had the fear they would not be so for long. Even Elsa had been distant. *After twelve years why shouldn't she be?*

"The textbooks, Elsa," he had tried to explain gently, "had to be changed. We are not bent on making Americans out of your little charges, but—well, you could not have used the old books." This in German, *good* German, he was glad to know. His year at Munich, his vacation months in Mindesheim, Elsa's amused corrections—yes, his German was good.

"In my student days," he had said, opening an outlawed text to point to the author's name, "that man was a fake."

"You speak right, *Herr Leutnant*," Elsa had said obediently. Her hair was no longer in plaits, but she still had the same quick toss of the head as she walked into the next room.

Now, disgusted with Jodl's, he put his glass down with a thump and went out. From the dark street he heard the chatter revive. I'm here to liberate them, he thought, but they wait until I'm gone to talk about the grapes and the best sprays and the meat we are getting from America next week. A man passed him.

"*Grüss' Gott*," said Torgersen in the old Bavarian form.

No answer.

At the inn he found on the ground floor only the charwoman, bent down, picking up litter.

"*Grüss' Gott*, Mina."

The old woman grunted.

He pounded up the stairs, his feeling of impotence mounting to rage. His room had been searched again. The blotter on his desk had been moved. In a fit of anger he picked up the flowered water pitcher from the washstand and threw it crashing against the wall. That ought to bring Herr Baumann running, Baumann with the eye for a coin.

IN the old days, when Elsa's father had owned this inn, it had been a place of gaiety and plenty. But when Torgersen had returned as an officer of the Allied Military Government, a gaudy swastika had displaced the pine tree over the gable, the ancient token of hospitality. And Elsa's father was dead from too many beatings. And Herr Baumann was now the owner. Tomorrow, Torgersen decided, a guard would be stationed at the door of this room.

"You rang, *mein Herr?*" Baumann was insolent even in his posture.

"I did, Baumann. With a pitcher. You don't take to decent treatment, do you?" He rang for his orderly.

"Take this man to the guardhouse," he ordered. "I'll call headquarters at Neustadt in the morning and arrange for his transfer."

A cornered look of fear was Baumann's only answer.

When the two had gone, Torgersen lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. . . . What had he done wrong? Gazing at the elaborately figured plaster ceiling, he tried to imagine himself, his own town in Ohio, under the orders of a well-intentioned foreigner. He tried to see Herman, Elsa's brother, not dead on Crete but sitting instead in the lobby of the old Walker House in Georgetown. Herman would be wondering what to do with Tommy Burton, cocky because for three years he had been air warden, shooting off his mouth in front of Doc Teeters' drugstore, stirring up the village loafers—as Ernst Kaufmann was undoubtedly doing this very moment in Jodl's *Weinstube*.

Torgersen sat up with a rush of disgust. I'd hate Herman, yes. But I'll be damned if I'd listen to the schemes of a cheap pusher like Tommy Burton. An Enemy of the People—Torgersen had read the title somewhere. It described Kaufmann to a T.

He put on his cap and went out into the dark town. Through Himmlergasse—something would have to be done about that name, too—he strode toward the house where Elsa had a room. The door opened before he knocked. Ernst Kaufmann must have been watching in the dark.

"What can I do for you, *Herr Leutnant?*"

"I wish to see Fräulein Norden, please."

"She is asleep."

"Wake her, then." This was unkind, Torgersen thought, but he had to see her, make one last effort to break through the icy pall that was numbing his mind and will. "I have reached the end of my patience, Kaufmann."

"That is most regrettable, *Herr Leutnant*. But please speak lower. My wife—"

"There was"—Torgersen continued—"Wait until I have finished, please!" Kaufmann had moved toward the bedroom— "There was a cut wire in my car ignition this afternoon. You are a mechanic, I understand?"

Kaufmann stood with his hand on the doorknob, uneasy at the harsh tone. "I assure you, *Herr Leutnant*, that I—"

"Yes. You would. Now call Fräulein Norden."

Kaufmann bowed like a waiter. He half closed the door behind him, but Torgersen could hear a knock, the murmur of Elsa's reply, hushed talk.

Kaufmann came back and said, "*The Fräulein* will be out presently."

"I'll wait outside," said Torgersen.

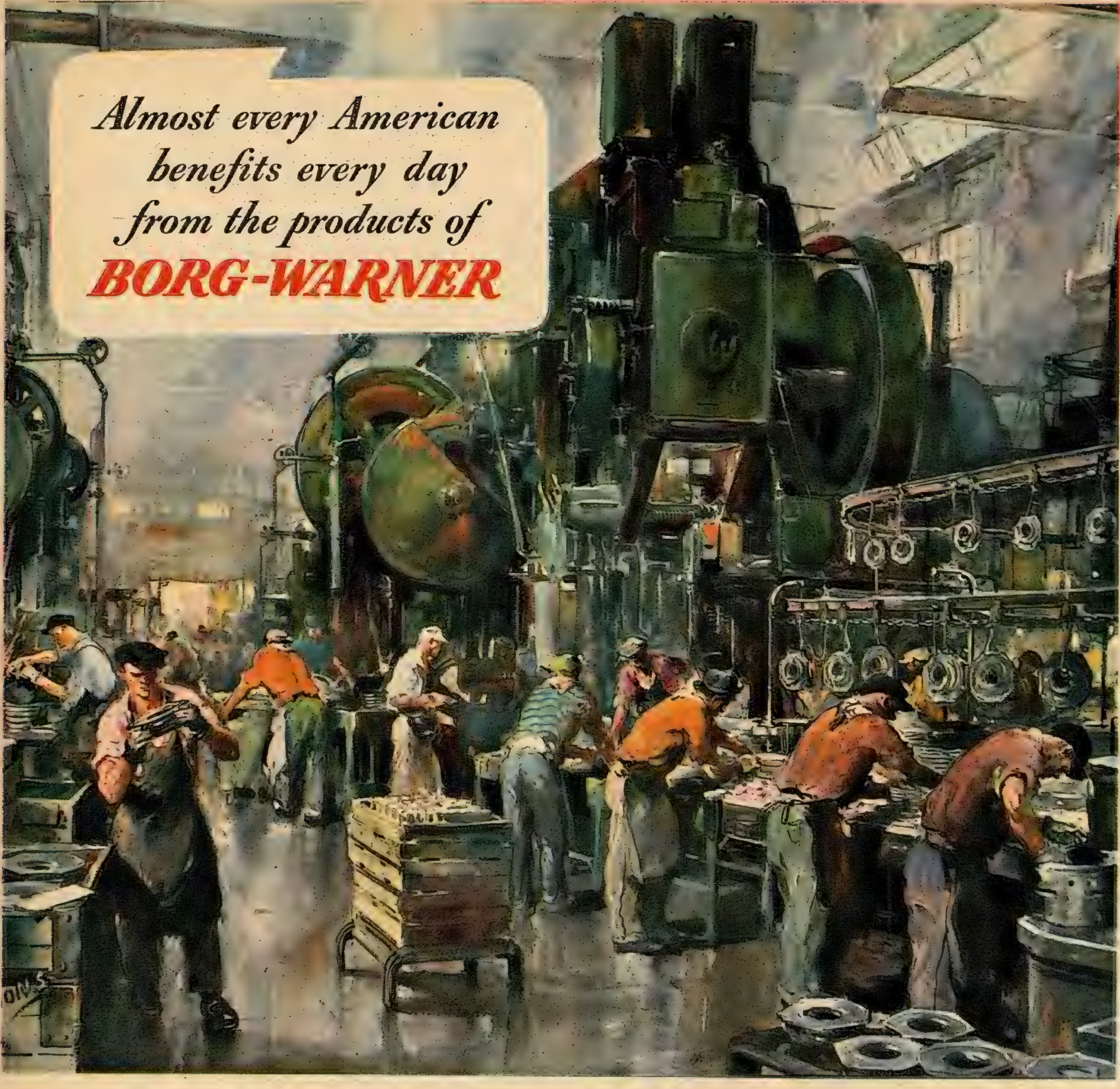
IN the dark street Elsa's white robe, the twin plaits of her blonde hair were pale shadows. Twelve years ago she had always worn her hair in plaits, and now she was, for this moment, that young girl again. Torgersen wanted to put out a hand to touch her—the twelve years seemed like nothing—but he stood firm and said:

"I couldn't start my car this afternoon. Did Kaufmann do it? My room was searched again today. Do these annoyances mean anything? Anything more than petty spite?"

She sighed. "I know nothing of what you assert, *Herr Leutnant*. I am very tired."

He did stretch his hand toward her then, moved by the dull hopelessness of her tone. The wall between him and the others—yes, that was believable. But not between them.

(*Continued on page 88*)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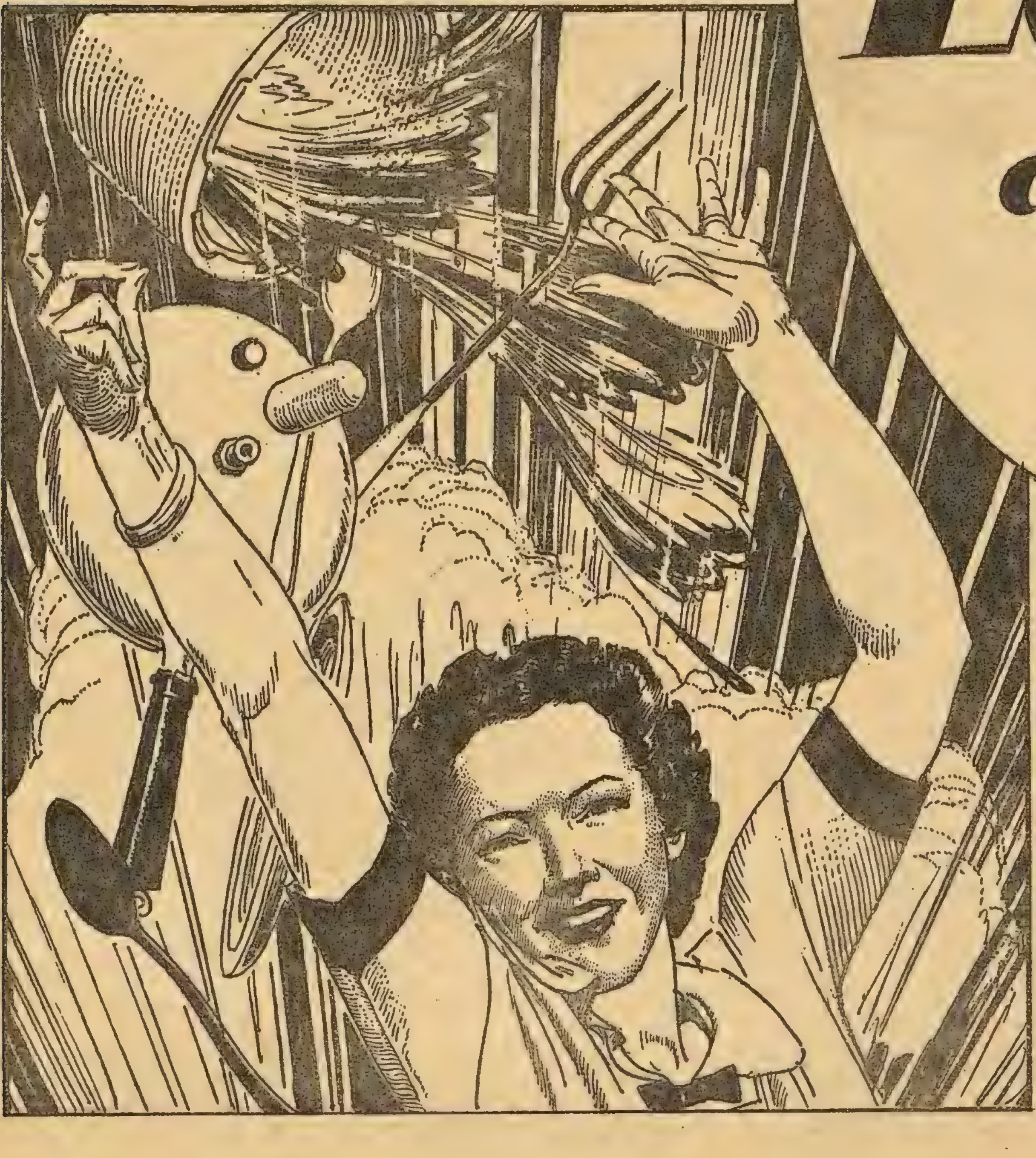
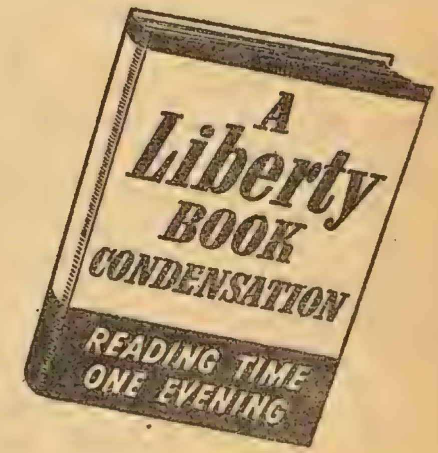
BY BETTY MacDONALD

The EGG and I

When Betty MacDonald married her man, she discovered that she was also marrying a chicken ranch and a large chunk of the great open spaces. This is the uproariously comic saga of a rebellious worker on Nature's production line.





ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

And I'll Be Happy

ALONG with teaching us that lamb must be cooked with garlic and that a lady never scratches her head nor spits, my mother taught my sisters and me that it is a wife's bounden duty to see that her husband is happy in his work. "First make sure that your husband is doing the kind of work he enjoys and is best fitted for and then cheerfully accept whatever it entails. If you marry a doctor, don't whine because he doesn't keep the hours of a shoe clerk, and by the same token if you marry a shoe clerk, don't complain because he doesn't make as much money as a doctor. Be satisfied that he works regular hours," Mother told us.

This I'll-go-where-you-go-do-what-you-do-be-what-you-are-and-I'll-be-happy philosophy worked out splendidly for Mother, for she followed my mining engineer father all over the United States and led a fascinating life; but not so well for me, because although I did what she told me and let Bob choose the work in which he felt he would be happiest and then plunged wholeheartedly in with him, I wound up on the Pacific Coast in the most untamed corner of the United States, with a ten-gallon keg of good whiskey, some very dirty Indians, and hundreds and hundreds of most uninteresting chickens.

In high school and college my sister Mary was very popular with the boys, but I had braces on my teeth and got high marks. Mary brought hundreds of boys to the house, but she also brought hundreds of other girls, so I usually baked the waffles and washed the dishes, with a large apron tied over my Honor Society Pin and my aching heart. My grandmother used to tell me that I was the type who would appeal to "older men," but as my idea of an older man was one of the Smith Brothers on the coughdrop box I took small comfort in this.

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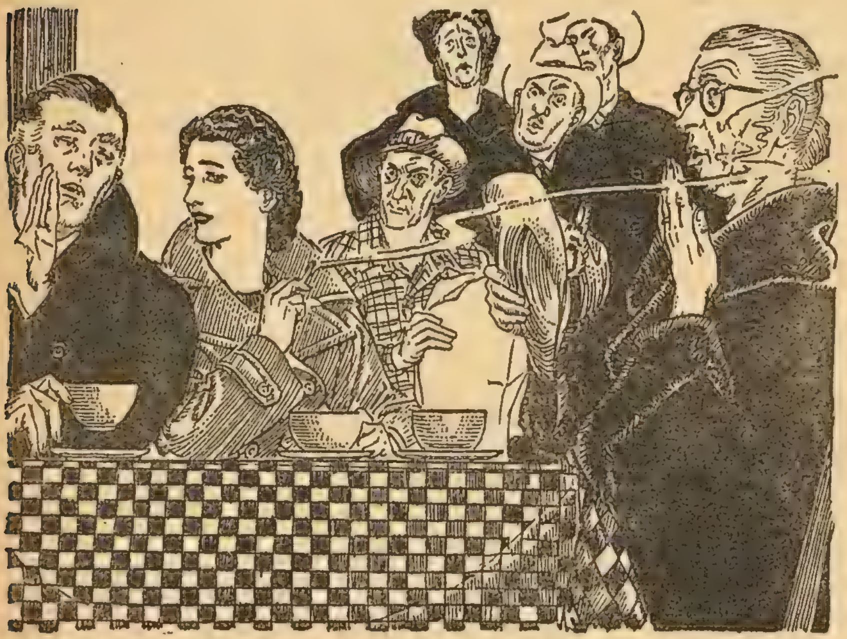
Then when I was seventeen years old and a sophomore in college, my brother brought home for the week-end a very tall, very handsome older man. His brown skin, brown hair, blue eyes, white teeth, husky voice and kindly, gentle way produced spasms of admiration from Mary and her friends, but the most wonderful thing about him, the outstanding touch, was that he liked me. I still cannot understand why, unless it was that he was overcome by so much untrammeled girlishness. He took me to dinner, dancing, and the movies and I fell head over heels in love, to his evident delight, and when I was eighteen we were married. Bob was thirteen years older than I, but a far cry from the Smith Brothers.

Why do more or less intelligent people go on honeymoons, anyway? I have yet to find a couple who enjoyed theirs. And, if you have to go on a honeymoon, why pick quaint, old-world towns like Victoria, B. C., which should be visited only with congenial husbands of at least one year's vintage or relatives searching for antiques?

Victoria's idea of feverish gaiety is *Thé Dansant* at a hotel where Canadian women in white strap slippers, mustard-colored suits and berets, dip and swirl with conservative Canadian men. We spent one afternoon at *Thé Dansant,* but there was a noticeable lack of hilarity at our table. Bob, that dear, gay, understanding companion of our courtship days, sat with chin on chest staring moodily at the dancers while I ate. I ate all of the time we were in Victoria. I was too fat and I wanted desperately not to eat and to be willowy and romantic, but there seemed nothing else to do. Bob ate almost nothing and looked furtive, like a trapped animal. I guess it is quite a wrench for a bachelor to give up his freedom, particularly when, every time he looks at his wife, he realizes that he is facing a future teeming with large grocery bills.



On the boat up to Victoria, Bob seemed to be well established in the insurance business and held forth at some length on premiums, renewals and "age 65," and I determined to ask Mother just how much I should learn about insurance in order to be helpful but not meddlesome. On the way back from Victoria Bob talked of his first job as supervisor for a large chicken ranch. When he spoke of the chicken ranch job, he sorted over the little details with the loving care usually associated with first baby shoes. When he reached the figures—the cost per hen per egg, the cost per dozen eggs, the relative merits of outdoor runs, the square footage required per hen—he recalled them with so much nostalgia that listening to him impartially was like trying to swim at the edge of a whirlpool. He told me at last that he had found a little place on the coast that was ideally situated for chicken ranching and could be bought for almost nothing. What did I think about it?

What did I think? Why, Mother had taught me that a husband must be happy in his work, and if Bob wanted to be happy in the chicken business I could hold up my end. That's what I thought. That's what a lot of women think when their husbands become dewy-eyed at the sight of their breakfast eggs and start making plans for taking their life savings and plunging into the chicken business.

The next morning after our return to Seattle, the alarm went off with a clang at six thirty; at six thirty-one Bob, clad in a large wool plaid shirt, was stamping around the kitchen of our tiny apartment making coffee, and demanding that I hurry. At eight forty-five we had driven twelve miles and were boarding a ferry as the first lap in our journey to see the "little place."

We were the only passengers on the large, crowded ferry who took a breath of fresh air or even glanced at the spectacular scenery. The rest of them, business men, salesmen, farmers' wives, mill workers and Indians, huddled in the hot lounges and read newspapers in a bad light. They were a forbidding-looking bunch, and Bob and I ran a gauntlet of ferociously hateful looks when we came heartily inside, after half an hour or so, stamping our cold feet and slamming the doors and searching hopefully for coffee. We found the coffee in the galley and drank it to the morose accompaniment of two farmers' wives discussing "the dreen tubes in Alice's incision."

Bob had been smoking when we came in and apparently no one noticed it, but when, halfway through my cup of coffee, I lit a cigarette, one of the farmers' wives snatched off her hat and began fanning the air violently in my direction, meanwhile uttering little hacking coughs. I continued to smoke, so the other woman picked up a newspaper and waved it so vigorously that I was afraid she'd sweep our coffee cups into our laps. Bob hissed at me, "Better put out your cigarette," and I hissed back, "I wish I had a big black cigar," and he looked at me reproachfully and led me outside and handed me a small pamphlet which I thought might be a religious tract but turned out to be a travel booklet describing the country in the depths of which the prospective ranch was hidden.

THE book stated that here was nature at her most majestic, that opportunity was pounding at the door, natural resources were pleading to be used, and scenic drives aching to be driven. I thought the whole thing slightly hysterical, but then I hadn't seen the country. Now I know that the country is describable only by superlatives. Most rugged, most westerly, greatest, deepest, largest, wildest, gamiest, richest, most fertile, loneliest, most desolate—they all belong to the coast country.

The ferry landed, we drove ashore and made a circuit of the two streets which comprised Docktown.

The road out of Docktown was dangerously curved, and we drove along in silence while the unconquerable forests thundered down at us from the hills.

"This land resents civilization and it isn't a little futile stick-out-the-tongue kind of resentment, but a great big smashing resentment that is backed by all the forces of nature," I thought, huddling down into my coat and hoping we'd soon come to a town.

We did, and it boasted the mad confusion of four enterprises—a hotel, a barbershop, a gas station, and a country store and post office. Five roads led away from this small town, but Bob didn't hesitate. He chose one pointing southwest toward the frosty Olympic Mountains. For the next several hours we saw no more towns, only cross-roads stores; rich valleys separated by heavily wooded hills; herds of cattle and widely spaced farm houses. We were climbing but seemed to be getting nowhere, for we were walled in on all sides by two or three hundred million board feet of Douglas fir. Later we turned off the main highway onto a dirt road and jounced and skidded our way at last to the "little place."

On first sight it looked distressingly forlorn, huddled there in the laps of the great Olympics, the buildings grayed with weather, the orchard overgrown with second-growth firs, the fences collapsing, the windows gaping.

I'm not sure whether it was the cherry tree or the purple carpet of sweet violets flanking the funny silvery woodshed, or the fact that the place was so clean, not a scrap of rubbish, not a single tin can, but it suddenly lost its sinister deserted look.

The more we walked around, the stronger became my feeling that we should hurry and move in so that we could help this farm in its fight against the wilderness.

For the forty acres, the six-room log house, the barn, two small chicken houses, woodshed, outhouse and the sulky stove, the mortgage company was asking four hundred and fifty dollars. Between us we had fifteen hundred dollars. We sat in the sunny dooryard under the cherry tree, used a blue carpenter's pencil and shingle and decided that we would pay cash for the farm; put seven hundred dollars in the bank to be used to buy, feed and raise three hundred and fifty pullets; and we would use the rest to fix up the buildings. Written out in blue pencil on the weathered shingle it was the simplest, most delightful design for living ever devised for two people.

We left then and hurried home to put our plans into action. The following week we borrowed a truck, loaded on everything we possessed, and left for the mountains to dive headfirst into the chicken business.

"Who, Me?" or "Look Pleasant, Please?"

"Who, me?" I asked when we were moving and Bob pointed casually to a large chest of drawers and said, "Carry that into the bedroom."

"Who else?" he snapped, and my lower lip began to tremble because I knew now that I was just a wife.

"Hand me that hammer. Run into the house and get those nails. Put your weight on this crowbar. Stain that floor while I lay this one. You don't measure windows that way, bonehead. Help me unload this chicken feed."

And that's the way it went that first spring and summer. I alternated between delirious happiness and black despair. I was willing but pitifully unskilled. "If only I had studied carpentry or mule skinning instead of ballet," I wailed as I teetered on the ridgepole of the chicken house pounding my already mashed thumbs and expecting momentarily to swallow the mouthful of shingle nails.

The first day we moved all of the furniture into the house, and I thought that the next day we would start putting in windows, laying new floors, painting woodwork and sheathing the walls. That's what I thought. The next day we started building a brooder house, because to get started with the baby chickens was the important thing. We built the brooder house in the prettiest part of the orchard, facing the pond and the mountains, and its newness was so incompatible with the other silvery buildings that I suggested to Bob that we plant a few quick growing vines and perhaps a shrub or two to tone it down a little. He was horrified. "Brooder houses are built on skids so that they can be moved from place to place, as baby chickens must have new UNTAINTED soil," he said. This still seems an unnecessary precaution to me, for the land up there was all of it so untainted, so virginal, that I expected the earth to yell "Ouch" when we stuck a spade into it, and any germ that could have survived the rigors of that life would have been so big and strapping we could have seen it for blocks.

When the brooder house was finished and the chicks and the brooder were installed, I thought we would begin on the house. The nights were very cold and it rained at least three of the seven days a week, and I thought we might pamper ourselves with a few windows and doors. That's what I thought. The most important thing was to build two small pullet houses and to whitewash the walls of and lay a new floor in one of the small chicken houses, so that the cockerels would be comfortable while fattening. We built the cockerels a nice yard also and then we remodeled the other small chicken house for the baby pig because the pig must be comfortable and protected from the cold night air.

"Now," I thought, "we have all the livestock warm and comfortable, surely it is at last time to fix the house." That's what I thought. It was time to plow and plant the garden. I had read that the rigors of a combination of farm and mountain life were supposed eventually to harden you to fitness. By the end of those first two months, I still ached like a tooth and the only thing that had hardened was Bob's heart.

One May morning he drove into the yard astride a horse large enough to have been sired by an elephant. Carelessly looping the reins over a gatepost, he informed me that I was to steer this monster while he ran along behind holding the plow. All went reasonably well until Birdie, the horse, stepped on my foot. "She's on my foot," I said mildly to Bob who was complaining because we had stopped. "Get her off and let's get along," shouted the man who had promised to cherish me. Meanwhile my foot was being driven like a stake into the soft earth, and Birdie stared moodily over the landscape. I beat on the back of her knee, I screamed at her, I screamed at Bob, and at last Birdie absentmindedly took a step and lifted the foot. I hobbled to the house and soaked my foot and brooded about men and animals.

That evening Bob and I sat opposite each other for two hours sorting and cutting seed potatoes. The billing and cooing of the newly married love birds consisted of, "This is an eye. An eye is a sprout. A sprout makes a plant. Each piece must have three eyes." "Is this an eye?" "No!" "Why not?" "Oh, God!"

The Vanquished

Despite its location, I never had the feeling that our small ranch nestled on the protective lap of the Olympic Mountains. There was nothing protective about them. Each time I looked out of a window or stepped out of doors, I was confronted by great, white, haughty peaks staring just above my head and doing their chilly best to make me realize that that was once a very grand neighborhood and it was curdling their blood to have to accept "trade."

All that first spring and summer they were obviously hostile but passive. With the coming of September they pulled mists down over their heads like Ku-Klux hoods and began giving us the old water cure.

It rained and rained and rained and rained. It drizzled—misted—drooled—spat—poured—and just plain rained. Along about November I began to forget when it hadn't been raining and became as one with all the characters in all of the novels about rainy seasons, who rush around banging their heads against the walls, drinking water glasses of straight whiskey and moaning, "The rain! The rain! My God, the rain!"

In case you are wondering why I didn't take a good book, settle down by the stove and shut up, I would like to explain that Stove, as we called him, had none of the warm, friendly qualities ordinarily associated with the name. In the first place he was too old and, like some terrible old man, he had a big strong frame, a lusty appetite, and no spirit of co-operation. I split pure pitch as fine as horsehair and stuffed his ponderous belly full, but there was no sound and no heat. Yet when I took off the lids the kindling had burned and only a few warm ashes remained.

Incongruously, things did boil on Stove. This always came as a delightful shock, albeit I finally stopped rushing to the back door and shouting hysterically to Bob, quietly and competently at work, "The water is BOILING!" as I had done for the first few hundred times I had witnessed this miracle.

I put my first cake into the oven with such a sense of finality that I almost added a Rest-in-Peace wreath.

On the coldest dreariest mornings Stove sulked all over his end of the kitchen. He smoked and choked and gagged. He ate load after load of my precious live bark, and by noon I could have sat cross-legged on him and read Pilgrim's Progress from cover to cover in perfect comfort.

From the first rain until late spring, across the kitchen in true backwoods fashion were strung lines and lines of washing, only slightly less damp than when first hung up days and sometimes weeks ago. Those things directly over Stove flapped wetly against me as I cooked, but I dared not take them down for they were the necessary things like underwear and socks which had to get dry before summer. Try turning the chops, and stirring the tomatoes with someone slapping you across the back of the neck with a wet dish towel—you'll get the idea.

Our spring and summer had been strenuous to the point of exhaustion and I, at least, having read many books about farms and farmers, had looked forward to winter as a sort of hibernation period. A time to repair machinery, hook rugs, patch quilts, and perform other leisurely tasks. Obviously something was wrong with my planning, for it took me sixteen hours a day to keep the stove going and three meals cooked.

Another misconception of farm life I had gleaned from books was that winter was a time of neighborliness. I imagined that winter evenings would be filled with neighborly gatherings, popping corn, drinking hot coffee, talking politics and crops. How wrong I was! Winter was a time for ordinary chores which took ten times as long to perform because everything was cold and wet and dark and the neighboring farmer's one idea was to get the damn things done so he could go in where it was warm and stay put. The farmer's wife followed the same pattern for winter working that I did, which occupied her for twelve to eighteen hours a day and was roughly as follows:

Monday—Washday! Washing was something that the mountain farm women had contests doing, to see who could get it on the line first Monday morning. All except me. I had a contest with myself to see how long I could put off doing it at all. I attacked my washing with the same sense of futility I would have had in attempting to empty the ocean with a teaspoon. Bob had been a Marine in World War I and instead of being shell-shocked he carried home a fixation that a helmetful of water was enough to wash anything, including blankets, and on Monday morning he would say cheerfully at breakfast, "Going to wash today?" and I would answer hopefully, "Yes, and it's going to be a HUGE ENORMOUS washing!" And so Bob would go whistling down through the orchard to the spring and bring back about four tablespoonfuls in the bottom of each bucket and then disappear into the woods where he remained incommunicado until lunch.

Tuesday—Ironing! Ironing with sad irons has nothing at all to do with preconceived ideas about ironing. It is a process whereby you grab a little portable handle and run over to the stove and plug it into an iron which is always covered with black. Then you run back to the ironing board and get black on your pillowcase. You take the iron over to the sink and wipe it off and it is of course too cool, by now, to do any good to the dirty pillowcase, so you put it back on the stove and repeat the process until your husband comes in and wants to know where in HELL his lunch is.

Bob was irritatingly casual about my washing and ironing and was continually putting on clean clothes, when he could get them away from me. I got to be just like a dog with a bone over anything I had washed and ironed.

Wednesday—Baking Day! Each Wednesday plunged me headlong into another great, losing battle with bread-baking. When I first saw that fanatically happy look light up Bob's face when he spoke of chickens and realized that this was his great love, I made up my mind that I would become in record time a model farm wife. Bread was my first defeat. My first batch was pale yellow and tasted like something we had cleaned out of the cooler. I tried again. This batch had the damp elasticity of the English muffin and tasted like something we had intended to clean out of the cooler but was too heavy.

AT Bob's gentle but firm insistence I took a loaf to a neighbor for diagnosis. Unfortunately, the neighbor, Mrs. Kettle, was just whipping out of the oven fourteen of the biggest, crustiest, lightest loaves of bread I had ever seen. I put my little undernourished lump down on the table and it looked so pitiful among all those great bouncing well-tanned beauties that I had to control a strong desire to jerk it up, nestle it against me protectively and run the four miles home.

Mrs. Kettle had fifteen children and baked fourteen loaves of bread, twelve pans of rolls, and two coffee cakes every other day. She was a very kind neighbor, a long-suffering wife and mother and a hard worker, but she was earthy and to the point. She picked my still-born loaf from the table, ripped it open, smelled it, made a terrible face and tossed it out the back door to her pack of mangy, hungry mongrels. "Damn stuff stinks," she said, wiping her hands on her large dirty front.

Mrs. Kettle poured coffee. With the coffee she served hot cinnamon rolls, raspberry jam, and detailed accounts of the moral lapses of the whole country. It was almost noon when I left for home, clutching a loaf of Mrs. Kettle's bread, two pocketfuls of anecdotes for Bob, and a few hazy instructions for myself.

She had told me that I didn't work fast enough. That "store-boughten" yeast should never be set the night before and the bread had to be made quickly in one morning. I worked like a frenzied maniac and I baked three loaves of bread twice a week and it made the whole house smell peasanty and in my letters home I referred very often to my homemade bread, but Bob's reaction—standard—was the true criterion of my success. He said only, "Will it cut?"

Thursday was SCRUB Day! Bob had chosen and laid with great precision and care, white pine floors. Another type of floor which might possibly get as dirty as white pine would be one of white velvet. Bob was very thoughtful about wiping his feet but he might as well have hiked right through the manure pile and on into the kitchen. I scrubbed the floors daily with everything but my toothbrush, yet they always looked as if we had been butchering in the house for the past four years. Advice from neighbors had been to use lye, but as many of these lye prescribers were missing an eye or part of a cheek—which tiny scratch they laughingly said they got from falling in or over the lye bucket—I filed lye away as a last resort.

Friday—Clean lamps and lamp chimneys! I have heard a number of inexperienced romantics say that they prefer candle and lamp light. That candle and lamp light make women look beautiful. My own idea of heaven would have been a ten-million-watt globe hung from a cord in the middle of my kitchen. I wouldn't have cared if it made me look like something helped from her coffin.

CANDLE and lamp light are supposed to make your eyelashes look long and sweeping. What eyelashes? Most of the time my eyelids were as hairless as marbles from bending over the lamps to see why in hell those clouds of black smoke.

Saturday—Market Day! In winter Bob left for "Town" while it was still dark, to sell the eggs, buy feed and groceries, get the mail, cigarettes and some new magazines. Some Saturday mornings, as soon as the mountains had blotted up the last cheerful sound of Bob and the truck, I, feeling like a cross between a boll weevil and a slut, took a large cup of coffee, a hot water bottle, a cigarette and a magazine, and went back to bed. Then, from six thirty until nine or so, I luxuriated in breaking the old mountain tradition that a decent woman is in bed only between the hours of 7 P. M. and 4 A. M.

Along about three thirty or four o'clock on Saturday I had to light the gasoline lanterns—the most frightening task on earth and contrary to all of my early teachings that anyone who monkeys around gasoline with matches is just asking for trouble. I used to take the lanterns out into the rain to pump them up, then crouching behind the woodshed door I reached way out and lit them. Immediately and for several terrible minutes they flared up and acted exactly as if they were going to explode, then as suddenly settled back on their haunches to hiss contentedly and give out candle power after candle power of bright, white light. I walked through the complete dejection of last summer's garden and hung the lanterns in the great chicken house, which instantly seemed as gay and friendly as a cocktail lounge. When the frightened squawks of a few hysterical younger hens had died down, I stood and let some of my loneliness drip off in the busy communal atmosphere.

Then I gathered the eggs. Gathering eggs would be like one continual Easter morning if the hens would just be obliging and get off the nests. Co-operation, however, is not a chickenly characteristic, and so at egg-gathering time every nest was overflowing with hen, feet planted, and a shoot-if-you-must-this-old-gray-head look in her eye. I made all manner of futile attempts to dislodge her—flapping aprons, loud scary noises, lure of mash and grain—but she would merely clutch her eggs under her and dare me.

Bob used to say that it was my approach to egg gathering which was wrong. I reached timidly under the hens and of course they pecked my wrists and as I jerked my hands away I broke the eggs on the edges of the nests. Bob reached masterfully under the hens and they gave without a murmur. I tried to assume this I-am-the-master attitude, but I never for a moment fooled a hen, and after three or four pecks I would be a bundle of chittering hysteria, with the hens in complete command.

Bob usually got home from "Town" around five and nothing ever again in all of my life will give me ecstatic sensation as did the first sound of his returning truck. Every few seconds I dashed to the windows to note the progress of the light, and then finally in he came, smelling deliciously of tobacco, coldness and outdoors and with his arms laden with mail, newspapers, magazines, cigarettes, candy and groceries.

Sunday! In the country Sunday is the day on which you do exactly as much work as you do on other days but feel guilty all of the time you are doing it because Sunday is a day of rest.

Sunday mornings I cleaned Stove's suit, taking all of the spots off his vest and coat, and it evidently pleased him for he stewed chickens and roasted meat and even exuded a little warmth. Excited by his compatibility, I would mull over recipes for popovers, cup cakes and other hot oven delicacies, but would eventually slink back to deep apple pie, as I could use automatic biscuit mix for the crust and our apples were delicious no matter what I did to them.

Because of Stove's Sunday attitude I washed my hair on that day and, guided by the pictures in Saturday's magazines, would try the latest hair-dos. Unfortunately my hair is heavy and unmanageable and my attempts at a pompadour usually ended up looking like a Tam o'Shanter suspended over one eye. It made little difference though, except as a diversion for me, because presently Bob would come in from the chicken house and look hurt and I would put my hair back the old way. I believe Bob's mother must have been frightened by a candy box cover while she was carrying him, because he wanted me to wear long hair done in a knot, clothes of blue, and leghorn hats, all of the time.

People

The most important people in a community are usually the richest or the worthiest or the most useful, unless the community, like ours, happens to be scattered thinly over the most rugged mountains and the largest stand of Douglas fir on the North American continent. Then the most important people are the closest. Your neighbors. Our neighbors were the Hicks and the Kettles.

My first brush with the Kettles came about two weeks after we moved to our ranch and before we had bought our dozen Rhode Island Red hens, when I in my innocence thought I would walk to a neighbor's and arrange to buy milk and eggs. I remember with what care I donned a clean starched housedress and pressed my coat. How carefully I brushed my hair and fixed my face and composed little speeches of introduction.

My first disappointment was a little matter of distance. It was possible to keep my spirit of good will and neighborliness whipped to a white heat for about a mile, then it began to cool slightly and by the fourth mile the whole thing had become a damned bore and I wondered why I ever had the idea in the first place. It had rained hard the night before and the road was dotted with little lakes and pools. In order to traverse these it was necessary to make detours into the soaking wet brush so that by the end of the first mile my neatly pressed coat slapped wetly against my legs and my hair and shoulders were full of twigs and stickers.

I trudged on until I turned a bend and suddenly came on the Kettle farm. First there was a hillside orchard, alive with chickens as wild as hawks, large dirty white nuzzling pigs, and an assortment of calves, cows, horses and steers.

I turned into a driveway that led along the side of the house, but there arose such a terrific barking and snarling and yapping from a pack of mongrels by the back porch, that I was about to leap over the fence into the orchard when the back door flew open and someone yelled to the dogs to "stop that damn noise!" Mrs. Kettle, a mountainously fat woman in a very dirty housedress, kicked me a little path through the dog bones and chicken manure on the back porch and said, "We was wonderin' how long afore you'd git lonesome and come down to see us," then ushered me into the kitchen which was enormous, cluttered, and smelled deliciously of fresh bread and hot coffee.

The Kettles' kitchen was easily forty feet long and thirty feet wide. Along one wall were a sink and drainboards, drawers and cupboards. Along another wall were a giant range and a huge woodbox. Back of the range and woodbox were pegs to hang wet coats to dry, but from which hung parts of harness, sweaters, tools, and parts of cars. On the floor behind the stove were shoes, more car parts, tools, dogs, bicycles and a stack of newspapers.

While I was getting my bearings Mrs. Kettle waddled between the pantry and the table setting out thick white cups and saucers and plates. Mrs. Kettle had pretty light brown hair, only faintly streaked with gray and skinned back into a tight knot, clear blue eyes, a creamy skin which flushed exquisitely with the heat, a straight delicate nose, fine even white teeth, and a small rounded chin. From this dainty pretty head cascaded a series of busts and stomachs which made her look like a cooky jar shaped like a woman.

But never in my life have I tasted anything to compare with the cinnamon rolls which she took out of the oven and served freshly frosted with powdered sugar. They were so tender and delicate I had to bring myself up with a jerk to keep from eating a dozen. The coffee was so strong it snarled as it lurched out of the pot and I girded my loins for the first swallow and was amazed to find that when mixed with plenty of thick cream it was palatable.

As we ate our rolls and drank our coffee Mrs. Kettle told me that she and Paw had fifteen children, the youngest of whom was then ten. Seven of these children lived at home. The other eight were married and scattered in and around the mountains.

She told me that she had been born in Estonia and had lived there on a farm until she was fourteen; then she had accompanied her mother and her father and sixteen brothers and sisters to the United States and, somewhere en route to the Pacific Coast had been unfortunate enough to encounter and marry Paw. Immediately therefore she began having the fifteen children, who were all born from ten to fourteen months apart. She was plunging into a detailed recital of the conception and birth of each, when I hurriedly interrupted and asked about the milk and eggs. She was shocked. Sell milk? They had never even considered it. They separated all of their milk and sold the cream to the cheese factory. "What about eggs?" I asked. "Well," said Mrs. Kettle, "Paw just hasn't gotten around to fixing any nests in the hen house and so the chickens lay around in the orchard and when we find the eggs some are good and some ain't." I hurriedly said that that was all right, I could get the eggs in town, took my leave and went home, and there learned that Bob the efficient had already arranged with the Hicks for milk and eggs.

Evidently my call was the opening wedge, for the next morning we suffered our first encounter with Mr. Kettle. He came careening into the yard precariously balanced on the top of a flight of steps which formed the seat of his wagon, and driving a team composed of a swaybacked stallion about eighteen hands high and a slight black mare little larger than a Shetland pony. Mr. Kettle drew them to a flourishing halt just as I pictured them charging through the side of the house, and wished us a cheery good morning. He had a thick thatch of stiff gray hair quite obviously cut at home with a bowl, perched on top of which he wore a black derby hat. He had a tremendous flowing mustache generously dotted with crumbs, a neckline featuring several layers of dirty underwear and sweaters, and bib overalls tucked into the black rubber hip boots. Mr. Kettle said, "Nithe little plathe you got here. Putty far up in the woodth, though. Latht feller to live here went crazy and they put him away." He scrutinized Bob from under his eyebrows. Bob laughed and said, "Well, how do I look?"

Mr. Kettle said, "All right tho far." He turned to me, "The old lady tellth me you wath down yethtiddy." He continued to smoke, and we all looked at each other expectantly. Mr. Kettle broke the silence. "Thingth ith putty tough thith year." We learned the hard way that this was his stock approach to borrowing. "The boyth WON'T HELP MAW AND ME"—his voice seemed to break bounds and rose and fell like the crescendos of a siren—"and we can't do it all alone and I GOT TWO THICK COWTH AND WE wondered if you folkth would give uth a hand becauth I CAN'T PLOW ALONE AND THE OLD lady wondered if when you come down YOU WOULD BRING a little kerothene and a little pullet masth, ten cupth of FLOUR AND A FEW RAITHINS."

Innocently we agreed to everything, and Paw leapt to the flight of steps, clucked to the horses and catapulted out of the yard. From that day forward the flour, chicken feed, eggs, bacon, coffee, butter, cheese, sugar, salt, hay, and kerosene which the Kettles borrowed from us, placed end to end, would have reached to Kansas City. There was nothing anyone could do about this borrowing, though. With the nearest store seventeen miles away, you could not refuse to lend the necessities, because you yourself knew what it was like to run out of any or all of them. Paw Kettle banked on this knowledge and the rest of us charged it off to overhead.

THE business of lending our services was something else again, and after that first initial mistake we seldom if ever granted any of Paw's millions of requests for help. He asked and was refused, but he kept right on asking, for that was Paw's business—begging. It was better than working.

Of course, we didn't know this that next morning, when with charity in our hearts we set out to help with the plowing. When I got to the house I found Mrs. Kettle in the throes of cleaning the bathroom and jubilant over an apronful of tools, the top of a still and an unopened package from Sears, Roebuck which had been missing for a year or so. The bathroom was definitely an afterthought tacked on to one wall of, and accessible only through, the parlor. The parlor was clean and neat. The whole atmosphere was funereal and remote, and there wasn't a marred place or a scratch or anything. I was amazed, considering the fifteen children and the appearance of the rest of the house. But when I watched Maw come out of the bathroom, firmly shut the door, go over and pull down the fringed shades clear to the bottom, and finally shut and lock the door after us as we went into the kitchen, I knew. The parlor was never used. It was the clean white handkerchief in the breast pocket of the house.

At dinner the men gulped their food and hurried back to the plowing. Bob seemed a little grim. Maw and I lingered over the coffee, the dishes, and her complaints that her own sister had been to see her just a few hours before Georgie, Bertha, Elwin, Joe, John or Charles was born and didn't even know that she was "that way." This did not surprise me a great deal, as she looked as though she might be going to give birth to an elephant any moment.

About three o'clock Bob appeared and we left rather suddenly. Bob told me through clenched teeth that he had had to stop every five or ten minutes to mend the harness or to scoop Paw out of the shade of a tree, bush, fence post, or even the horses, where he was resting.

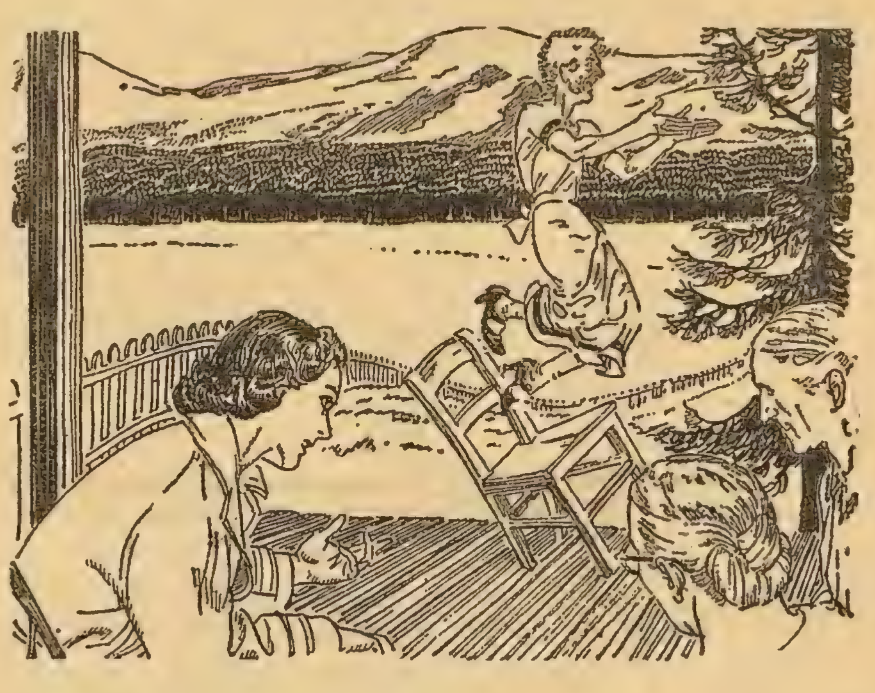
Before this wound had time to heal, the Kettle cows started crashing through our fences and eating our fruit trees and our gardens.

After the cows had broken in for about the tenth time, Bob took them home and stormed into the Kettle yard demanding some immediate action.

"I don't want to quarrel with my neighbors and I know you old people have a hard time keeping up your fences, but if your cows don't stay off our place I'll take the car and chase them so damn far into the hills they'll never come home," Bob said.

Paw moved up to lean in the outhouse doorway and said, "Now perhapth, Bob, if you could give uth a hand with the manure, thay a day or tho, we could get rid of the flieth. I think itth the flieth that make them go over . . ." Bob recognized defeat when he saw it, so he came home and grimly added a strand of barbed wire to our rail fences and mended the rustic gate.

The cows continued to come and, as summer progressed and the flies got worse, the cows got so they could leap four rails and a strand of barbed wire with the grace and skill of antelopes. Bob became desperate and loaded his shotgun with rock salt. I doubted at the time that this would do any good since the bull, a wizened sallow little bookkeeper type without vestige of the lusty manliness which is ordinarily associated with the word bull, quite evidently tried to make up for his lack of physique by telling the cows, "Say, girls, if you'll follow me I'll take you to a keen restaurant up on that mountain," and no peppering of rock salt was likely to make him give up his only lure. And I was right. Bob shot and the bull roared and retreated a short distance down the road, only to return within the hour.



The Hicks, our other neighbors, lived five miles down the road in the opposite direction from the Kettles. They had a neat white house, a neat white barn, a neat white chicken house, pig pen and brooder house all surrounded by a neat white picket fence. Mrs. Hicks, stiffly starched and immaculate from the moment she arose until she went to bed, looked like she had been left in the washing machine too long, and wore dippy waves on her forehead and plenty of "rooje" scrubbed into her cheeks.

Mr. Hicks, a large ruddy dullard, walked gingerly through life being very careful not to get dirt on anything or in any way irritate Mrs. Hicks.

When we first moved to the ranch we were invited to the Hicks' to dinner and to an entertainment at the schoolhouse. For dinner we had a huge standing rib roast boiled, boiled potatoes, boiled string beans, boiled corn, boiled peas and carrots, boiled turnips and spinach. Mrs. Hicks also served, at the same time as the meat and vegetables, cheese, pickles, preserves, jam, jelly, homemade bread, head cheese, fried clams, cake, gingerbread, pie and tea. This was supper. Dinner had been at eleven in the morning. Mrs. Hicks, a slender creature, ate more than any ten loggers, but as she took her third helping she would remark sadly, "Nothing sets good with me. Nothing. Everything I've et tonight will talk back to me tomorrow."

After Mrs. Hicks and I had washed the supper dishes we retired to the tiny living room to sit in a self-conscious circle on the golden oak chairs around the golden oak table and the Rochester lamp, while Mr. Hicks fumbled fruitlessly with the radio. After a long silence Mrs. Hicks called him into the kitchen, and I don't know whether she twisted his ear or what, but he announced that he was not going to the entertainment as one of the cows was expecting a calf. Bob elected to stay and help with the delivery, and Mrs. Hicks and I set off for the Crossroads in her car. We also shared the car with Mrs. Hicks' liver and bile, neither of which functioned properly, and though she had been to countless doctors and had had several "wonderful goings over" she had to take pills all of the time. Her liver was so sluggish that it had constantly to be primed in order to make it pump her bile, according to Mrs. Hicks. Just before we went into the auditorium of the schoolhouse, she took two of the priming pills and I was very disappointed not to hear her liver's motor start.

When we got back, Bob and Mr. Hicks were celebrating the arrival of a heifer calf with a bottle of beer. Mrs. Hicks' disapproval stuck out all over like spines, but when I lit a cigarette she turned pale with horror. "It's not that I mind much," she told me later. "I know you're from the city. But I'd hate to have you smokin' when any of my friends come in because they might think I was the same kind of woman you was."

I WAS surprised when I learned that Birdie Hicks had a mother—she was so pure I thought perhaps she had come to life out of the house-dress section of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. But one warm evening that spring I left Bob with the egg records and our baby and boldly struck out for Mrs. Hicks' to stitch some curtains on her sewing machine. When I arrived, Mrs. Hicks, her mother and Cousin June were sitting on the front porch slapping at mosquitoes and discussing their neighbors. I had sat on Birdie Hicks' front porch for perhaps two minutes when I realized that, hungry as I was for companionship, this visit was going to be an ordeal. Birdie's mother, a small sharp-cornered woman with a puff of short gray hair like a gone-to-seed dandelion, tried so hard to be young that conversation with her was out of the question and her ceaseless activity was as nerveracking as watching someone blow up an old balloon.

When we were introduced, she said, tossing her head about on its little stem, "Bet you thought I was Birdie's sister instead of her mother. Sixty-four years young next Tuesday and everybody guesses me under forty. He, he, he! Everybody does. It's 'cause I'm so active." Whereupon she shot out of her chair and leapt four feet off the ground after a mosquito. Coming down with the astounded mosquito in her little claw, she caught herself deftly on the balls of her feet, bent her knees so that she was almost squatting, then snapped into a standing position, turned and winked at me. I'm not able to wink and nothing else seemed adequate, so I just sat. Cousin June, a plump middle-aged woman, turned to Mrs. Hicks and said, "Honest to gosh, Birdie, she's like a little kid." Mrs. Hicks said rather testily, "For heaven's sake, Ma, set down. You make me nervous."

When I had finished my curtains Mrs. Hicks served coffee and heavenly fresh doughnuts and, out of kindness and to explain my stolid dullness, said to Mother and Cousin June, "She reads." Mother, in the act of hurling herself at the stove to get the coffee pot, stopped so quickly she almost went headfirst into the oven. "Well," she said, "so you're the one. Birdie's told me all about you and I'm saving my old newspapers for you." I started to say, "Oh, I can't read that well!" but Mr. Hicks came in then and Mother leapt to his shoulders pig-a-back fashion, which evidently delighted him, for his heavy face glowed as he said, "You look younger'n Birdie, Maw. Might be her daughter!" I glanced at Birdie and we felt together that it made no difference how young Mother looked. For our money, she had lived much too long.

I Learn to Hate Even Baby Chickens

Prior to my life with Bob, my sole contact with baby chickens had been at the age of eleven. Lying on my stomach in our hammock, I had watched Layette, my grandmother's favorite Barred Rock hen, herd her fourteen fluffy yellow chicks through the drifting apple blossoms and under the low flowering quince trees. This sentimental fragment of my childhood was a far cry from the hundreds and hundreds of yellowish white, yeeping, smelly little nuisances which made my life a nightmare in the spring.

I learned to my sorrow that baby chickens are stupid; they smell; they have to be fed, watered and looked at, at least every three hours. Their sole idea in life is to jam themselves under the brooder and get killed; stuff their little boneheads so far into their drinking fountains that they drown; drink cold water and die; get some disease which means sudden death. The horrid little things pick out each other's eyes and peck each other's feet until they are bloody stumps.

My chick manual said, "Some chicks have a strong tendency to pick and some don't." (I was reminded of the mushroom book's "Some are poisonous and some are not.") The chick manual went on to say, "The causes of picking are overcrowding, lack of ventilation, or cannibalism." Our chicks, according to the standards set by the manual, had plenty of air and space, so I added plain meanness to their list of loathsome traits.

I really did my badly organized best to follow my chicken manual to the letter, even though it required that I spend one out of every three hours in the brooder house—measuring feed, washing water fountains, removing the bloody and the dying to the first aid corner—and all of my leisure time nailing a dead chicken to a shingle, splitting the carcass from stem to stern and, by peering alternately inside the chicken and at a very complicated chart, trying to figure out what in the world it died of. I always drew a blank.

My chick manual was detailed to the extent that it gave the number of minutes it should take so many chicks to clean up so much food—even what to do about the floors, founts, hoppers, etc., four weeks before brooding.

From my experience I would supplement this prior-to-brooding advice with "Four weeks before brooding, leave on an extended trip to the Baranof Islands."

I wondered how other chicken ranchers' wives reacted to baby chickens. Was there something in my background which kept me from becoming properly adjusted to the chicken, or was there just too wide a gulf separating a woman and a chicken? I was delighted, therefore, one spring morning, to have Mrs. Hicks halloo from the road and invite me to ride down to Mrs. Kettle's with her while she returned some bread pans. Both Mrs. Kettle and Mrs. Hicks were raising baby chickens and I thought this would be a splendid opportunity to make comparisons.

Mrs. Hicks, full of some new and wonderful bile primer, was cheerful to the point of gaiety. Not so Mrs. Kettle, who clumped morosely out to greet us, kicking at her beloved mongrels as she went by.

At first I thought it was the heavy curtain of gloom which made the spacious kitchen seem so crowded—then I became conscious of a rising crescendo of twitterings from the vicinity of the stove. Mrs. Kettle was rearing her baby chickens in the kitchen. Fenced off by rusty window screens leaning against chairs and heated by a varied assortment of jars, cans and bottles filled with hot water, two hundred baby chicks existed in apparent health and contentment. No disinfectant, no thermometer

—and no sickness. "That manual writer should see this," I thought bitterly.

Mrs. Kettle was also harboring in her kitchen a little runt pig, the sole survivor of a litter eaten by its mother.

The chicks she dismissed lightly with "Paw ordered 'em last fall but didn't git around to buildin' the brooder house before they come so I guess we'll just have to raise 'em in here." The chirping chickens and the little pig clicking around under foot, all completely innocent of any form of housebreaking, didn't bother Mrs. Kettle a whit. What did trouble her was the fact that her elder sister, who twenty-odd years before had had the good fortune to marry a man both wealthy and prominent, had had the effontery to send Mrs. Kettle by the morning mail, in lieu of a rich gift, an enormous tinted portrait of herself in evening dress. This Mrs. Kettle had set up on the table.

Scratching herself vigorously and gesticulating with her soup ladle, she sneered, "Look at that, would you—pretty fine, ain't we?" Mrs. Kettle's face brightened. "You know where I'm going to hang that damn pitchur? In the outhouse!"

Mrs. Hicks and I took our leave at this point, but as we drove over the hill we heard the sound of violent pounding as Mrs. Kettle hung sister's gilt-framed picture.

Mrs. Hicks invited me to go home with her for a cup of coffee and to see her baby chickens. I accepted instantly, of course, so we jounced right past our ranch and down the mountain on the other side.

Mrs. Hicks' brooder house smelled so strongly of disinfectant it made my eyes water and the chickens, looking as if they had sprouted under boards, drooped listlessly around the edges of their immaculate modern house.

ON the ride home I asked Mrs. Hicks about the percentage of death in her chicks, and was amazed to learn that out of five hundred she had lost only five. She said, "Those five died the day after we got the chicks and I don't think they was right, but just in case it was anything catching I put a little disinfectant in the drinking water and the rest pulled through fine." What I think really happened was that she called a meeting of her chicks right after they arrived and told them, "I'm the boss here and I'm not going to put up with any sickening or dying. The first chick I catch dying is going to get what for and I mean it." And the chicks, disinfected inside and out, stayed alive—or else.

Mrs. Hicks was really a remarkable woman. She was slender and frail-looking, but she did so much work that just to hear her tell about it made me tired.

Often after a particularly gruelling day, as I banged my shins against the oven door and cursed the inadequacy of coal-oil lamps, I would think enviously of Mrs. Hicks who at that moment was probably standing in her immaculate kitchen, in an immaculate apron and house dress, wondering, now that the dishes were done, if she shouldn't bake an angel food cake or set some rolls for the basket social.

Once Mr. Hicks got hurt in the woods and was sent to a hospital in Seattle. Mrs. Hicks went in to stay with him, and Bob and I took care of their ranch for them for a few days. Every day I unlocked Mrs. Hicks' back door and tiptoed into the house and dusted the golden oak furniture.

Working within the sacred bounds of Mrs. Hicks' cleanliness proved such a strong impetus for a while that I found myself going after corners in my own house with pins. I waited for her return with the smug feeling of someone who had done something well and knows he is going to be praised. Mrs. Hicks was very grateful to Bob and me, and she and Mr. Hicks told us over and over what kind neighbors we were, but the next day Bob and I stopped on our way to town to see if we could get them anything, and Mrs. Hicks had her washtub filled with boiling water and disinfectant and soapsuds and was scrubbing the walls and floors of the chicken houses, calf houses, pig houses, turkey houses, duck houses and brooder house which Bob and I thought we had kept so clean. I gave up.

The Lure of the Tropics

I think seed catalogues are the most exciting things there are. And I think seed companies are the most generous, for they never question your motives when you write for their catalogues. By looking at the return address in the upper left hand corner of the envelope they could have seen that I lived in the vicinity of the "most westerly tip of the United States," and yet they never hedged about sending me gorgeously illustrated catalogues mostly devoted to tropical plants with thrilling pictures of orange trees in full fruit and bloom, lemon trees, magnolias, and avocados.

When the new catalogues came in the spring I devoured them and with pencil and paper made lists which usually totaled around $279 and had to be slashed and slashed. I always bought against my better judgment some of the flame-fire-veldt type of plants from a little known semitropical seed company, which invariably substituted Nasturtiums for Belgian Congo Moon Glow Blooms ("often attaining a size of two feet in diameter") and California Poppies for East Indian Pompoms, and never put in more than three seeds to a package. They were not very honest, but I could warm my hands over the pictures in their catalogues.

Bob, who had already ordered and received all of his seeds weeks before from a well-known local firm, listened resignedly to my feverish accounts of the front yard exploding with giant Cannas, the house crawling with Flame Flowers, gourds, and Congo Roses; then dug a trench the full length of the vegetable garden, filled it with chicken manure, rich brown earth and sweet peas. I saw defeat coming as relentlessly as old age.

Bob's garden was a thing of symmetry and beauty. In rows about fifty feet long, stretching from the sweet peas to the rhubarb and herbs, were peas, early and late, carrots, turnips, beets, salsify, celery, celery root, lettuce, endive, broccoli, cabbage, cauliflower, Swiss chard, sweet corn, parsnips, beans, cucumbers, tomatoes, squash, radishes, and onions.

With Bob's gardening so stable—so trustworthy—it didn't seem fair to me that mine should always be the wildcat variety. A great many of my seeds not only did not sprout but disappeared entirely. The others came up the next morning like Jack's Beanstalk or didn't show up until I had given up hope and planted something else on top of them. And then they all appeared together and created confusion and ill will. Also, my plants were usually not healthy, and I'm sure that I have introduced more varieties of plant disease than anyone else in the Northern Hemisphere. I planted nasturtiums and bachelor's buttons and they came up covered with South African Jungle rot and Himalayan Spot Wart. I decided at last that instead of the green thumb I had the touch of death and that I was never destined to be a second Mowgli or Little Shepherd of the Hills because I hated little wild things and they hated me. Bob, on the other hand, had nature by the scruff of the neck and his sweet peas had blooms like gladiolus and stems ten feet long.

The man from whom we bought our bulbs said, "You ought to get you another hobby, there is some folks who just don't have the feeling."

The Mountain to Mohammed

That first year no one, or very few, knew that we were up there in the mountains on our ranch and so we were skipped by the door-to-door sellers. I didn't learn about that delight of country living until one dreary day late the first fall. I was rattling around in the house longing for my lovely big noisy family and hating the mountains, when a little black truck sidled into the yard. A small man alighted and crept to the back door where he scratched like a little mouse. I rushed to the door and he was so heartened by my greeting that he hurriedly scrambled back into the truck and came staggering back under four great black suitcases.

He opened the first one and I realized that at last I was face to face with the creator of the knitting book outfits. The coat sweater made like a long tube with an immense shawl collar. The tatted evening dress. The great big tam. The slipover sweater with the waistline either crouching in the armpits or languishing just above the knees. Jack the Knitter had them all and mostly in maroon, a pink so bright it could have given a coat of tan, and orchid.

As I turned down offering after offering, Jack's little watery eyes grew sadder and his little black suit shinier and shabbier, and we were both pretty desperate when he brought out the socks—the really superior wool socks. I immediately ordered twelve pairs for Bob and begged Jack to stay for dinner. He, however, seemed to have revived considerably under the stimulus of the order and briskly declined, packed his wares, and left in the direction of Mrs. Kettle's, where he undoubtedly had dinner after selling all of his sweaters.

Bob returned from the woods and pointed out that I had ordered the twelve pairs of socks two sizes too small. I tried to make up my mind whether to walk in the dark and rain down to Mrs. Kettle's and tell Jack the right size or to let the wrong ones come and go through the long exchanging process. I decided to let the wrong ones come and went shuffling off to bed with my will power dragging around my feet like let-down suspenders.

Then came spring and the Stove Man. Along in January, Stove developed virulent digestive trouble, but it was March before anything was done about it. Then Stove Man arrived. He quickly disemboweled Stove, something which I had been longing to do to that big black stinker all winter, spread the entrails all over the kitchen floor, and went out to the chicken house to point out to Bob the many opportunities for failure in the chicken business.

This black-future attitude was not from any manic-depressive tendencies on the part of the Stove Man, but was the reflected attitude of the farmer. The farmers wanted to be sad and they wanted everyone who called on them to be sad. If your neighbor's chickens were each laying a double-yolked egg every single day, all of his cows had just had heifer calves, his mortgage was all paid, his wheat was producing a bushel per stalk, and he had just discovered an oil gusher on the north forty, you did not mention any of these gladsome happenings. Instead, when you looked at the chickens you said, "A heavy lay makes hens weak and liable to disease." The neighbor, kicking sulkily at the feed trough, would reply, "Brings the price of eggs down too."

When you went into the barn you looked over the heifer calves and said, "Lots of t.b. in the valley this year." The neighbor said, "Contagious abortion is around too." I learned that our farmers were like those women who get some sort of inverted enjoyment out of deprecating their own accomplishments—women who say "This cake turned out just terribly!" and then hand you a piece of angel food so light you have to hold it down to take a bite.

Farmers' wives who had the strength, endurance and energy of locomotives and the appetites of dinosaurs were, according to them, so delicate that if you accidentally brushed against them they would turn brown like gardenias. They always felt poorly, took gallons of patent medicines, and without exception they and all of their progeny were so tiny at birth that they slept in a cigar box and wore a wedding ring for a bracelet.

Other door-to-door sellers were the shoe salesmen, who carried no samples, only pictures, and when the brown moccasin-toed oxfords I ordered came, I found out why. The shoes were sturdy—thicksoled—heavy stiff leather—strong sewing—firm lining—but they were never intended to be worn. They were so full of tongues and lining and sewing that there was no place for the foot.

One of the outstanding things about these factory-to-you sellers was their friendly, non-commercial attitude. All business was transacted on the cuff and if you had the money in the house when the goods came, fine; if you didn't, you could pay next time. It was so easy and pleasant, with everyone staying for supper or lunch, that we naturally bought more than we needed and in many cases more than we could afford.

There were also a Corset Lady and a Housedress Lady. They travelled together, and one squeezed me into a corset and the other jammed me into a housedress. The Corset Lady had piercing black eyes and a large bust and stomach apparently encased in steel, for when I brushed against her it was like bumping into our oil drum. She was such a high pressure saleswoman that almost before she had turned off the ignition of her car I found myself in my bedroom in my "naked strip" being forced into a foundation garment. First she rolled it up like a life preserver, than I stepped through the leg holes, then she slowly and painfully unrolled it up over my thighs, hips, and stomach until she reached my top—then she had me bend over and slipped straps over my arms and then snapped me to a standing position. My legs were squashed so tightly together I couldn't walk a step, and I had to hold my chin up in the air, for my bust was in the vicinity of my shoulders.

"Look, Ella," the Corset Lady called to the Housedress Lady, "Don't she look grand?"

The Housedress Lady, who looked just like the Corset Lady except that she had piercing blue eyes, said, "That's a world of improvement, dear. A world!"

I inched over to the mirror and looked. At that time I was thin as a needle and, encased in the foundation garment, I resembled nothing so much as a test tube with something bubbling out the top. Even if I had looked "grand," I had to walk and I wanted to lower my head occasionally, so I took off the foundation garment much more quickly and not nearly so carefully as it had been put on me. The Corset Lady was furious and made no effort to conceal it. While the Housedress Lady was showing me her wares, the Corset Lady sat in a kitchen chair, legs wide apart—but stomach in, bust up—and gazed stonily out the window.

Who Bothers Whom?

Who said that wild animals won't bother you if you don't bother them? Whoever said it must have lived in an apartment house and just finished reading "Bambi." The longer I lived in the mountains, the more I realized that Grandmother had something when she told us, "Animals are beasts and a wild animal is a wild beast!" Which somehow seemed to make their wildness seem deliberate and malicious.

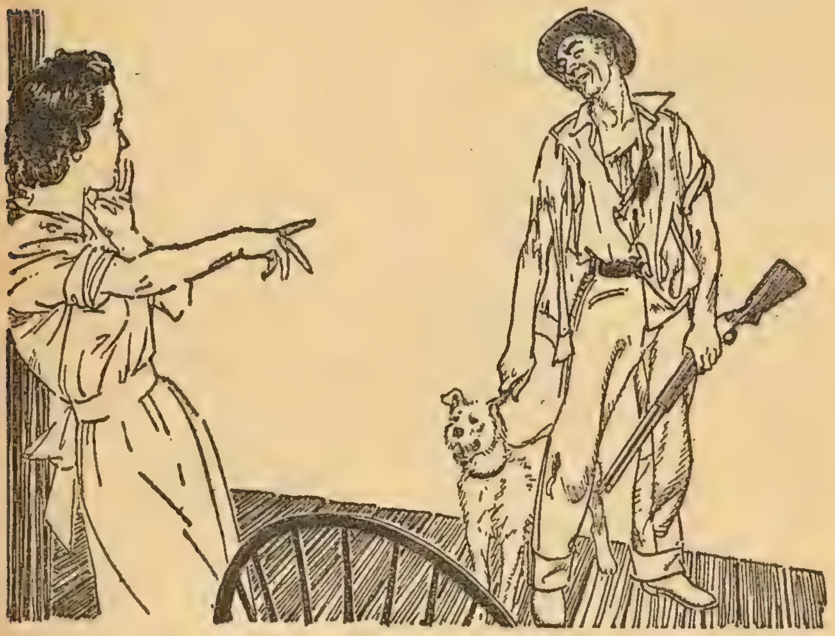
One morning we found that the truck had developed a consumptive cough over night and had become so debilitated it couldn't even make the mild hill back to the house, let alone the vicious grades hemming us in on east and west. I was dispatched to retrieve one of the Kettle boys to see if he could diagnose the trouble.

I put Anne, the baby, in her carriage, told Bob to keep an eye on her, cantered down to the Kettles' and persuaded Elwin to come up and fix the car. Elwin elected to drive up in a most sinister-looking jaloppy, so I took the trail through the logging burn instead.

Halfway home I was aware of an uncomfortable feeling as though something were following me. I heard brush crackling across the ravine—even saw branches sway;

but when I stopped the noise stopped and finally I convinced myself that I was imagining things. Then I leaped to the ground from a fallen log and there was a terrific crashing across the ravine. Certain that I had not made that much noise, I stopped again to listen, and this time the crashing continued and sounded as if, whatever it was, were working its way across the ravine to *me*. I broke into a lope and at last, panting and scared, I reached home and threw myself on Bob, who patted me comfortably and said he didn't think that anything would follow me.

Before I could think of a suitable rejoinder Elwin



appeared, and while he towed the truck into the yard and started taking it apart, Bob took Sport and the Kettles' airedale and went into the woods to look for a good cedar tree to cut into fence posts. He came back almost immediately to get his gun, saying that the dogs seemed uneasy and he thought he'd take a look around.

It seemed hours later when Elwin and I heard the shots. There were four or five close together—then silence. Dead silence. I hallooed. No answer. I began to be frightened and asked Elwin, who was sprawled under the truck, to go out and see what was happening, but he merely grinned his wide foolish grin, and said, "If he don't come back he's probably dead and there's no use of us both getting kilt, ha, ha, ha!" Then he went back to his tinkering under the truck. After another long wait he came in for a drink of water and, after three dippers full, he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and said, "Well, looks like you're a widder-woman, ha, ha, ha!" I'm sure I would have killed him if the truck had been fixed, but it definitely was not, so I had to content myself with withering looks and a scathing silence.

Bob at last came limping in, his shirt in ribbons, a great jagged bloody gash across his chest, and wearing a beaming smile. "Stepped into the root pit of a fallen tree and a she-bear jumped me. Fired five shots in her general direction and I guess one of 'em stuck because she's deader than a smelt."

"That gash!" I said weakly.

"Oh, that," he said looking offhandedly down at it. "Must have happened when Joe"—he affectionately pulled the ear of the airedale—"yanked the bear off me. Joe grabbed her hind leg just as she jumped and I guess you could say he saved my life."

I wrote a full account of the bear hunt to the family, and Mother replied that she would love to have the bear skin and Grandmother wrote, "Do not leave the clearing" —this made me feel just like a pioneer woman in a long calico dress and a sunbonnet.

I was putting the baby to bed one night when Bob came in on the run. "Have the dogs been barking? Have you heard anything?" he breathlessly demanded, as he threw open the closet door and began shuffling through his guns. "I was kneeling, picking berries under the leaves (where they hide long and black) and I had that prickly feeling you get when something you can't see is watching you. I looked up and the long grass between me and the woods was waving back together, closing the gap made by the passing of some animal. Some one of the cat family, I'll bet, because there wasn't even a rustle."

Bob began whistling for Sport and pocketing shells. When Sport reluctantly slithered through the door, Bob, took him by the collar and they left on an inspection of the premises. I began a letter home:

"Dear Mother: I am enclosing my sterling salad forks. Please turn them in on some good stout bear traps and a good skinning knife. Don't you think it is stretching this wifely duty business a bit too taut to ask me to spend the few minutes of the day when I'm not carrying water, baking, canning, gardening, scrubbing, and taking care of the chickens and pigs, in fending off wild beasts? It is beginning to look as if we are hemmed in by bears and cougars, yet we live in the day of the magnetic eye, automatic hot water heaters and television."

The next morning Bob found prints as large as saucers in the dust of the road directly in front of the house. "It's a cougar, and a whopper," he joyfully announced. Then with Sport and his gun he left for the valley to assemble a hunting party. "Am I supposed to handle this cougar with kindness or a hatpin?" I called after him resentfully.

"Would that I had it to do over again," I reflected bitterly as I put a chair under the knob on the kitchen door, "and I would choose the indoor type. Preferably a gambler in a green eye-shade, who sat all day and night indoors under electric lights wearing his delicious pallor which proved that he hadn't been out in the daylight or night air for years and years."

Bob returned from the valley and requested that I feed and water the chickens and gather the eggs while he drove up to some logging camp to get Crowbar and Geoduck Swensen, who were the best hunters in the country. I refused to do the chores on the grounds that I was not going to put foot outside the house while the cougar was loose. It got very warm in the house with all of the doors and windows locked, but better to drown in a pool of my own sweat, I thought, than be torn limb from limb by a wild beast.

BOB slammed through the chores and drove off again. He returned about four-thirty with Crowbar, Geoduck, and Crowbar's large bear dog. While Bob finished his evening chores, Crowbar and Geoduck gulped down a pint of moonshine each. Then Bob joined them in a third pint and, shouldering their guns, they disappeared into the woods. Almost immediately the dog began to bark and, guided by his excited yips, I was able to follow the progress of the hunt around the ranch.

Then there were two shots. Then shouting, barking, and at last the hunters appeared bearing the cougar, which measured eleven feet from head to tail tip and was the largest ever bagged in our community (according to Crowbar and Geoduck). He was an old-timer, grizzled about the head, but with the coldest yellow eyes and the largest sharpest teeth I had ever seen.

Shortly after the cougar episode, Bob left with the truck one morning to help an East Valley farmer with his haying, and while I was still standing in the drive watching the truck over the brow of the last hill, a skunk strolled in the open back door and settled himself by Stove. I hurriedly shut Sport and the puppy in Sport's yard. Then I tried luring the skunk. I put out a little trail of milk, meat, water and cereal. The skunk blinked and snuggled closer to Stove.

He was actually a civet cat, which is just as evil smelling but smaller than a skunk, but he was very determined. He allowed me to go in and out of the pantry, across the kitchen from Stove, but one step closer than that brought him to his feet looking menacing.

When Bob finally came home tired and very hungry, I was crouching in the driveway trying to warm the baby's bottle over a smouldering pile of faggots and the skunk was resting in the kitchen. Bob walked loudly and masterfully in the front and the skunk swaggered out the back, sneering at me over his shoulder as he disappeared into the woods. He evidently came back that night, for we heard Sport barking loudly in the cellar just under our bedroom, and then the room was filled with that most penetrating, most sickening of odors—skunk. We slept with clothespins on our noses, not only that night but for a week. I bathed Sport with strong soap and clorox but he remained unpleasant smelling for weeks.

It just goes to show. In every case the wild animal bothered us first, and it was merely luck for our side that Bob was nerveless in emergencies and a crack shot.

That Infernal Machine, the Pressure Cooker

Toward the end of June when the cougar episode had cooled somewhat, Bob and I picked five gallons of wild blackberries—and the canning season was on. How I dreaded it! By fall the pantry shelves would groan and creak under nature's bounty, and the bitter thing was that we wouldn't be able to eat one tenth of it. Canning is a mental quirk just like any form of hoarding. First you plant too much of everything in the garden; then you waste hours and hours in the broiling sun cultivating; then you buy a pressure cooker and can too much of everything so that it won't be wasted.

By the end of the summer the pullets were laying and Bob was culling the flocks. With no encouragement from me, he decided that, as chicken prices were way down, I could can the culled hens. It appeared to my warped mind that Bob went miles and miles out of his way to figure out things for me to put in jars; that he actively resented a single moment of my time which was not spent eye to pressure gauge, ear to steam cocks; that he was forever coming staggering into the kitchen under a bushel basket of something for me to can. My first reaction was homicide, then suicide, and at last tearful resignation.

When he brought in the first three culled hens, I acidly remarked that it wasn't only the cooker which operated under pressure. No answer.

Later, because of my remark, he said that I did it on purpose. I didn't, I swear, but I did feel that God had at last taken pity on me—for the pressure cooker blew up. It was the happiest day of my life, though I might have been killed. A bolt was blown clean through the kitchen door, the walls were dotted with bits of wing and giblet, the floor was swimming in gravy, and the thick cast aluminum lid broke in two and hit the ceiling with such force it left two half moon marks above Stove. I was lyrical with joy. I didn't know how it happened and I cared less. I was free! Free! F-R-E-E! After supper, as I went humming about the house picking pieces of chicken off the picture frames and from the mirror in the bedroom, Bob eyed me speculatively. Then he picked up the Sears, Roebuck catalogue and began looking for a bigger, quicker and sturdier variety of pressure cooker.

This Beautiful Country

Aunty Vida took another swallow of coffee and said, "You have solved the problem of living! You have the answer to happiness! There are thousands of people in this bitter old world who only hope some day to achieve by dint of hard work and sacrifice what you and Bob have now!" It was nine o'clock in the morning, and Bob and I had been up since four and had not gone to bed the night before until after twelve. Aunty Vida was just having breakfast. It was that part about others hoping some day to achieve by dint of hard work and sacrifice what Bob and I already had, that got me. And just what were Bob and I supposed to be doing for sixteen or eighteen hours a day? Weaving flowers in our hair and dancing around a maypole?

Of course, Aunty Vida was an idiot anyway, but our other guests weren't. They were Bob's immediate family and my immediate family and other charming intelligent people, but they all had the same idea. "Beautiful scenery, magnificent mountains, heavenly food, you fortunate people!" they said as they waddled away from the table. They neglected to note that while they lay in slothful slumber breathing in great draughts of invigorating, smokeless, fumeless, clean, appetite-producing mountain air, Bob and I were cleaning and picking chickens, cleaning clams, burying clam and crab shells, washing dishes, packing eggs, shelling peas, and finally dragging to bed at twelve or half past.

"Oh, I just love to wash at an old-fashioned sink," they said. I don't mind washing at an old-fashioned sink, either, when someone else has got up and made an old-fashioned fire and carried and heated some old-fashioned water and I know that in a day or so I will go back to town and wash off the country grime in an old-fashioned bathtub.

THE Pacific Coast Indians whom I saw were as unlike the pictures on the Great Northern Railroad calendars as slugs are unlike dragon flies. The coast Indian is squat, bowlegged, swarthy, flat-faced, broad-nosed, dirty, diseased, ignorant and tricky. There were few exceptions among the many we knew.

Among the exceptions were the Swensen brothers, Clamface, Crowbar and Geoduck. They were Bob's good friends. I couldn't count them as mine, for they had no use for women and were unable to understand Bob's attitude toward me. Bob was such a fine hunter, such a crack shot, so lean and strong and manly; yet when I, merely his wife, asked him for some wood, instead of sneering, "Aw, shut up, old lady," or letting me have a well-deserved left to the chin, he docilely obliged.

We met the Swensen brothers about a week or so after we moved to the ranch, and as I watched Bob's friendship with them and with other Indians grow, I realized why it is so much easier for a man to adjust himself to new surroundings and people than for a woman. Men are so much less demanding in friendship. A woman wants her friends to be perfect. She sets a pattern, usually a reasonable facsimile of herself, lays a friend out on this pattern, and worries and prods at any little qualities which do not coincide with her own image. She simply won't be bothered with anything less than ninety per cent congruity, and will accept the ninety per cent only if the other ten per cent is shaping up nicely and promises accurate conformity within a short time. Friends with glaring lumps or unsmoothable rough places are cast off like ill-fitting garments, and even if this means that the woman has no friends at all, she seems happier than with some imperfect being for whom she would have to make allowances.

A man has a friend, period. He acquires this particular friend because they both like to hunt ducks. The fact that the friend discourses entirely in four-letter words, very seldom washes, chews tobacco and spits at random, is drunk a good deal of the time and hates women, in no way affects the friendship. If the man notices these flaws in the perfection of his friend, he notices them casually as he does his friend's height, the color of his eyes, the width of his shoulders; and the friendship continues at an even temperature for years and years and years.

One summer evening when Bob was at a grange meeting and I felt safe and unafraid because it was still daylight at eight o'clock, Geoduck and a friend of his drove into the yard and shouted rudely for Bob. I was packing eggs and had the egg scale and the boxes stacked around me in convenient but confining order, so I shouted back just as rudely, "Bob's not here. He's gone to the grange meeting." Whereupon to my great surprise Geoduck and his friend opened the back door and came staggering into the kitchen—they were both very drunk. The friend was an unpleasant little character with a flat nose, small, very crossed eyes, greasy overalls clinging uncertainly to his pelvic bones, and a low forehead across which ran a jagged scar welted high with proud flesh.

"You alone here, eh?" he asked, leering formidably and rocking on his heels. I looked fiercely at Geoduck who heretofore had treated me very indifferently but never with hostility. "Geoduck," I said sternly, "Bob has gone to the Grange meeting and won't be home until after ten." I waited, but neither Geoduck nor his friend made a move to go. Geoduck looked insolently around the kitchen. "You got this joint fixed up pretty good," he said. I said, "You had better leave, Geoduck, *now!*"

The friend said, "Mebbe we ain't ready to go, eh, Geoduck?" He looked at me with one eye and at Geoduck with the other. I too looked at Geoduck with what I hoped was a pleading expression, but he was smiling foolishly, his eyes glassy.

"How about fixin' us a little somethin' to eat?" said Friend, lurching toward me and knocking against the egg crate so that the delicate scale fell to the floor. My hands were shaking so that I could barely set it up again.

"Geoduck," I said, my voice trembling. "Take this man and get out of here." Geoduck laughed a silly giggle.

The drunken friend lurched toward the door of the bedroom where the baby was asleep. I jumped to my feet, ran over to the closet where Bob kept his guns, grabbed the first gun I saw, rammed the barrel in Friend's stomach, and croaked, "Leave now or shi'll oot!"

Either "shi'll oot" means something in Indian or Geoduck was afraid of the gun, for he seemed to awaken and said, "Aw, come on, Pearl, let's get outta here." They left then, and I returned to my egg packing which eventually soothed my nerves, but cracked a good many eggs. When Bob returned, at a little after ten, I indignantly recounted the experience. Bob didn't act at all alarmed; in fact, he shouted with glee when I dramatically described Geoduck's evil friend and then told him his name was Pearl.

"Pearl!" he said, wiping his eyes. "What a wonderful name for a desperado."

I said fiercely, "Bob, you tell Geoduck that he has to apologize to me or he can never come up here again."

Bob said, "Oh, Betty, he didn't mean any harm. Probably just drunk enough so that he was willing to forget you're a woman and be friendly." Geoduck was Bob's friend, period.

Just a week later Geoduck and Clamface and Crowbar drove up one morning to invite Bob and me to an Indian picnic. I supposed it was in the nature of a peace offering and such a rare gesture from an Indian to a woman that I had to accept. After they had left, Bob said, "I think the Swensens feel that if you go to an Indian gathering and they all get to know you, they won't bother you any more."

The next Sunday morning was the last day of August. It was still and hot and hazy. A wonderful day for a beach picnic—even with Indians. At about eleven o'clock Geoduck and Clamface came to get us. They were both genially drunk and refused to let me provide any food at all, except milk and vegetables for the baby. We were hastily stowed in the back of their car and taken hurtling down the mountains to Docktown Bay. Here were gathered about twenty families of Indians and part-Indians. The women were setting tables made of planks stretched between driftwood logs, boiling crabs, steaming clams in a wash boiler and carrying platters of fried chicken, bowls of potato salad, and loaves of new bread from their cars.

Indian girls ten years old and younger were playing on the beach and minding the babies; little Indian boys were out in boats fishing and catching crabs; and the rest of the gathering, including all girls over ten, were sprawled around the cars drinking moonshine out of gallon jugs, or home brew.

I SAW several babies crawling around in the sand. One of them was gnawing on a large dead starfish. I walked down and took the starfish away from the baby and threw it out into the water, whereupon the baby gave a disappointed howl and bit me on the ankle. A little girl came running and said, "You damn fool, why'n't you git your own starfish?"

With my robe and our baby I retired by a large silvery log. The sand was fine and white and there were lovely little fluted pink shells behind the log where they had been tossed by some high winter tide. I picked them up and Anne threw them away, and we were having a pleasant game until a little old Indian woman with a face like a dried fig came and settled herself beside us. She was fascinated by the baby's red curls and kept touching them with her little mummy's claw and saying something quite unintelligible to me. It sounded like "Yawk, yawk, gugh." Whatever it was, I replied with "Yes, isn't it?" for I was very proud of my baby's bright hair.

Then the little old Indian woman began talking to me in English. She was very deaf and quite senile, but she explained (about seventy-five times) that she was the last of her tribe of Indians; that these Indians had been very warlike and fought all the time until in 1855, after a great war with several other tribes, there were only ninety left. "Now only me," she concluded. "All rest marry white and mix blood." She was friendly and anxious to talk to me, but she had trouble with English and she was so frail and so very old it was difficult. She seemed troubled by the degeneration of her people. She said, "I was a good girl. Just one man for me. No whiskey. Others"—she included the entire picnic—"all bad." On this cheery note, lunch was announced.

I was careful to eat only the clams and crabs which I had watched a clean woman with sound limbs lift from boiling water. Bob sat beside me and ate heartily of everything—these were his friends.

After lunch everyone stretched out in the sun and slept until about two-thirty, when there was a more or less general awakening and more eating and drinking. As the afternoon progressed into evening the men became drunker and more noisy and quarrelsome.

I tried to locate Bob, Clamface, Crowbar or Geoduck, but I was told that they had gone down the beach to do some target shooting. It was growing dark when they finally returned and we left, our party now including the little old lady who was the last of her tribe, the mother of the little starfish eater, someone's husband who had passed out on the floor, and two wives whose husbands had driven drunkenly off without them.

Geoduck drove home with one wheel part way up on the bank on the wrong side of the road. Knowing that on the road up to our ranch this bank was replaced by a sheer drop of from ten to five hundred feet, I begged Bob to let me walk. Bob said, "Don't worry, honey, Geoduck's a fine driver—aren't you, boy?"

The next day I washed all our clothes in lysol and resolved never again to enter into any form of Indian social life.

Game, Or Who Is?

I was all right at flushing game, Bob decided, but at retrieving I was a washout. This was due to my nearsightedness and not to any lack of co-operation on my part, I might add. So Bob bought a dog and I uncovered another weak spot in my character.

"This dog," Bob dramatically informed me, as he gingerly untied a large, curly haired, mahogany-colored dog which he had roped in the back of the truck, "is a thoroughbred Chesapeake retriever, has a pedigree, is a wonderful hunting dog and is very, very vicious." He secured the dog to the feedroom door with a hawser large enough to anchor a man o'war.

He added, as he made a large safe detour around Dog to get his feed pails, "He has bitten almost everyone in Town, but I understand dogs and if I take all the care of him, keep him tied up and just use him for hunting, I think it will be safe enough." The dog trainer went importantly off to the chicken house and Dog and I looked at each other.

During dinner that night Bob told me how the dog had bitten two postmen and three delivery boys. He talked about building a dog yard with eight-foot wire, the steady nerves it takes to train dogs, the heinous crime of treating dogs like pampered humans—here I surreptitiously placed my napkin over the puppy who was lounging in my lap—and other firm manly things having to do with discipline and hunting.

Later, remembering I had not fed my goslings and forgetting about Dog, I heedlessly rushed into the feedroom and was scooping up chick feed when I felt a nudge at the back of my knees. I turned and there was Dog the vicious, Dog the terrible, offering me his large feathery paw. We solemnly shook hands and I learned from his nameplate that his name was Sport and from him that he never wagged his tail, was dignified and really very shy. Throwing caution to the winds I untied the rope and took him with me to feed the ducks. Then I decided to test out the hunting theory to see if it was as ridiculous as the danger theory. I threw Sport a stick to retrieve and he lalloped after it, then tore down to the edge of the orchard and buried it under the plum tree. I confess that

I hugged him for this, because now there were two of us who seemed to have had no vocational guidance.

When Bob was attacked by the she-bear, Sport just happened to be behind the stove—a little out of breath but trying to look as if he'd been there for hours.

When Bob and Crowbar and Geoduck Swensen and Crowbar's large bear dog were on the scent of the cougar, Sport came out of the woods like a streak of flame and plastered himself to me to shiver and whine. I attributed this to a ferocious attempt at his life on the part of the cougar.

Bob said, "More likely a face-to-face encounter with a squirrel." Bob knew about Sport, then.

Bob, Sport and I went hunting in the fall. Great sport for Bob and Sport—all work and no credit for me. The procedure was for us to start up the road with Sport disappearing into the woods at intervals supposedly to flush a covey of quail or some grouse. He would crash around like a bulldozer for a while and then appear all smiles and minus anything at which to shoot, except himself, which proved a stronger and stronger temptation as the day wore on. Finally I would cut through the brush and flush some grouse. Bob would take aim and fire and usually get one or two birds which always fell in a very dense thicket. Wallowing in, bent double, in an attempt to see the birds, with Sport rushing between my legs and back and forth just in front of me, I would inadvertently stumble on the first grouse, the other being only a few feet away. Thoroughly scratched by blackberries, stinging from nettles and small whipping twigs, I would reach for the first grouse, but Sport would have found it too and, snapping it up, would bound off to find Bob. I could hear Bob praising and patting as I crawled under a log with the salal snagging my cheeks and blackberries wrapping themselves around my legs. Emerging at last, I would give Sport a dirty look as Bob calmly and without comment took my grouse and stowed it in his hunting jacket.

Bob really tried to train Sport. Every afternoon for a week or so during the early summer he worked on him. Through my open kitchen windows I could hear violent disagreement between the dog trainer and the hunter. From the kitchen it sounded as though Sport wanted to sit heavily on his tail and shake hands, but Bob wanted him to take cover, or uncover, or something quite different. "How could anything be so dumb?" screamed the exasperated trainer as Sport eagerly offered the other paw.

His breed, color, build and pedigree said that Sport was a hunting dog. He wasn't—he was a friendly dog. He loved companionship, warm fires, the baby and me. He preferred chocolates to dog biscuits or meat and he was passionately fond of music. I still bear the emotional scars of the first time I heard Sport howl. It was the first night of the harvest moon and I was lying contentedly in bed watching the silvery moonlight on the pond when suddenly the quiet air was ripped to shreds by the most terrifying noise. It sounded as though a freighter had gone aground on the front porch and was giving a long hoarse shout for help—it sounded like an ape man roaring for his mate—it sounded like the death call of an elephant. It woke Bob from a sound sleep and sent him flying for his gun. Just as he reached the window it came again—louder—more terrifying. Bob thrust his head and shoulders through the open window—then he burst into roars of laughter. "Come here, Betty," he said. I went over to the window and there below us sitting in a shimmering pool of moonlight was Sport, looking as self-conscious and embarrassed as only a Chesapeake who had built up a terrible reputation of fierceness could look when he was caught wallowing in moonlight and howling for love.

The Theatah—The Dahnse!

Most social gatherings I can do without, I have said. By that I mean all women's teas, luncheons, evening bridge parties, all New Year's Eve celebrations, and all large parties. I lived to eat those words—in fact, I lived to eat them over and over again like a cud. For, by the time I had lived on the chicken ranch for a couple of years I would have crawled on my hands and knees over broken glass to attend the Annual Reunion of the Congenital Idiots' Association.

Every Saturday night week in, week out, year in and year out, there was a country dance. Sometimes the dance was twenty-seven miles away, sometimes seventy-five miles over tortuous mountain roads, but everyone attended. The farmers and their wives danced, helped with and provided the food, and behaved themselves. The loggers and millworkers went to the dances to get drunk. The Indians danced, drank and fought. They were also the cause of the ruling that once inside you had to stay or pay again. "This," explained Mrs. Hicks, who escorted us to our first dance, "is to keep couples from dancing one dance and then going out to their cars to drink and you-know-what." "No, what?" Bob asked wickedly.

It was late in September of the second year before we felt the need or the urge to go to a dance, and even then it was not Bob's idea, but "A dance every two years or so won't spoil you for the simple life," he laughed, and he told the Hicks we would go with them. Having never been to a country dance in all my life I didn't know what to wear, but when I asked Bob he got his voile-and-leghorn look, so I wore a suit and my hurty alligator pumps and realized as soon as we arrived that I could have worn anything from a housedress to a crumpled taffeta party dress.

Mrs. Hicks had on a blue flowered print, and a touch of orange lipstick. Mr. Hicks wore his town suit, the tightest collar in the world, and a remarkable hair-do wherein the hair was parted in the middle, wet down thoroughly, while from each side a small group of front hairs were laid back as though they were to be fastened with barrettes. It gave him a look of careful elegance which unfortunately was marred by a strong smell of lysol. Mrs. Hicks probably made him put it in his bathwater. Mrs. Hicks was wearing Rawleigh No. 5 and lysol. Bob was well groomed and divinely handsome.

We arrived at the dance hall, a large square building, at eight-thirty exactly.

Bob and I danced the first dance, which was one of those double-quick hops that are the delight of country dances. We stood it for a few minutes, then retired to the sidelines. While we watched the twirling and hopping Bob warned me that I was to dance with anyone who asked me, as even a faint display of choosiness would brand me as a snob and immediately and irrevocably ruin my social career. As that dance ended Bob wandered over to speak to some of his logger friends and I stood ready to obey his wishes and dance with the first person who asked me. Of course the first person who asked me was a tiny Filipino, Manuel Lizardo, who rolled his r's so that I could barely understand him and was so short I could hardly hear him.

He had his trousers pulled up to his armpits and we must have made a striking couple as we danced around the floor, me crouching like a broody hen over Manuel.

Bob oozed by like an oil slick with a very beautiful, bad-looking Indian girl, plastered so tightly to him that I expected to see the print of her dress rubbed off on his jacket when they disentangled. I tried to catch his eye, but he was intent on his work and didn't look up.

As each dance ended the dancers joined hands and marched around and around the floor until the music began again or there was an exchange of partners. By the end of the third straight dance with Manuel, I was wondering what every other woman at the dance had which I seemed to lack, when Mr. Hicks came to our rescue. He grabbed me firmly around the waist, leaned forward and strode purposefully around the hall. The result was that I was bending way over backward, doing little running steps on my toes between Mr. Hicks' legs and expecting momentarily to do a back flip over his iron arm. The music stopped at last and I begged to sit out the next dance. Mr. Hicks gallantly offered to sit out with me, but was immediately claimed by Birdie's mother who came skipping up in a pink taffeta dress. "Can't bear to sit out a single dance—too full of pep!" she tittered, as Mr. Hicks set his vise and strode away. As they passed by the first time I saw that Mother had relaxed like a scarf over the arm, her little fluffy head bobbed spasmodically and her slippers made jerky futile attempts to reach the floor.

Suddenly the music stopped, and the entire crowd and the orchestra surged to one end of the hall where the bad Indian girl and some farmer's wife were pulling each other's hair and smearing each other with richly appropriate epithets. The Indian girl was the drunkest so she was put out, and we danced until supper.

After supper I danced twice with Bob and once with a very drunk sailor who called me "a very poor shport" because I refused to let him lower me by the ankles from a window where a pal of his waited with a drink some twenty feet below. "I'm dishappointed in you," he said blinking and swaying. "I'm sorry," I said, "but my husband is very strict with me." Then I saw Birdie's Mother across the room coiled and waiting for her next partner. I grabbed the sailor and gave him a little shove in her direction. "That little lady over there in the pink dress is just the person you're looking for," I told him. "I know that she'd love to get a drink from your pal."

Whether Mother was lowered out the window to Pal I never knew, for we left while they were still dancing, but I can picture her flipping out the window and up and down between Bluejacket and Pal like a yo-yo on a string. So much pep!

THE most outstanding of all the social events to which we were invited during our stay in the mountains was Mrs. Kettle's birthday dinner. We were the only outsiders asked, which was a singular honor.

One very hot July morning Mr. Kettle and Elwin drove up to the house, to borrow some egg mash. "Tomorra is Mawth birthday. We thought we would give a little thupper pa'ty for her and we want you folkth to come," Paw said.

"What time?" I asked.

"Oh, 'bout four-thirty," said Paw. "And by the way, everybody ith bringin' a little thomthin' to the party. You know, thort of picnic thtyle."

"I'll bring the birthday cake," I said, which evidently satisfied Paw, for he and Elwin took their egg mash and left.

I was not an expert cake maker, but decided to make up in size what it would undoubtedly lack in quality. None of my recipe books contained any directions for anything over two layers, so I doubled and tripled and before evening I had the great heavy square foundation layer done.

The next day dawned hazy but warm—a perfect day for a party and a perfect morning to bake the rest of the cake, which by noon was finished and frosted pink, white and blue. It was poisonous but festive looking, and as a final corny touch I lettered HAPPY BIRTHDAY on one side in red cinnamon drops and stuck an American flag on the top. At four o'clock on the dot we loaded the cake and set off. The farther down the mountain we drove the hotter it grew until by the time we turned into the Kettles' yard it was stifling. The yard was seething with cars, as all of the fifteen children, their husbands, wives, children and in-laws were there.

When everyone was seated, I suggested that we sing Happy Birthday. This was a mistake, I realized too late, for they followed Happy Birthday with Show Me the Way to Go Home and the dirty version of Little Red Wing. Maw interrupted this last by banging on the table with her fork and demanding quiet. Everyone cheered and said, "At's tellin' 'em, Maw!" and began passing food. Elwin had said that Paw would be right up, but we were well into the ice cream before he finally appeared. To protect him from the flies he had put on and pulled well down over his eyes a black straw hat of Mrs. Kettle's. From its crown bobbed a large pink rose. To shield him from draughts he had thrust his arms into a jade green knitted coat dress with a full pleated skirt. The skirt must have interfered with the milking, for he had taken a deep hem in it with horse blanket pins, giving the effect of a ballet skirt. He also wore a black work shirt, dungarees, hip boots, and was smoking a cigar. Choking in an effort to control my laughter until the others had seen the joke, I glanced at Bob, but he shook his head at me warningly. Amazed, I looked around the table—not one soul seemed to think there was anything unusual in Paw's dress. He clumped around the table, smiling happily at everyone, climbed into the chair beside Mrs. Kettle by swinging one manurey boot carelessly over that end of the table, and she said only, "You've took so long with the milking your coffee's cold, Paw. Helen, this here's the knitted dress Myrt sent me from New York. Ugly color, ain't it?"

After supper the men returned to the back porch, we women put the food away and washed the dishes, and Bob and I left just as a sizable fight started over who had stolen what from whose car. The cake was a great success.

We seldom went to the movies for two very sound reasons: 1. It meant driving from seventy to one hundred miles. 2. We had to get up at four o'clock in the morning. In addition to these, Bob always slept through everything but the news; and I became so biased that no matter how melodramatic the plot, I watched only to see if the heroine did any work or if she seemed to have all the conveniences of modern life. If she didn't work and seemed to have plenty of opportunity to take big hot steamy fragrant baths, I lost all interest in the plot. Under such circumstances, who gave a damn who got the man?

Put Out That Match!

Even with the continual rain, July, August, September and even October were bad fire months in the mountains. If you were unfortunate enough to live on a ranch near the Kettles, any month was dangerous. Paw, to save himself the effort of mowing the lawn, set fire to the grass and burned off the front porch. The Kettles burned brush any old time of year, and if the brush fire got away from them and burned five or ten acres of someone's timber, that was too bad.

It was late October of the second year when Elwin Kettle drove excitedly into our yard one morning to tell us that their barn was on fire. He said, "Paw filled the hay mow with wet hay and the darned stuff's combusted spontaneous. The barn's burnin' and it's set the brush in the ravine on fire, too. Maw said to warn you that it'll probably come up this way because the wind's from the south." I was frightened and ran out to the chicken house to fetch Bob, and he followed Elwin back to the ranch. Bob did not return until noon. When he did come home he said that if the fire crossed the road, our ranch would go. I asked if the Kettles were helping fight the fire and Bob said, "They helped only as long as the fire was on their land. The minute it crossed their boundary fence they went back to the house on the pretext of protecting the house and out-buildings."

Bob told me to spend the afternoon hosing off our roof and soaking the dry orchard grass and preparing to feed fire fighters. He left to get help.

All afternoon cars chugged up our road and then scooted down toward the Kettles'. Bob had spread the alarm and the farmers were answering the call for help. I learned later that Bob had gone even farther—he had asked Maxwell Ford Jefferson, the moonshiner, to help and Max passed the word on to all his good customers.

About seven o'clock Max knocked at the door and said in his soft liquidy voice, "Just thought I'd drop up and tell you not to worry, honey. I've got the biggest bunch of drunkards in the United States out fightin' that fire 'cause they think my still's up this away." Max was a tall, tobacco-colored man with old-world courtesy of manner, a southern drawl, and light yellow eyes which saw in the dark and spotted every exit in a room before he crossed the threshold. I gave him coffee and when he had finished he said he had something for me in his car and went out and brought in a ten-gallon keg of whiskey. He set it down carefully in the middle of the kitchen. "That theah is fine whiskey," he said. "It's been hangin' in a tree and should be smooth as oil now."

ABOUT eight o'clock Mrs. Hicks arrived with two chocolate cakes, two pounds of butter and two quarts of cream. The smoke had grown heavier with the lessening of the wind, but by closing all of the doors and windows I was able to keep most of it out of the house. A group of fighters arrived simultaneously with Mrs. Hicks and we had first to feed them before we could talk. Then we poured out cups of coffee and sank down to discuss the fire. I noticed with pleasure that in the excitement Mrs. Hicks had pulled the keg of whiskey over by the stove, had placed a pillow on it, and was sitting there primly drinking her coffee.

Bob came excitedly in, grimy beyond recognition, and demanded help in soaking and loading the truck with hundreds of feed sacks we had stored in the loft of the tool house. As we worked he told me that Max had the Kettles working at the point of his gun. He said that poor Maw Kettle was so humiliated about the whole thing that she had come to him in tears to ask if there wasn't something she could do.

Birdie Hicks left about ten thirty with my promise that if anything happened I would stay with her indefinitely.

After she had gone I sat by the stove with a magazine and I must have dozed for I was awakened by loud shouting down by the road. "This is it," I thought. "Let me see—should I wake the baby now, or wait until Bob comes?" I put the diaper bag on the whiskey keg, laid my purse on the diaper bag, glanced out the window to see if the heifer was still tied to the cherry tree, and we were ready. I could hear voices coming up the lane and my heart beat wildly. Where was Bob? Had the truck been burned? The back door opened and Max came in looking like something from a minstrel show. He said, "It's all O. K., honey. The fire's in the burn and it's fixin' to rain in about ten minutes. Better start slicin' ham and fryin' eggs and boilin' coffee—there's an awful hungry mob on the way up."

I fried eggs and ham and bacon and made toast and coffee until five the next morning. I also listened to the details of that and every other fire on the coast since the days of the first settlers. Paw Kettle and the boys were very much in evidence, behaving like heroes instead of the guilty perpetrators of the disaster, and with the camaraderie produced by success and my keg of whiskey every one else adopted the same attitude, getting Paw to tell over and over when he first smelled smoke, what he did, if he lost any livestock, and so forth. I was very grateful when Paw at last brought the gathering to an abrupt close by pointing out that in the early days when a farmer needed a new barn all of his friends and neighbors got together and helped him build it. Being Paw, he couldn't let it go at that—he had to add, "And I heard tell that each NEIGHBOR WOULD BRING thomething—thay, one would bring nailth—another the two by fourth, another THINGLE BOLTH . . ." Before he could finish this big lie, everyone but Bob and Max had eased out the door.

You Win

The next day it rained hard and all that remained of the fire were a hillside of glistening black stumps, occasional sharp cracks, wispy smoke and an acrid smell.

October eased out and November slid into its place. We got up in the morning to the persistent steady thumping of rain on the roof and we lay in bed at night and listened to the persistent steady thumping of rain on the roof.

One Saturday I went to town, but when I came home I knew it would be the last time that winter—driving so many many miles in the cold and rain in a truck was too hard on the baby.

Winter had come again, but there was no excitement in the knowledge. No visions of exhilarating battles with piling snows; no shutting out of roaring blizzard; no sudden dramatic changes in the weather. It was the regular, gradual closing in of the mountains with rain, rain, rain, moaning winds and loneliness.

Then, just before Christmas, Bob made an unexplained trip to Seattle. He was gone three days. The second day I ran out of kerosene and we had the worst storm the mountains could manage on such short notice. The wind screamed around the house like a banshee, the trees beat their breasts and moaned, and the night threw her musty cape over us at a little after four in the afternoon. At five thirty sharp we were all in bed. In the same bed. Anne and I under the covers at the top. Sport, the puppy, and the kittens at the bottom.

The next morning dawned at last gray and wild. Bob came home at three, looking and smelling deliciously urban. He had news. Wonderful news which he told me as he changed his clothes. He had gone to Seattle on the advice of the town banker, to look at a chicken ranch which was for sale. He hadn't said anything to me because he didn't want to disappoint me if the ranch had proved a poor buy. But it hadn't. The buildings were sound and well built, the price was stiff but not unreasonable, and the house was modern. In addition to all that the banker had a buyer for our place.

The storm continued, the candles blew out, the stove remained lukewarm, but I didn't even notice. I coasted around the house propelled by visions of linoleum floors, bathtubs, electric stoves and flushing toilets. It seemed to me that from now on life was going to be pure joy. After dinner we sat at the kitchen table and by the light of the sputtering candles figured assets and liabilities. At least Bob did. I was busy figuring how many hours a day I would save by having modern conveniences. I said to Bob, "I suppose that with lights in the chicken houses and running water and things we wouldn't have to get up until about seven or half past." Bob was busy figuring. He said, "Huh?"

I repeated, "I imagine that with lights and running water in the chicken houses we wouldn't have to get up until about seven or half past."

"Oh, that won't make any difference," Bob said. "Chickens have to be fed anyway and the earlier you feed 'em the sooner they start to lay." Which just goes to show that a man in the chicken business is not his own boss at all. The hen is the boss.

THE END

Puzzle 343 11/17/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

"HE would dine in the house of any man whom he happened to like, and he liked a queer assortment of people, without regard to their religion, their color, or their race. He seemed to think beggars were picturesque, but so were the rich. . . . This dangerous fellow hobnobbed with poverty without praising it, and enjoyed a rich man's dinner while feeling from some points sorry for him," says **John Erskine** in **The Human Life of Jesus.**

John Erskine

Mr. Erskine hasn't attempted a formal biography. His book is an intensely personal commentary, based on two principles that are interwoven like the themes of a symphony. The first is acceptance of the New Testament story as "a historical event, a stupendous apparition, the significance of which men recognized at the time." The second is: "He came among men as one of them."

There are some controversial implications in Mr. Erskine's book, but the only quarrel he invites is with professional skeptics. Irony is their traditional weapon, and he has turned it against them with telling effect.

Published by William Morrow & Co., New York. Price $3.

"WHEN it comes to economic importance in world trade, there are only a Big Two," says **George Soule** in **America's Stake in Britain's Future.** As for Russia, says Mr. Soule, she is interested in becoming self-sufficient rather than in capturing foreign markets.

George Soule

"If the United States and Britain follow harmonious economic policies," Mr. Soule believes, "they will for a long period constitute a center of gravity about which the orbits of other nations must swing. The economic fortunes of the world will be largely determined by the degree of prosperity which the two great trading nations are able to achieve and maintain.'"

Mr. Soule argues that America is committed to a policy of greater freedom of international trade; and that we would probably get Britain's consent to this on two conditions. One is that we refrain from export subsidies or other means of selling more than we buy. The other is that we take sound measures to avoid an economic crash, which would be certain to hit Britain on the rebound. The British have a snappy phrase for American depressions, says Mr. Soule—they call them "exporting unemployment."

Published by Viking Press, New York. Price $3.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin made his first experiments with electricity, he was asked what useful purpose they served. His answer was: "Of what use is a baby?"

The same question has been asked for years with regard to the Einstein theory. It receives a startling reply in **The Atomic Age Opens.** One of Einstein's mathematical equations showing the point at which matter was theoretically convertible into energy was tested in the atomic experiments—and theory became fact.

Hastily assembled by a staff of editors under the supervision of **Donald Porter Geddes**, this little book is surprisingly complete and well balanced.

Published by Pocket Books, Inc., New York. Price 25 cents.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

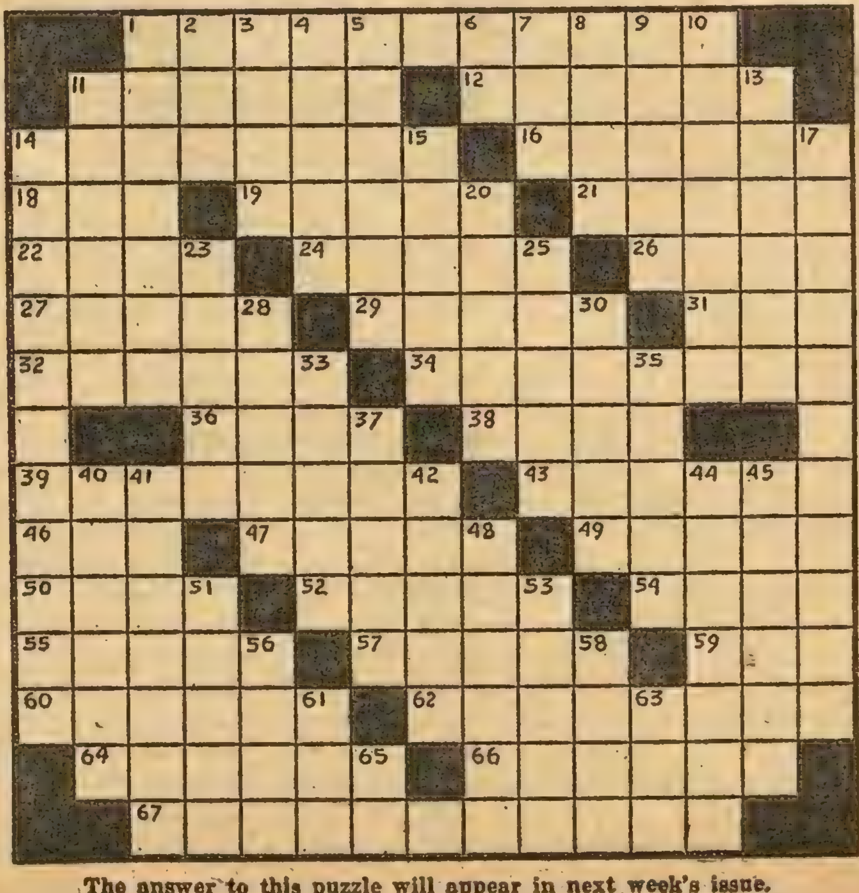
1 Some of the biggest lies on the radio
11 What every ambitious woman wants, and will settle for a man with one
12 He's been hung for years in France
14 Their wives are angels
16 Glass-house wreckers
18 Apples Penalize Doctors (abbr.)
19 Mare's nest
21 What the new tanned hides will do on the young folks this season
22 Kind of shape preferred by the U. S. Navy
24 Get into another man's business
26 Glamor hammer
27 Shoe elevators and mother beaters
29 What little boys want to grow up and play with
31 Air this in a backward manner
32 Diss iss der phoniest t'ing in Chermany
34 This is urbane; you like it
36 Nix to you, Kraut!
38 Liberty cartoonist
39 He gets all knotted up in his business
43 Kind of toothsome work
46 Own Any Nylons? (abbr.)
47 Collector's item, sounds warlike
49 America's Payground
50 Thith ith a thweet-puththed thing
52 Bum's chateau
54 Quite a Ladd, this fellow!
55 So long to Franco (we hope!)
57 Famous last word
59 Easy with a Zee
60 Woo pitcher
62 Tea deleafer
64 Wildest things in the West
66 Greets (anag.)
67 What Hiroshima was turned into

VERTICAL

1 Club porters
2 Spanish gold
3 Makes catty remarks
4 Racial gatherings
5 A sixty-year-old boy
6 Cockeyed Romeos (abbr.)
7 Intertwined Eye Straighteners (abbr.)
8 They live in the underworld
9 They go woof! and warp things up
10 Crosby with his blood drained off
11 0
13 Reprecipitate Angoras and Scotties
14 Member of the scrub team
15 Seagoing jaloppy (crafty, eh?)
17 Flying Pullman; upper with wings
20 Sits on the spine end with the mental sox off
23 Architectural reading matter for the home (pl.)
25 Press your suit in court
28 Backward or forward it leaves things just as they were
30 Here's where they toasted many an old woman, and did it burn her up!
33 A funny colleague of Joe Doakes
35 Borscht-fed glamor girl
37 Fiddling fool (pl.)
40 Laid eggs at 40,000 feet
41 Makes with the eyes and the hips (fem.)
42 Makes a fool of oneself
44 Biblical moolah (pl.)
45 Causes the eyes to pop and the tongue to dangle
48 Mardi Gras rose flinger
51 The same old baloney
53 Where noted criminals like to stay at
56 Ices in reverse
58 Rapid rodent
61 Mr. Butler's given name misspelled
63 Idiotic Eggheaded Nazis (abbr.)
65 Aw, shut up!

W	I	N	N	I	P	E	G	■	A	C	M	E
H	A	R	E	■	O	A	R	■	S	H	O	E
A	G	A	■	T	O	T	A	L	■	A	L	L
M	O	■	O	W	L	■	D	O	G	M	A	S
■	■	Q	U	A	R	T	■	P	E	P	S	■
S	P	U	R	I	O	U	S	■	E	L	S	E
I	R	A	■	N	O	D	E	S	■	A	E	F
N	O	S	E	■	M	O	R	A	L	I	S	T
■	B	I	T	E	■	R	A	V	E	N	■	■
T	A	M	A	L	E	■	G	E	T	■	W	E
I	T	O	■	F	A	L	L	S	■	H	A	Y
T	E	D	S	■	R	O	I	■	V	I	S	E
O	D	O	R	■	S	T	O	M	A	C	H	S

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"A bird couldn't end his days in better company"

THERE is no finer accompaniment to a noble fowl—or tribute to your guests—than Calvert Manhattans this Thanksgiving!

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So this Thanksgiving, make sure you get Calvert... if you want *the real thing.*

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RESERVE
Calvert

It's the Real Thing

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

CUSTODY OF THE DOG

Continued from Page 41

in a dark intelligent face. Although he was not yet thirty, he was an economist of considerable reputation. Big industrialists called on him for consultation and he was frequently answering mysterious summonses from Washington. In all, Jenny told Bones soberly, Henry Parton was a very fine catch and it behooved her to get her eyes as unswollen as possible before his arrival. She spent the half hour with witch hazel and ice cubes.

WHEN Henry arrived, her eyes were under control, with just an extra layer of green eye shadow, which Jeff had always hated. But Jenny felt it combined well with the slim sheathlike black dress from her number one trousseau. She was also trailing a cloud of an exotic perfume called Tiger Tease. Henry kissed her approvingly and deposited packages on the coffee table. They consisted of whisky for the liquor cabinet, an expensive hand-rubbed wooden dumbbell for Mr. Bones, and a pair of even more expensive long white kid gloves for Jenny.

"I'm sorry to be late," he told Jenny. "I'm going to be half an hour overdue taking Mr. Bones for his walk."

Jenny watched Mr. Bones frolicking with his dumbbell. She wished that she could express equal enthusiasm over the whisky and gloves. Although she knew whisky was the thing to drink, she just didn't like the taste of it. And she had not put on evening clothes for two years, and even if she had, she couldn't imagine swathing herself to the armpits in white kid. However, maybe in Washington society . . . She pulled herself together. "Mr. Bones is a spoiled dog," she said. "You mustn't worry about a little thing like half an hour."

But Henry was putting on his hat. "It isn't spoiling a dog to teach him to expect to go out at certain times. It's good discipline."

Certainly, Jenny reflected, Henry brought out the best in Mr. Bones. Bones was sitting up awkwardly, his big Abraham Lincoln face wreathed in smiles, waiting for the lead to be fastened on his collar. Jenny liked to think that it was Mr. Bones' intelligence which made him appreciate Henry. Bones had struck up the acquaintance in the first place, during a snowstorm in Washington Square last Christmas Eve. Although she had been invited to no less than six housewarmings, Jenny was celebrating the occasion solo, out of pique because Jeff was tied up on an assignment. Henry had thrown snowballs for Mr. Bones, and then, because it was Christmas Eve and Jenny had cried a little when she confessed she was alone, had bought hot buttered rum for her at the Brevoort. That had been the beginning. Now, nine months afterward, he had announced bluntly that there was only one solution: she would either divorce Jeff, or he, Henry, would move out of her life. There were no back doors for Henry, no illicit stolen kisses. . . . Jenny remembered suddenly.

"Jeff was here today," she said. "He still insists on the custody of Mr. Bones."

A flicker of impatience crossed Henry's face. "It seems to me we're wasting a lot of time and anguish over a trifle."

"But Mr. Bones isn't a trifle!"

"Of course not, honey. I mean, I think Jeff is trying to hurt you. Do you want me to talk to him?"

"Oh, darling, would you?"

He patted her cheek. "Of course. Remember, Jenny, you aren't alone any more. You have someone to lean on."

The evening, like all nights out with Henry, was perfect. Their restaurant reservation was in proper order and they sat at what Jenny knew was the celebrity table. The wine was chilled exactly according to Henry's instructions. The food, which Henry had ordered during the afternoon, was wonderful. They finished their coffee just in time to walk leisurely to a theater and sit down in tenth-row aisle seats three minutes before the curtain went up. Afterward, Henry estimated, they had just time for one nightcap at Jenny's apartment before Bones' midnight walk.

A block away from her house, when the cab stopped for a light, Jenny could hear the unmistakable howling of Mr. Bones, lion with just a trace of hound. She mentioned nothing to Henry, hoping that some miracle would happen to silence Bones. But even Henry caught on when they drew up at the door. While he paid the cab, Jenny rushed ahead of him to have a short private chat with her dog.

Immediately, when he heard Jenny's key in the door, Mr. Bones stopped howling and, yelping joyously, flung himself on her. "The only way to make him stop," she explained desperately to Henry, "is to take him out."

"It isn't twelve o'clock," Henry shouted. "Give him a whack over the fanny with a newspaper. That will quiet him."

"But it seems so awful. He's welcoming me home. You see, I never used to leave him alone, hardly."

EVENTUALLY Mr. Bones saw Henry's point of view, or tried. At any rate, just as Jenny's voice was beginning to crack from screaming at the dog to keep still, he subsided to his cushion (eighteen dollars from Saks Fifth Avenue, a Christmas present from Jeff last year) and watched Jenny with resentful eyes. She turned her back on him and sipped the highball which Henry had provided.

"Honey," he said, "I hate to push you, but you can't blame me for being impatient. When are you going to Reno?"

Jenny smiled at him. "You aren't pushing me, dear. You are being wonderful and patient. It's just that—none of the business about the divorce really upset me until we came to Mr. Bones. Even if Jeff lets me have him, I don't know what I will do with him while I am gone."

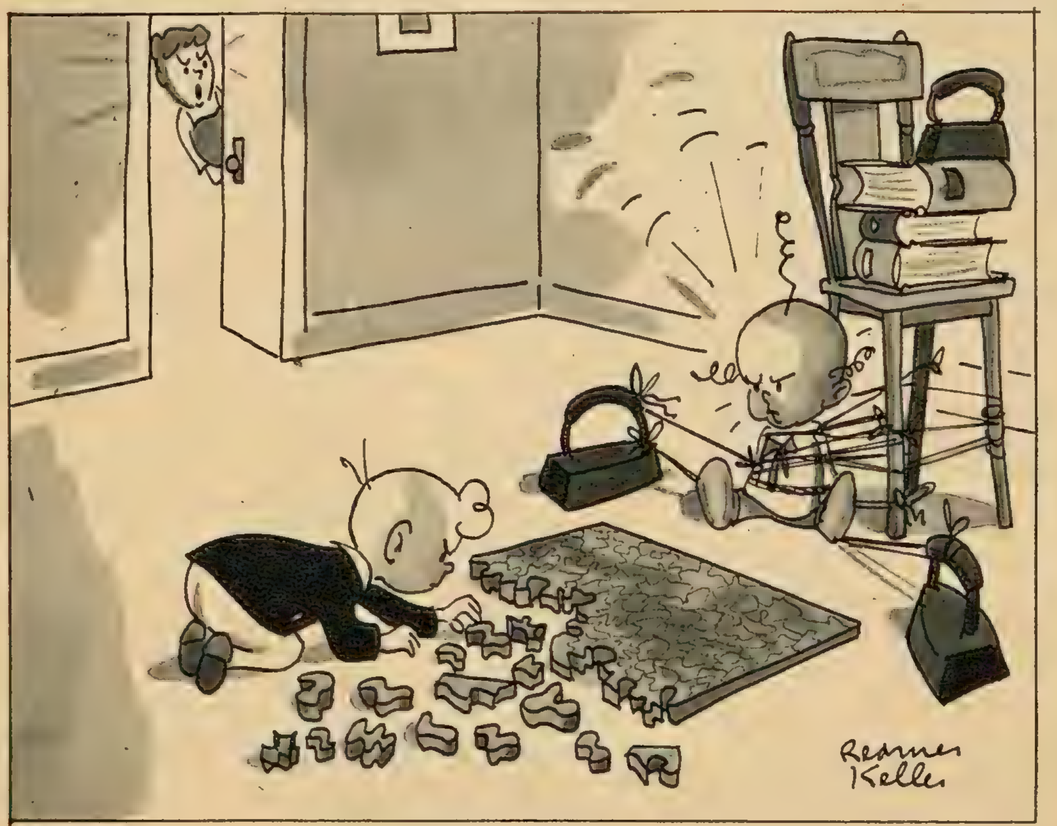
Henry put his hand over hers. "Jenny, I've been thinking about that. I will keep him. The doorman will walk him at noon and I can take care of the rest of the time."

"But he'll be alone all day—"

"I'll fix it so that he doesn't bark the way he did tonight. We couldn't have him bothering people."

(*Continued on page 70*)

HARDTACK



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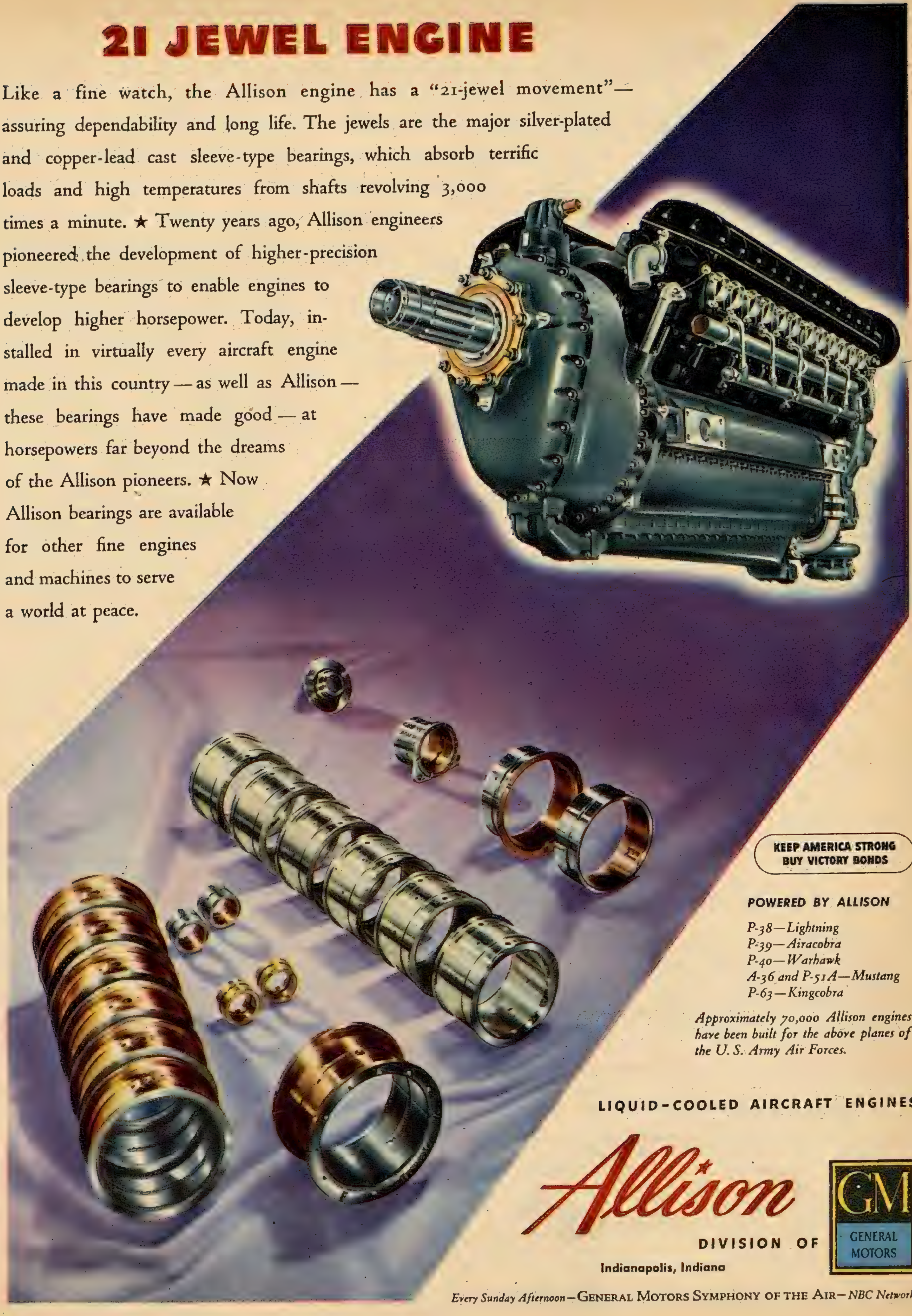

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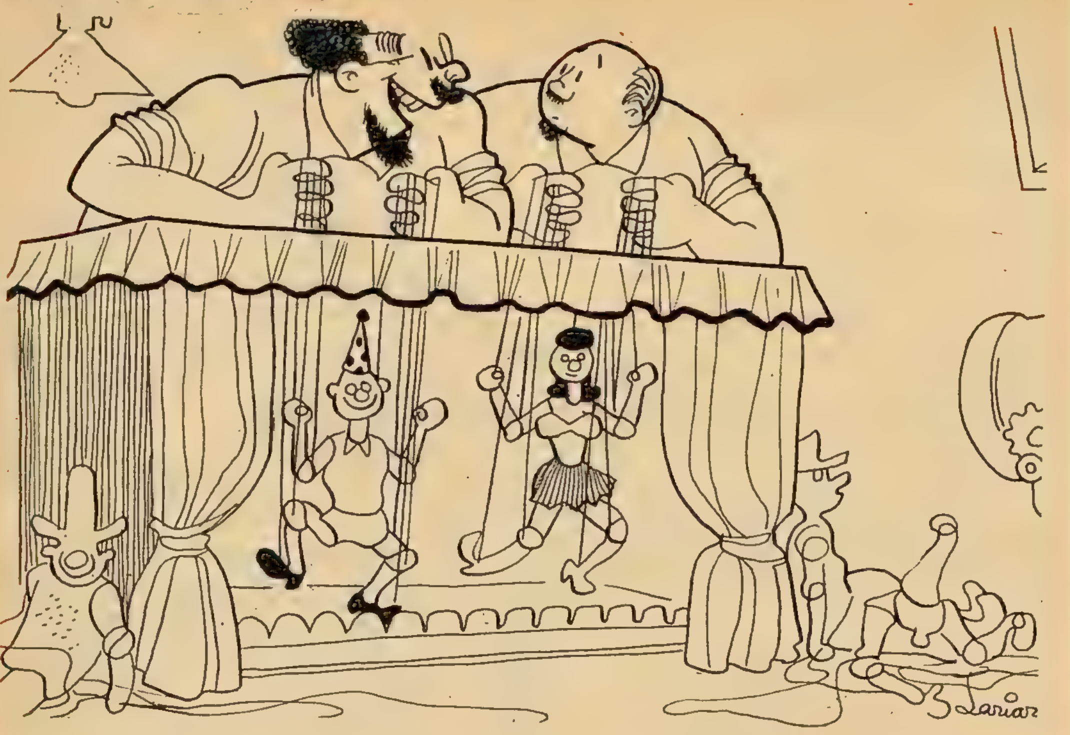

"Let's set up a puppet government and then destroy it!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 68*)

Jenny took a long breath. "It isn't—I wasn't thinking about that. Mr. Bones will be lonesome."

"So will I." Henry's hand tightened convulsively.

"I mean—darling, I suppose we've spoiled Mr. Bones. But when Jeff and I went out, we used to take him with us. He is mad about taxis. And night clubs—we always used to check him with the hat girls. They adored him. About the time Jeff had his third drink, he used to send in an ice-cream soda to Bones. Everybody got an awful kick out of seeing Bones eat it."

She halted suddenly. Henry's hand felt lifeless on hers, and cold. "I'm sorry," she said. "I got to rambling. I suppose it isn't a very funny story."

His face was still stiff, but his voice was jagged. "I suppose I have to get used to the idea that you belonged to another man before I met you. But I don't like to hear about it. He's been hanging around here an awful lot lately." He stood up and strode to the window. Then, abruptly, he wheeled on Jenny. "Does he still kiss you?"

"Pooh," said Jenny, "just on the forehead. He kisses lots of girls on the forehead, all my best friends. I was never jealous."

She stopped, realizing that she had said the wrong thing again. But Henry was looking at his watch. "It's ten minutes after twelve," he said, "and I have a big day tomorrow. After we are married, I think we should fix the schedule so we can give Mr. Bones his last walk at ten thirty. Maybe while you are in Reno, I'll shift him."

Jenny slid to her feet. "Bones is very adaptable. If we want to sleep late, all we have to do is walk him late at night. He's very accommodating. When you have a hangover, he tries to have one too."

Henry kissed her. "I hope we won't bother Mr. Bones with many of those. Look, honey, you're yawning. Pop into bed and leave the door on the latch. I'll let Mr. Bones in quietly so he won't disturb you."

"That," said Jenny, "is strictly a pipe dream. Ever since I've been—alone—Bones has the idea that he should sleep with me."

"That's the first thing I'm going to break him of." Henry put down his hat and took Jenny in his arms. He was comfortable to lean against, not hard and bony like Jeff, and more Jenny's size. He held Jenny hard. She relaxed and let the will power ebb out of her. Then, suddenly, he released her. "Go to bed, Jenny. I'll call you in the morning."

JENNY was not sleepy. But she put the front door on the latch and took a mystery story into the bedroom with her. She did not hear Mr. Bones come in, but she had hardly met the corpse when there was an imperious scratch on her door. Jenny got out of bed and opened it. Bones, looking remarkably as if he were wearing pajamas and carpet slippers, sauntered in and climbed up on the blue satin comforter. He yawned three times and rolled himself into a ball. With smarting eyes, Jenny remembered that Jeff had called the position "Mr. Bones' poached-egg look." She bent down and dropped her blonde head on Mr. Bones' black one. "I won't let you go," she whispered fiercely. "Nobody can make me."

The next morning, promptly at ten, Henry called. "I've just talked to Jeff. He is willing to have a conference about the dog, but he insists on your being present. I thought, if you were willing, that we might as well meet at the lawyer's. Then you can both sign all the final papers. I don't want to rush you, darling, but I had my secretary check, and we can get you train reservations to Reno next Tuesday. Can you make that?"

"I—I don't know." Jenny felt confused. "I can't go until it is settled about the dog."

"Honey," Henry's voice was amused but it was also a little superior, "didn't I tell you that is what we are fixing this afternoon? Be there at five. I will get over there just as near that time as I can do it."

THROUGH the entire divorce discussion, Jeff had maintained an attitude of amicable indifference. He had moved cheerfully into the hotel, assuring Jenny that he had spent so much time traveling that he hardly noticed the difference. He had politely asked if he could meet Henry. When Jenny, with some misgivings, arranged a cocktail date at what was now her apartment, Jeff had turned up with a girl, a date for himself. "It made things more graceful, don't you think?" he had said the next day over the telephone.

They had had one previous session, without Henry, at the lawyer's office. The lawyer, of course, was Henry's, but Jeff got along fine with him. This time Jenny, nervously prim in a scarlet suit with deep nutria cuffs, and a small nutria hat, came in and found Jeff standing on a chair with his camera dangling open from a strap around his neck.

"I'm taking a shot of Mr. Jacques for the Law Journal," he said cheerfully. "You're just in time, Jenny. You can hold the light."

From long habit, Jenny meekly picked up the reflector and took a handful of flashlight bulbs. She stood, according to Jeff's directions, on a newspaper in a deep-cushioned leather chair and teetered perilously toward Mr. Jacques. The tableau, with Mr. Jacques looking legal and happy as its center, was thus arranged when Henry arrived. Jenny was aware that she was not being precisely dignified. But she was afraid to drop the lights. In real life Jeff was gentle as a lamb. But the minute he picked up a camera he became boss, and a tough boss.

He worked fast, as usual. In a few minutes he had his camera and lights repacked in the equipment case and the three of them were spaced around Mr. Jacques' desk with Mr. Jacques facing them.

Henry started the discussion. He said firmly, in his best captain-of-industry manner, "This may seem trivial to you, Mr. Jacques, but the question of the custody of the dog has come up. My—er—future wife would like very much to have him."

Mr. Jacques took up his handsome onyx-trimmed pen and gravely put a dot on a piece of white paper in front of him. "Nothing is too trivial to be discussed with me. I presume," he glanced at Jeff, "that you do not object to allowing your—er—present wife to have the pet?"

(*Continued on page 72*)

"Take my advice and pick a Servel . . . it's so-o-o silent,"

says Jerry Colonna *famous radio and picture star*

"Egad, it's amazing!" says Jerry (Professor) Colonna. "A noisy refrigerator reminds me of *that* gabby woman. And I can't stand either of 'em. That's why I switched to a Servel Gas Refrigerator years ago. I've never heard a peep out of it to this day. Never had a minute's trouble. When friends talk about getting a new refrigerator, I always tell 'em to pick a Servel"! As two million happy owners have found, this different refrigerator stays silent and lasts longer.

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(*Continued from page 70*)

Jeff put his feet on Mr. Jacques' solid walnut desk. "You bet I do," he said clearly. "The dog stays with me, otherwise — I have Jenny and her Henry just about where I want them. She hasn't anything on me. I've led a highly moral life, I always brush my teeth, I've kept her in red suits and fur hats. I'm the one who should get some settlement out of the mess. Well, I want Mr. Bones. No doggie, no divorcee."

Jenny stood up. "Take your feet off that desk, you lousy show-off! Sit up like a man."

Jeff closed one eye and peered at Jenny with the other. "Why?" he said.

Jenny edged toward him. "Because," she said, "I'm going to hit you!" She drew back her hand and struck him hard across the mouth. Jeff did not move. But Henry jumped up and took Jenny by the arm and steered her firmly to where he had been sitting—with the desk between her and Jeff.

Jenny glared at Henry. "Well, you wouldn't hit him, so I had to."

Jeff's voice was languid. "You didn't need any help, kid. For such a little thing, you pack quite a wallop."

Henry stood between them, trying desperately to remove an imaginary piece of lint from a pristine coat sleeve. He cleared his throat. "Honey, that isn't a very satisfactory way to act. Jeff has done some compromising. Why don't you try to understand his point of view?"

"His point of view!" Jenny laughed nastily. "There isn't room in his head for a point of view to get in sideways. Nuts. No, Henry, there is only one thing to do. I've made up my mind. I just won't get a divorce. You and I and Mr. Bones will live in sin."

Henry sat down abruptly. He looked at Mr. Jacques piteously and, finding no encouragement there, straightened his shoulders. "Honey, don't make such a mountain out of a molehill. What if Jeff does want Mr. Bones? Let him have him. I'll get you a *good* dog."

There was silence in Mr. Jacques' office. Heavy, explosive silence. Jenny's face was white. Mr. Jacques, eyes down, put three more dots on the piece of white paper and carefully connected them with straight lines. Jeff was watching Jenny. She opened her bag and pulled a slim silver compact out of its chamois case. She inspected her face in the mirror. Then she closed the compact with a sharp click.

"Thank you, Henry, but I think I'll keep Mr. Bones. He may not be a very good dog, but I'm not a very good girl, either. You run along and find yourself a couple of other people."

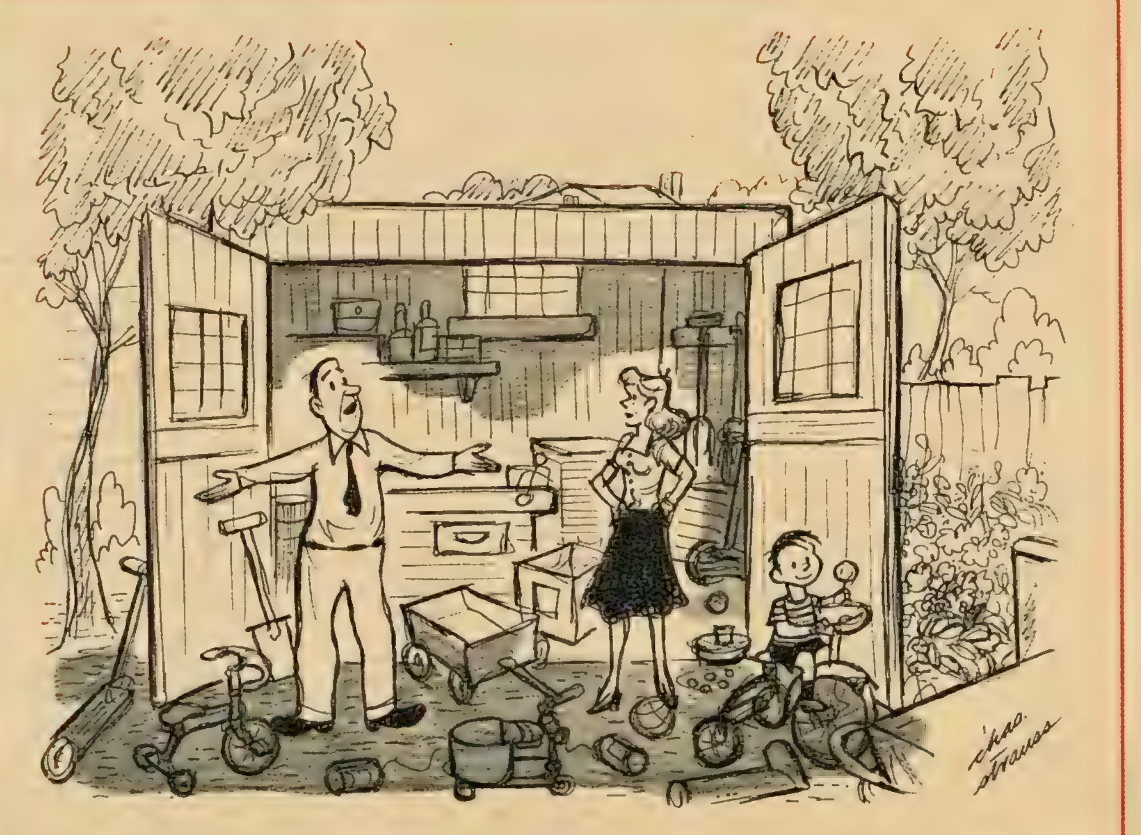
Henry jumped frantically to his feet. "Honey, I didn't mean to be a brute. I only thought—all dogs are alike, you know. You get fond of all of them. I'll get you any kind you want. While you are in Reno, I'll send him to a special handler for training. You'll have an animal you'll be proud to take any place. Please, honey."

JENNY picked up her gloves carefully. Then she turned on Henry. "If you call me honey once more, I'll stick my hands down your throat and pull out your vocal cords."

Henry's hands dangled limply. His jaw sagged. "But you can't mean—"

"Don't be childish. I don't know how I stood it as long as I did. Whisky, room-temperature wine, dog walks on schedule, pretending you loved Bones. Henry Parton, you're a two-faced bore. A good dog, my hat. Go away!"

(*Continued on page 74*)



"But where would we put a *car*?"

LIBERTY

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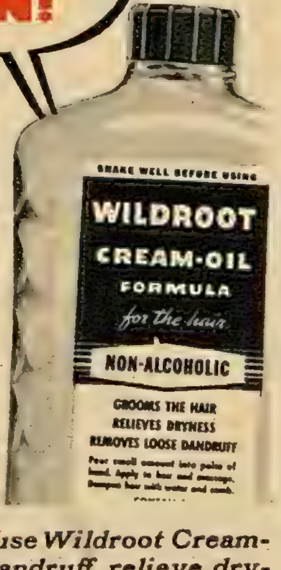

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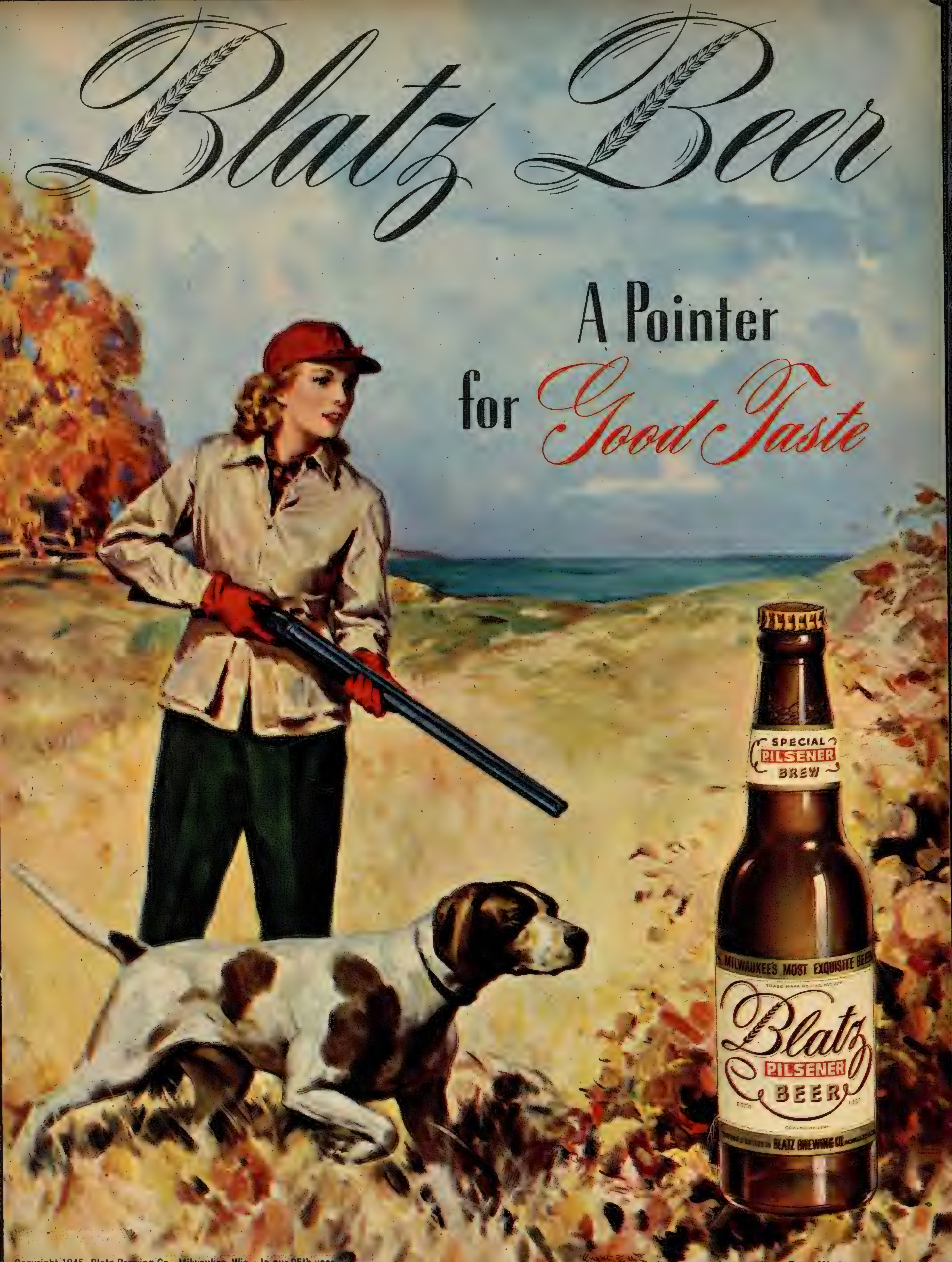
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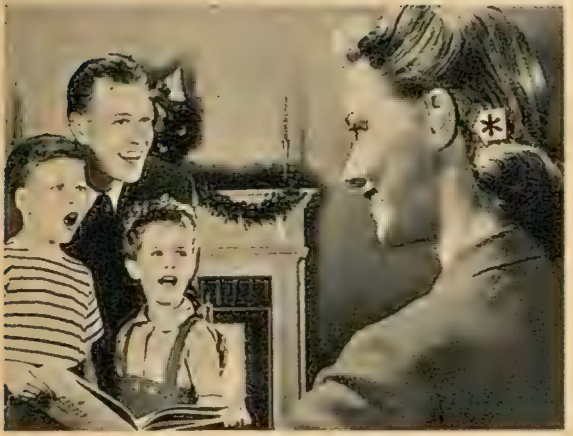
Buy Victory Bonds

The gift I thought no one could give me



*So inconspicuous

Listen . . . they're singing Little Town of Bethlehem, and I can actually *hear* them! Me, who thought I'd lost the priceless gift of hearing forever.

I'd grown to hate the very thought of Christmas. While others would be happy, I'd feel out of it . . . alone, resentful, imprisoned in a world of silence.

But tonight, I'm as thrilled as a child that Christmas is coming. For I'll be part of things, again.

And, I'll offer a prayer of thanks for a husband like David. It was he who overcame my foolish fears about wearing a hearing aid and induced me to try a Zenith. That's his Christmas gift to me . . . *hearing* . . . the gift I thought no one could give me.

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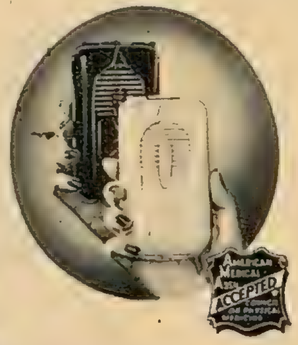

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(Continued from page 72)

Mr. Jacques cleared his throat and made a large scalloped circle around the dots and lines. Failing to catch his eye, Henry turned pathetically toward Jeff. Jeff nodded.

"You see how it is, old man. Jenny's not stable. I got thrown out the same way. I was away on a little business trip trying to earn some money so that my wife could buy pretty clothes, and what happened? Some skunk began making passes at her and she dropped me like a dead mouse."

Henry quietly picked up his hat. The door shut behind him.

MR. JACQUES crumbled the white paper into a ball and tossed it into the waste basket. "That's why I have a silencer on my office door," he said. "I suppose now—you won't care to go on with our little legal business?"

Jenny smiled at him. "I've been an awful nuisance to you, Mr. Jacques. I suppose lawyers hate people like me."

"Oh," said Mr. Jacques, "to hell with lawyers. If I was only in some interesting line of work, like photography." To Jeff: "You send me those pictures and I'll call it square."

Jeff steered Jenny out of the office. On the street, he turned to her. "Where are you headed? I have the car. I'll give you a lift."

Jenny considered. "I really don't know. I was planning to hurry home and pack for Reno. I was going to leave next Tuesday. Now I haven't much to do. It's funny, isn't it?"

"Very," Jeff said. "Would you consider having dinner with your—present husband?"

"Don't you have a date? That girl you brought up to the apartment?"

"No," said Jeff, "I don't have a date. I haven't had very many dates, as a matter of fact. Being married makes a man lose his taste for that sort of thing."

"Jeff," Jenny put her hand on his arm, "Mr. Bones has been sleeping in the bed with me since you—left. It was sort of cute. He walked right in every night and insisted."

Jeff stopped short. "Jenny, you might as well know that if worst had come to worst, I would have let you keep Bones. I know how you love him. It was only that—well, I love you, too, and I was trying every way I could to hold you. I—I've even been dickering with that job in Hollywood again. I thought that if the Bones business didn't work and you went to Reno, I would be near enough to see you."

Jenny sighed. "Well, I'm not going to Reno. You wouldn't take that job last year; you said it was too dull and routine, photographing the torsos of Hollywood."

Jeff smiled at her. "Do you mind standing there just a minute and letting me get a good look at the gal who is still my wife? Baby, if you would be willing to—keep on—for a while, I might take that job. There wouldn't have to be any traveling."

Jenny looked up at him. "You would do that for me?"

Jeff shrugged. "I'd do it for myself. I'm afraid to keep on being a traveling man. Too many wolves like Henry in the world."

"He was a stuffed shirt," Jenny said. "I don't know why I was such a dope. But I was lonesome and I thought he would give me security. Security? I'd have been bored to death in two weeks. And he brought Bones all sorts of uplifting presents and he was disciplining him. I suppose he isn't really a good dog, but he has an understanding heart."

Jeff held out his hand. "For God's sake, darling, stop standing there being beautiful and talking about Bones. Will you try me again?"

Tears surged into her eyes. It was five thirty and most of Fifth Avenue was going home. Jeff and Jenny made a little island in the moving mass of people. Jenny drew close to Jeff. She put her head on his shoulder. "Jeff, sweetheart, may I tell you something? I love Mr. Bones and he's wonderful, but—do you know why I had to hang on to him so hard? He meant you to me—dumb, careless, crazy, fascinating you."

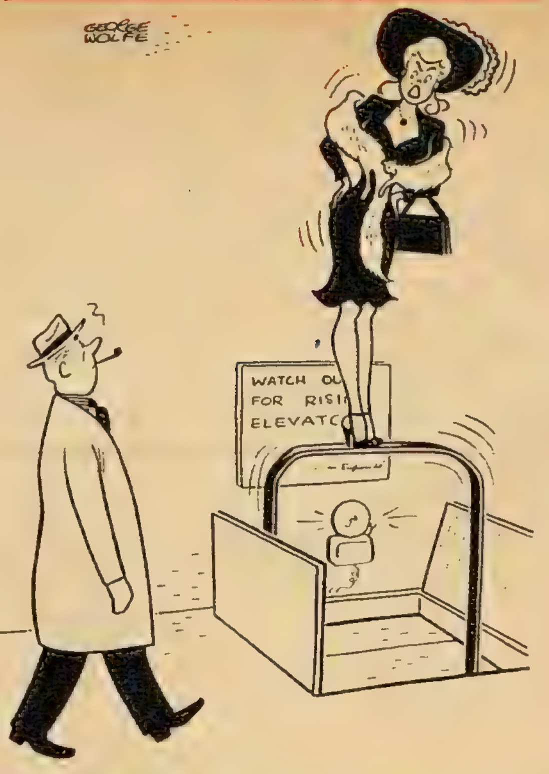
Jeff grabbed her hard. "God, baby, I've been through hell. I didn't blame you any of the time. It was my fault. I'm going to be a lot better husband from here in."

Jenny lifted her head. "I didn't want to go to Reno. I didn't want a divorce. But you seemed to be taking it so calmly. You didn't make a fuss or—"

"Say, why don't you two hire a hall?" A small boy stood staring.

Jeff laughed, put one arm around Jenny's waist and swung her into a run. "We don't have to," he called back. "We have an apartment. We're married. And I'm going home right now and kick a dog out of bed."

THE END



"You picked a fine spot for me to wait for you!"
LIBERTY

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CORN SYRUP
The Best MOLASSES

Put them all together . . .
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When you see the "parts" of candy, don't you naturally get a new appreciation of candy? No wonder candy is so good to eat!

NOTE: If your favorite candy is scarce these days, remember sugar is still being rationed. Candy makers are doing their best—so, if you can't find your favorite, try other fine candies.

COUNCIL ON CANDY of the NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION
Headquarters: One North LaSalle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois

. . . an organization devoted to maintaining high standards of quality in candy and the dissemination of authoritative information on its use as an energy-producing, morale-building food.

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the amazing FILTER HOLDER that smokes one cigarette thru another.

removes major part nicotine and tars.

See what happens!

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$1 AT ALL GOOD STORES

Slightly higher in Canada

LIKE ALL YOU SMOKE

L & H STERN Inc., B'klyn, N.Y.

THAT PROPHETABLE GUY, BUCK ROGERS

Continued from Page 32

after they have been blown apart, and restore the atomized object or person to original form. This gadget I have called the integratron.

But why do we worry about the children? They know more about secret weapons than the Ordnance Department. And bloodthirsty? Goodness me! What was that old wheeze about—

Little Willie with a knife
Separated ma and life.
Willie's always up to tricks.
Ain't he cute? He's only six.

A newspaper cartoonist would hardly be called an educator. Yet it is said on good authority that if a child would spend half the time on his schoolwork that he does reading the comics, the present generation would grow up to be mental wizards.

Two child psychologists, Drs. Lauretta Bender and Reginald S. Laurie, have said that the essence of childhood is a magic compound of imagination and fantasy. Great adventures, for the child, are limited only by his imagination. Thus, they go on adventures with the comic characters and have a great time. One little girl said she liked the funnies because they did her imagining for her and everything always came out right.

When you think of the millions of children (and adults too) who read the comics, you realize the strain put upon the tired brain of the cartoonist. He must watch his step constantly. Kids go for blood-and-thunder like kittens for cream, but their parents often frown upon them. If the cartoonist makes his strip too wishy-washy, the children won't read it, and if he gets too murderous, the parents object. It's a vicious circle!

Bill Schwindler of Grumman Aircraft said that thirty years from now men will perhaps don a pair of mechanized wings and fly. (There's the Buck Rogers flying belt.) Mr. Schwindler went on to say if you want to know what's going to happen, read the comic strips. The death ray has been in comic strips for years. We are heading toward it now with radar. By the time the engineer actually has a death ray, the comic stripper will be billions of miles out in space, fighting interplanetary wars.

A FULL-PAGE ad, featuring jet propulsion, appeared under the banner of Bell Aircraft. The text began with these impressive words: "Think you're seeing Buck Rogers' plane? You're not. You are looking at the performance of America's newest fighter — the first jet propelled airplane to be accepted by the United States Air Forces."

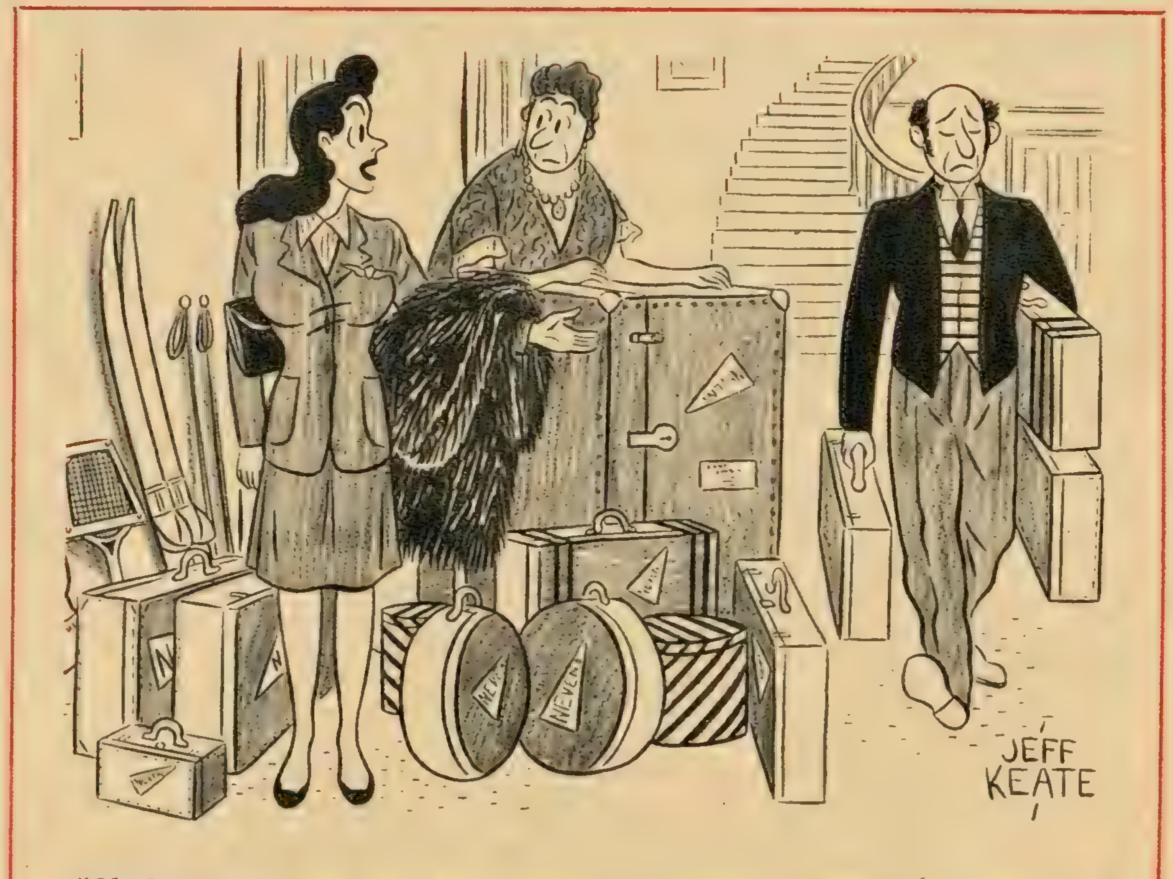
At Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, the equipment laboratory and special-weapons section, Matériel Command, is known as the Buck Rogers Department.

Colonel John R. Kane, famous for his part in the air raid over the Ploesti oil fields, is called Killer Kane, who, in comic-strip life, is the villain of Buck Rogers. My apologies, colonel.

This goes on and on with tiresome regularity. It is uncanny. Among my "publicity men" are such dignitaries as Bob Hope, Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, Walter Winchell, Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor, and — Oh, what's the use?

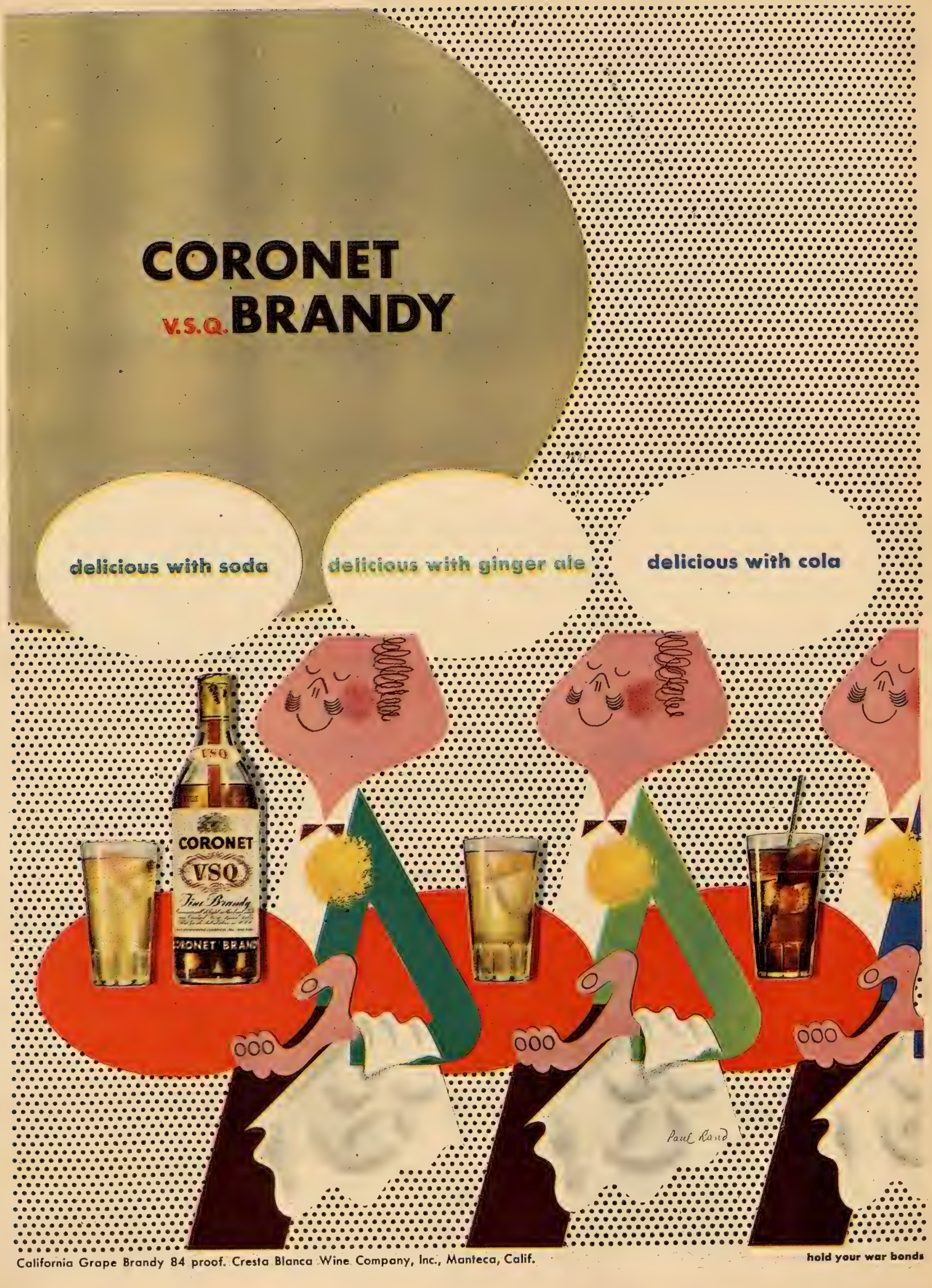
And speaking of radar, which we weren't, may I claim to have invented that little number? Only I

(*Continued on page 78*)



"Oh, by the way, mother—got a pencil? I'll probably need one at school!"

LIBERTY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CORONET
VSQ
Fine Brandy
CORONET BRAND
Paul Rand

California Grape Brandy 84 proof. Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Manteca, Calif.

hold your war bonds

(*Continued from page 76*)

called it a refractoscope. It was a machine that bent the optic light rays so a person could see around corners.

For years my friend Professor Nard Keeler of the famous Keeler lie detector has been after the secret of my refractoscope for use in police work.

Maybe I'll give it to him some of these days.

Dr. Huer, Buck's old friend and well-known scientist of the twenty-fifth century, once looked around the world with his refractoscope and saw the back of his own head. This, however, took place on an unusually clear day.

I could go on like this indefinitely, but I'm tired, and I guess you are, too. One more thing I must say, however, for it just goes to show you.

When the late President Roosevelt and former Prime Minister Churchill conferred, they came out with a new name for the Allies—United Nations.

Those words struck a chord in my subconscious and I went back through my files. There it was—

Sentry on Mars: Halt! Stand an' give th' countersign.

Buck Rogers: United Nations— of Earth.

"Well, you needn't bite my head off!"
LIBERTY

That strip was dated 1937, under a U. S. copyright, and registered U. S. Patent Office. But did I sue the government? I did not. Instead, I wrote President Roosevelt and gave him the name United Nations as a present from Buck Rogers. And I got this reply:

The White House
Washington

Dec. 17, 1942

My Dear Mr. Calkins,

Your letter of December fourteenth with the enclosed cartoon has been received, and I want to thank you, in the President's behalf, for your thoughtful interest in writing.

Very sincerely yours,
M. H. McIntyre,
Secretary to the President.

Great kidders, the lads in Washington.

This futuristic stuff must have something. Let the warmakers worry about their atomic bomb. Buck Rogers has a neutron gun that makes it as harmless as birdseed. I will bring this new secret weapon into the open as soon as the War Department gives me permission. All I can tell you now is that the neutron neutralizes the explosive force of the atom.

There is also impervium, a twenty-fifth century metal that resists the action of atomic force by rerouting it and causing it to retrace its path, thereby blasting its sender.

Retribution, thy name is Buck Rogers!

Don't turn your dial yet. I'm nearly through. I've got a tiger by the tail and I can't let go. The Filly-loo bird flies backward because it likes to see where it has been and doesn't give a hoot where it is going. But this old world of ours isn't flying backward.

We're going places—and fast. Hang on to your hats, folks! The next rocket broomstick leaves for Pluto in twenty seconds! All ABOOO-OO-ARD!

THE END

For bang-up shaving speed and ease
This low-priced blade is sure to please!
You look well-groomed the whole day through—
And Thin Gillette saves hard cash, too!

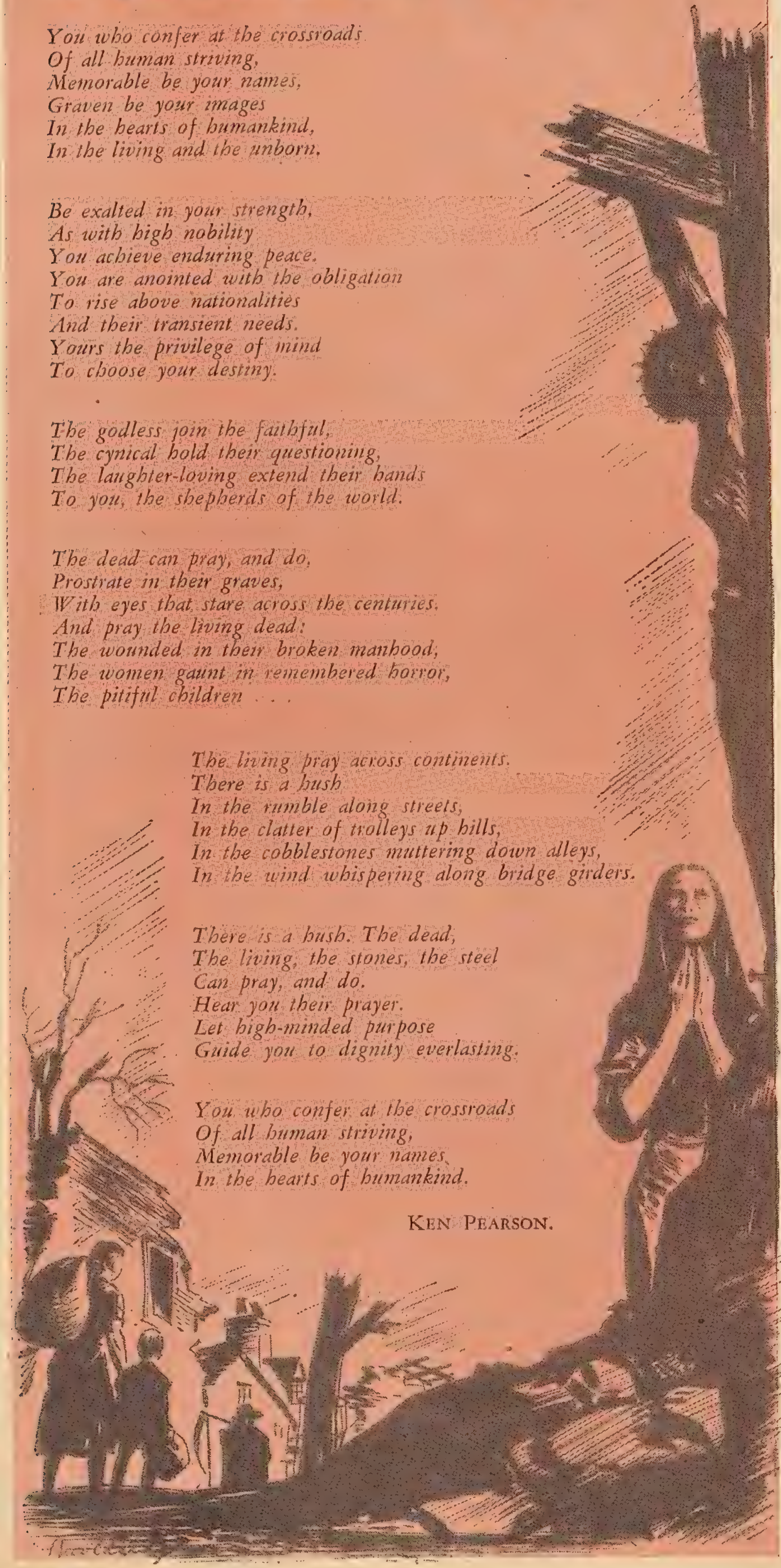
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10¢

Top quality at rock-bottom price

Produced By The
Maker Of The
Famous
Gillette Blue
Blade

To Those in High Places

A Prayer at War's End



You who confer at the crossroads
Of all human striving,
Memorable be your names,
Graven be your images
In the hearts of humankind,
In the living and the unborn.

Be exalted in your strength,
As with high nobility
You achieve enduring peace.
You are anointed with the obligation
To rise above nationalities
And their transient needs.
Yours the privilege of mind
To choose your destiny.

The godless join the faithful,
The cynical hold their questioning,
The laughter-loving extend their hands
To you, the shepherds of the world.

The dead can pray, and do,
Prostrate in their graves,
With eyes that stare across the centuries.
And pray the living dead:
The wounded in their broken manhood,
The women gaunt in remembered horror,
The pitiful children . . .

The living pray across continents.
There is a hush
In the rumble along streets,
In the clatter of trolleys up hills,
In the cobblestones muttering down alleys,
In the wind whispering along bridge girders.

There is a hush. The dead,
The living, the stones, the steel
Can pray, and do.
Hear you their prayer.
Let high-minded purpose
Guide you to dignity everlasting.

You who confer at the crossroads
Of all human striving,
Memorable be your names
In the hearts of humankind.

KEN PEARSON.

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WHAT DID *NOT* HAPPEN TO THE BATAAN NURSES

Continued from Page 19

to Rosemary?" That was when I was supposed to have lost my arms and tongue. "I know it's true," he said, "because I checked it."

Someone else had said I was seen coming home on a bus. I had a cape around me—to cover my mutilation and shame. Since returning to duty, first in Washington and then in Miami, I learned that this same nurse-on-a-bus story went all over the country. I don't know how many Bataan nurses it has been applied to, but I am sure it's quite a number. One of the girls told me her mother had heard she had lost her arms. A reporter, checking with the War Department, said the maimed nurse was reported to have been seen on a bus in Texas, which is a big place. One corporal told it to another in an airplane high over the Pacific. A medical officer in the Air Surgeon's office in Washington heard the story from someone who said he had seen the nurse. This time the poor thing was reported to be in Walter Reed General Hospital. She had disappeared without a trace when Lieutenant Colonel Juanita Redmond, one of the dozen nurses who escaped from Corregidor, went to investigate.

I am getting a little tired of this tongue-wagging. When I first got back, friends urged me to write my story. I argued that I had nothing very exciting to tell. After all the authentic reports of Jap atrocities, my story sounds tame. I do feel now, however, that these exaggerated rumors should be publicly refuted.

Not one of the sixty-eight nurses who was captured in the surrender of Bataan and Corregidor was tortured or violated. On Liberation Day we were all alive and whole. I can't say alive and *well,* because that would be stretching it. You don't feel very well after months of semi-starvation.

I AM not trying to debunk the terrible things that happened to uncounted hundreds of prisoners of war and Filipino civilians. They are all too true.

That we were spared these horrors must seem even more of a mystery to the people who remembered that on Christmas Day, 1941, the same day we retreated with MacArthur into Bataan, the nurses in the British hospital at Hong Kong were gang-raped and, in some cases, bayoneted to death. That is a matter of record, but we never heard about it in Bataan. We did, of course, have some recollection that the Japs behaved like animals in the rape of Nanking in 1937, and we heard rumors of atrocities at Hong Kong and Singapore.

We didn't know what to believe, but were so busy and so sure, until the last, that help would come, that we had no great worry about our fate at the hands of the Japs until after the surrender of Corregidor.

I was one of the lucky nineteen nurses selected for evacuation from "the Rock" by Navy flying boat on April 29, 1942, because I had been wounded. This had happened three weeks before at Bataan Hospital No. 1.

The nurses didn't run for their foxholes in Bataan every time the siren sounded, for it happened so often no one could have accomplished anything. When the bomb came through the tar-paper roof, I was sitting in a ward of "community beds" (triple deckers with six on a deck) discharging an Air Corps lieutenant with malaria to make room for front-line casualties coming in. The lieutenant had just told me to put my helmet on when we heard the bomb whistle. We hit the floor—that is, he hit the floor and I landed on him.

The bomb exploded about twenty-five feet away and my patients were blown every which way. There was a weird moment of absolute quiet after everything stopped falling.

SOMEONE tried to take me toward the operating room, and I fought back, saying, "Take my patients. I'm all right." Then the bombers came over again and they dragged me off to a foxhole. There I saw the hole in my leg—as if someone had bored into it with a red-hot poker. I limped for two months. I had other pieces of shrapnel in my arm and nose, my left eardrum was ruptured, and one side of my face felt as if it had been pushed in.

In the same raid on our plainly marked hospital, Lieutenant Rita Palmer was also peppered with shrapnel. We were kept in a foxhole all day and fed a can of tomatoes and some coffee, which we lost when they evacuated us in a Navy launch to Corregidor that night. Seasickness was no worse than the foxhole, though. Once, when I had pulled up the bandage on my arm, I found a stream of brown ants marching into the shrapnel hole.

I was able to hobble around and attempted to work in Corregidor's tunnel wards when orders were whispered to report that night in the dining room. I knew what that meant. Evacuation rumors had gone the rounds. I hadn't wanted to go. I had thought that the Rock would stand forever, but now I wasn't so sure.

That night, with both the moon and fires on Corregidor providing a disturbing amount of light, we were taken to sea in two launches to wait for the PBYs to sneak in. When they came, we were hurriedly jammed aboard. The No. 2 plane carried some of my best friends to Australia. Rita and I sat on the chart table in the No. 1 plane to Mindanao.

The ten of us had scrambled eggs and champagne for breakfast in the hotel at Dansalan. When our PBY tried to take off the next night, we hit a reef and ripped the hull. I grabbed my towel coat and stuffed it in the hole when the water came gushing in. While the pilot tried to bounce the plane off the reef, I hollered for a pillow and then a mattress, which helped some, but we had to abandon the craft and go back to shore. A colonel who took charge of us said he'd take us all back to Dansalan by bus and he'd radio MacArthur to send a bomber to pick us up.

THE bomber never came. But the Japs did. We fled by bus, first to Delmonte and then to a secret airfield, still expecting the bomber to appear. The not-so-secret airfield was bombed and strafed and we were sent to a near-by ranch.

By that time I was wearing G.I.—khaki pants, shirt, and socks, except for my sandals. I used a necktie to hold my pants up.

A week later, on May 10, 1942, an Army Medical Corps colonel came up and told the "lucky" ten that Mindanao had surrendered. He said that we nurses had better be in a hospital when the Nips found us. Plenty scared for the first time, we hurried to a Filipino-staffed Army general hospital at Impalatao.

The first we saw of Jap soldiers was outside the nipa shack where we were quartered. There were three of them. We quickly shut the door, as if that mattered! They went away, and a half hour later we were called into the hospital, where three Jap officers were checking up. Each of us was required to fill out a form including everything from birthplace to our hobbies.

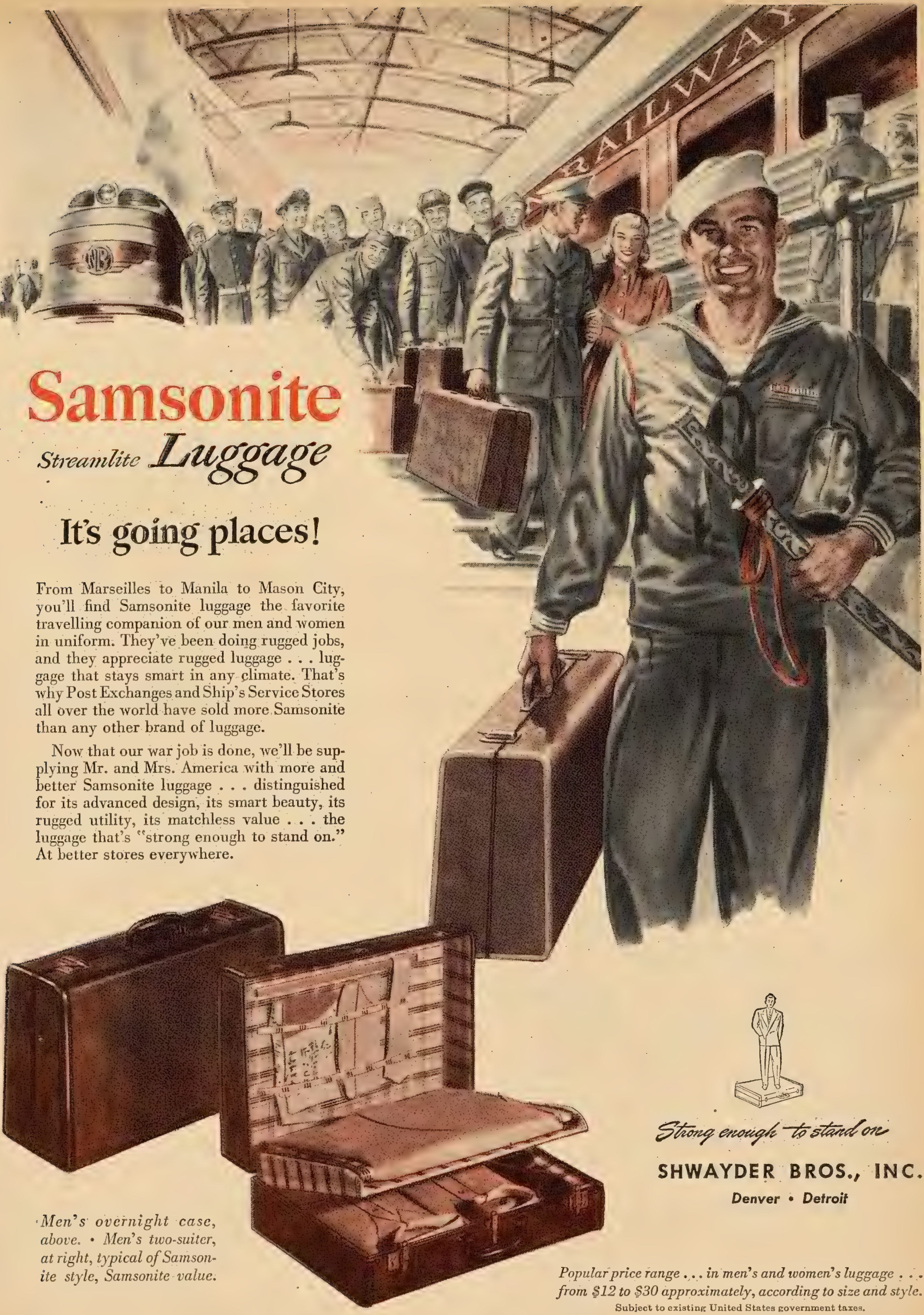
They asked if I had any injury. I said yes, and then the questions came thick and fast. When they learned it was in a hospital two days before Bataan fell, they did a lot of jabbering among themselves. Then they asked how my wound was now, and I told them that it was healing nicely and showed them the place on my knee.

I am rather tall—five feet ten—and they kept looking at me. One of them shoved a half-pint Jap alongside of me and there was much "tee-heeing" about the contrast in size.

We stayed at Impalatao for more than three months, and kept wondering what would happen to us. As one precaution against being molested, we stayed together at all times. The hospital was well staffed, but one Jap officer said we would get more respect from his soldiers if we were working. He said they thought we had been placed there for the pleasure of American officers and soldiers. We did our best to look busy and professional.

Later the Japs began talking about repatriating us, and finally they trucked us to Cagayan and put us on a cargo ship with 100 white civilians. We brought our own food. We were put in a hold which was so filthy we came up on deck. They

(*Continued on page 82*)



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Subject to existing United States government taxes.

MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, SAMSON CARD TABLES AND SAMSON FOLDING CHAIRS

(*Continued from page 80*)

ordered us back down, but we argued that it was too hot, so they let us stay on deck.

We were on the ship five days. The "repatriates" were crowded on the afterdeck and about 200 Jap troops occupied the forward deck.

The first night out I was sleeping on the deck, my face up to the moon, when I awoke to find someone stooping over and kissing me. He was a soldier—one of those cartoon Japs with horn-rimmed glasses—whom I had seen standing around watching us that day. He grinned at me. When I sat up, he walked away. My first impulse was to slap his face, but you don't slap a Jap's face when you're his prisoner. I didn't sleep any more that night. The next night he came back and kissed one of the other nurses. Again he grinned and walked off. After that we were guarded nightly by American men. We called this Jap "Kissing Joe." I figured he had seen too many Hollywood movies.

The only other irregularity, which shocked some of the missionaries, was the Jap soldiers taking showers on deck in front of us.

Five days later we docked at Davao and were sprayed with some sort of insecticide as we came down the gangplank. After a two-week wait in a convent school, twenty-four of us, including some Red Cross and government workers, were more or less lumped under the heading of Red Cross personnel and put on another cargo ship bound for Manila.

We were told we would meet a repatriation boat there which would take us home.

THE Manila-bound ship was much better than the first. We were fed same food as the crew, which was fairly good, and could have ice water. The water had been so bad on the first ship that I had resorted to brushing my teeth with the hot tea which the Japs gave us. We slept in the hold and stayed on deck during the day. I developed dengue fever, for which the Jap ship doctor gave me three aspirin tablets. Several of the others were sick with dysentery and received medicine.

We were in good spirits, however, until four days later when we arrived in Manila Bay and found no ship in sight except some sunken hulks. A launch came out to meet us, and after a lot of jabber our ship docked.

We were ordered off and sent to the internment camp on Santo Tomas University campus. The nurses from Corregidor had been there two months, and they all looked so clean and dressed-up that the "lucky" ten of us were amazed.

We told our Santo Tomas friends we were going to be repatriated, and they laughed at us. They had heard that one, too.

The story of life in Santo Tomas has been told. It wasn't too bad until the last year, when food supplies dwindled alarmingly.

The fact that we were almost wholly isolated from Jap troops at Santo Tomas is one reason why we weren't troubled by them. We lived dormitory style in classrooms of the main building. The camp was surrounded on three sides by high cement walls and had an iron fence covered with swalai thatch across the front.

The only regular contact we had with Jap soldiers was in passing the sentry at the gate while going to and from the hospital, just outside the wall. Occasionally one of the guards would come into the dispensary to get treatment for a blister caused by captured G.I. shoes, or, more commonly, to have one of the doctors treat a venereal infection. They all said "Thank you," and never hung around except to learn more English, especially counting.

We didn't see much of the Jap commandant of Santo Tomas except when he inspected the camp. He had his quarters in the university restaurant building until American bombs started dropping. Then he moved into the first floor of the Education Building so he could have two floors of Americans above him.

We knew he was interested in girls because he threw all-night parties which we could hear. Whether the girls were Japanese or Filipino I don't know.

The commandant never bothered us. In fact, after he had been in the hospital with the flu for three days, he had a Filipino from outside bake a cake with fancy icing, which he presented with great ceremony to the nurses on his ward.

We have Major Maude Davidson, then captain, and our chief nurse, to thank for our good care. She let the Jap guards know she was in complete charge of the nurses and wouldn't tolerate any interference.

Camp rules also aided in our protection. We had to be in our rooms by 9 P. M. Until that time we could stay out on the campus, sitting on *petates* (straw mats), and listening to American music played on records over a public-address system.

Many of the nurses had boy friends among the civilian internees, and there was a normal amount of romancing. But the Jap commandant had forbidden any display of affection because it might give his soldiers ideas. American watchmen, appointed by the well-organized camp administration committee, would come around and shoo us inside when it was curfew time.

WE did take some chances, I must admit. We smuggled money, clothes, and shoes to the military prisoners at Cabanatuan. We had some help from a Japanese doctor in this. He was stationed at Cabanatuan, but came to Santo Tomas to make monthly inspections. He gave us information about some of the doctors in the prison camp and carried notes back. Once he took back a Christmas box we had gotten together for sick P.O.W.s.

It was dangerous business. At one time three civilians were designated to go into the city under guard to buy food for us. They were accused of bringing in money and news—both contraband—and were taken away. I later learned they had been imprisoned but had escaped during the American attack on Manila.

They were luckier than the chairman of our camp committee, Carroll Grinnell, and two other committeemen, Mr. Larsen and Mr. Duggleby. Two months before our liberation the Japs held a shake-down inspection of the camp. They knew that we had a radio hidden. These were mean Japs from Fort Santiago. They never found the radio, but they took the three committeemen away, and I later heard they had been beaten, stabbed, and shot.

BEFORE the Gripsholm left Manila in October, 1943, with a load of repatriates, it was rumored that the sixty-eight nurses might get to go. The Japs decided, however, that we were needed where we were, and that was true. We provided nursing care for a hospital which served a camp of 4,000 people. Even the Japs seemed to realize we were doing a job which relieved them of much responsibility.

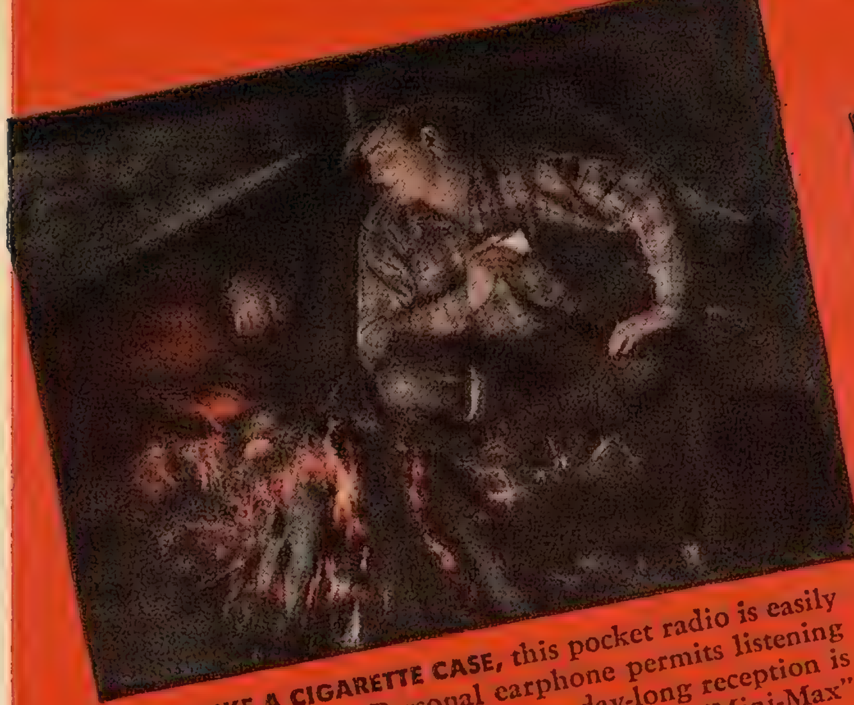
Probably another reason that had much to do with our good fortune was an official feeling among the Japs that they had lost face as a nation because of the hideous atrocities at Nanking and Hong Kong. An American medical officer who had to deal with the enemy told me they had ordered the death penalty for any Son of Heaven caught raping a Filipino girl. That was when the Japs were being friendly to the Filipinos. This attitude changed when the Japs found they had to evacuate Manila. They again displayed their natural talent for burning and butchering.

I am not at all sure the American nurses would have been spared anything had not MacArthur sent the First Cavalry through the lines to protect us while the Japs were being driven back from Lingayen Gulf.

I saw the gasoline drums which had been newly placed in the storage room under the stairway of the main building. After the liberation, an American officer told me they also found TNT, and said both the main and educational buildings had been mined.

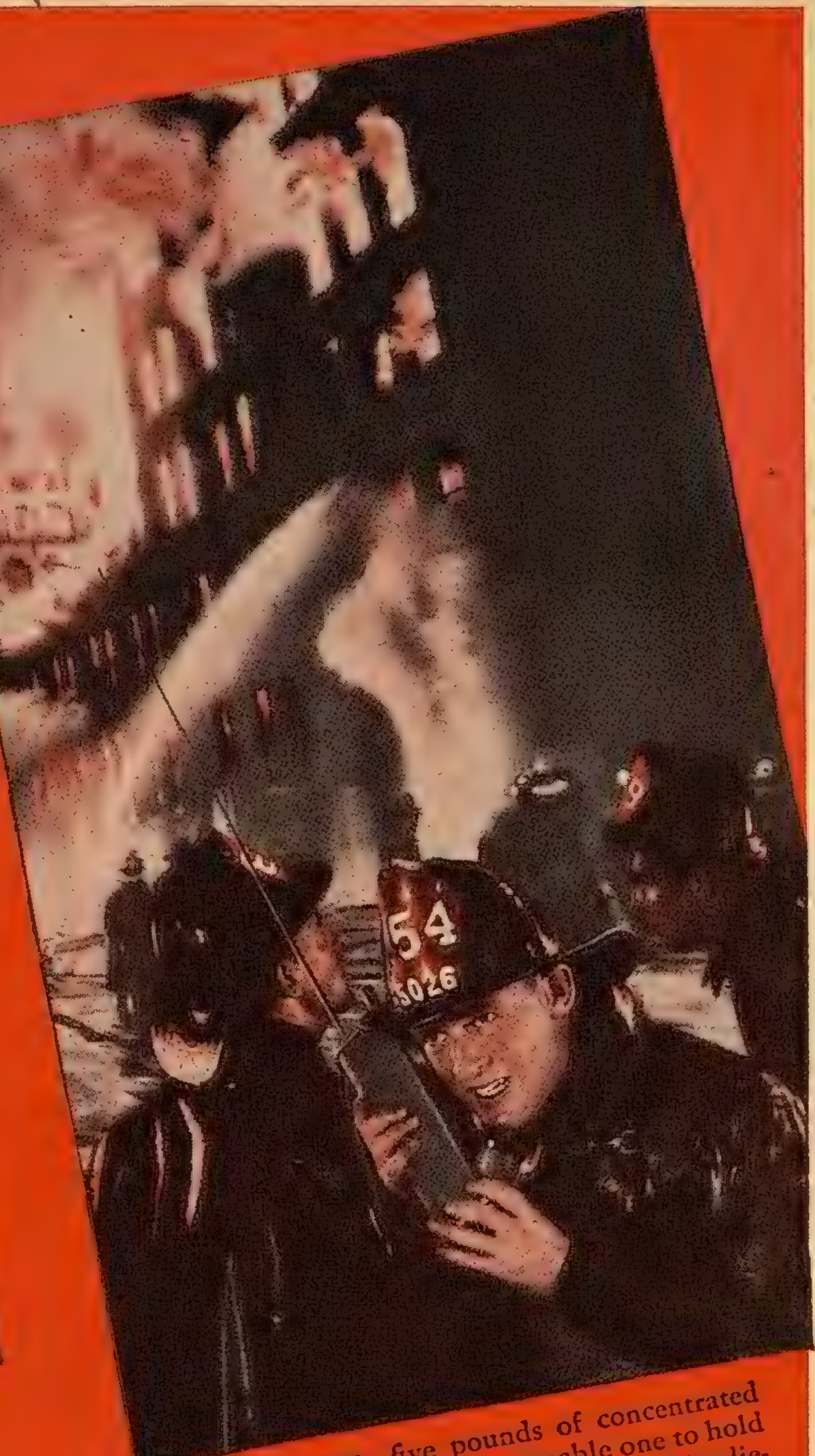
As it turned out, we had more trouble with bedbugs in those buildings than with Japs. It was only after I got back to the States and heard what these savages had done to other women and to our boys in prison camps that I really came to hate them as I hate them now. It is regrettable that in telling what did NOT happen to the Bataan nurses, I have had to say anything good about these killers.

THE END



SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this pocket radio is easily carried anywhere. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception is made possible with the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.

BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID—lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¾ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery—available now—has phenomenally long life and is far more economical than other hearing aid batteries.



HANDIE-TALKIE—five pounds of concentrated radio—will, when available, enable one to hold phone-like conversations with other Handie-Talkie users within horizon-distance. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it's ideal for fire-fighters, outdoor jobs, exploring, and sports that need a roving reporter.

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Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery—22½ volts of power—nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

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ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these storerooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

WE ARE BUILDING ROADS TO WHERE?

Continued from Page 25

Only a few years ago there was talk in Washington and elsewhere of a network of federal throughways running from the east to the west coast and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Proponents of this plan even professed to know just how far apart the lines on this grill should be, in the face of the quite obvious fact that there is relatively little transcontinental traffic and no need for such a network of enormously expensive expressways. For thousands of miles they would have been as bare as abandoned bowling alleys.

The farm and feeder roads will long continue to have ten times the mileage of any arterial system this generation and the next may expect to see in their time. There will be high roads and low roads, and those who travel the former will get to Scotland first, while those who have leisure and like to loaf along will arrive later and perhaps have more fun.

HEAVY main-line traffic is regional. It is between cities. This is not a matter of guesswork, but is as plain as a pikestaff—so palpable and undeniable that any reasonably observing person should see it.

Similarly, the old notion that cities should be by-passed by main arteries has gone the way of many other road fictions. Most arteries must tap cities if they are to serve heavy traffic. There is no good in expressway and parkway construction in the country if the time that has been gained in the great open spaces is wasted in crawling painfully through the suburbs and city. The fact is that an enormous proportion of all automobile traffic never reaches the country at all. This means enormously expensive construction under urban conditions if, as we must, we insist upon having wide rights of way, abolishing crossings at grade and traffic lights, separating opposing traffic, channeling local traffic into service roads, building adequate entrances and exits, and protecting and enhancing the value and attractions of the surrounding areas instead of depressing them. It means depressed and elevated express lanes, waterfront roads which have no bisections, mixing bowls, loops, "chicken guts," and other complicated contrivances to guarantee safe, uninterrupted, and, wherever possible, agreeable travel in pleasant surroundings.

It means taking by purchase or condemnation much valuable property, often from owners who either want to hold on or ask exorbitant compensation. It means displacing homes, plants, stores, and even churches, and removing by the strong arm of government the familiar and cherished local landmark.

Until you have stepped on the gouty, sensitive big toes of vested interests in our older cities with the poorest circulation, you know nothing about public manifestations of civic anguish and outraged dignity. I speak from experience not only in New York, but in other communities where I have been asked to make a diagnosis.

These difficulties are, no doubt, small, and the local adjustments trivial compared to the revolutionary changes so brilliantly and melodramatically presented by my friend Norman Bel Geddes in his Futurama at the New York World's Fair in 1939 and 1940—sixteen-ply roads with fantastic speeds controlled by photo cells, bridges leaping chasms and hanging by a single thread, and other amazing gadgets beyond our needs, our capacities, and our purses. The seven million-odd dollars spent on the Futurama stimulated the imagination, offered free entertainment without effort on a merry-go-round, and rested the weary dogs of World's Fair patrons on hot days. The Futurama sold cars, but it solved no highway problems and, if anything, made the task of the road builder tougher because the public was taught to expect magic instead of irritatingly slow, expensive step-by-step accomplishment.

We have in New York City and state what I think are the most advanced postwar highway and parkway programs in the country. We have gone far beyond mere paper work, flamboyant announcements, and political gestures. The city program is not dependent merely on substantial state and federal contribution. Neither is the state looking to Washington to match every dollar. We also have public bridge and tunnel authorities which sell bonds to prudent inventors, bonds supported by tolls. Detailed contract plans and specifications covering New York City's postwar extension of its arterial system are now about 50 per cent complete.

The program consists of fifty-six miles of expressways (for mixed commercial and passenger traffic), twenty miles of parkways (for passenger traffic exclusively), together with approximately forty miles of boulevards and highways. The total estimated cost is $285,000,000, of which about 30 per cent is for land acquisition. Approximately $200,000,000 is already earmarked in the form of city, state, and federal allotments.

This program is scheduled for completion in five years. The New York State Department of Public Works advocates an $800,000,000 ten-year program, of which $500,000,00 is urgent, involving no fancy trimmings—just the bare necessities of modern travel.

I AM a firm believer in road contracts to afford employment to discharged servicemen and war workers on the scene and back of it. So far as the manufacturer of material and equipment is concerned, it makes no difference whether he sells to a government agency, a public authority, or to private business. Contrary to the belief of certain ultra-conservatives, an undertaking is not necessarily sound if it is carried on by private business, and unsound and wasteful if the government does it. This is a silly distinction.

The manufacturer of cars and the refiner of oil contribute no more and no less to the economy of the nation than the builder of roads, for without roads, cars would be so much junk.

Road repairs and improvements can't wait for the next depression and another WPA while car fabrication is zooming.

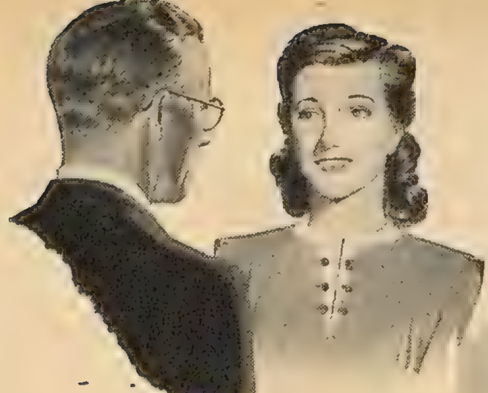
I have never met face to face a critic of government spending who wanted to assume the headaches of the public road-building program. What I fear is that, excepting a few progressive and comparative wealthy states and municipalities, our national road program will lag far behind car manufacture, which means very soon a glut of cars and all the interruptions, irritations, diseases, and wastes which result from stoppage and congestion.

Let me give you the Gresham's law of municipal engineering. Put it in your textbooks of the next decade. In postwar competition, other things being equal, the metropolitan area with the best means of access will prevail, and roads are the most important single factor of access.

My advice, therefore, is that road builders should work with and be as smart as the car, gas, and oil men. What's wrong with that? American mechanical ingenuity sponsored by private enterprise and linked to the most powerful government on earth can set the pace and scope of surface travel for the world.

THE END

"Now, when *I* was in the Army . . .!
LIBERTY



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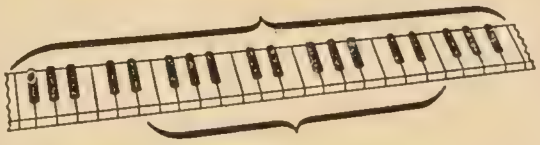

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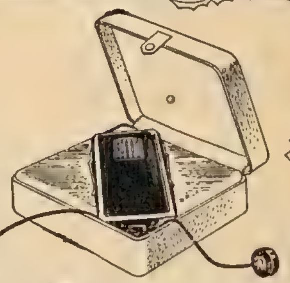

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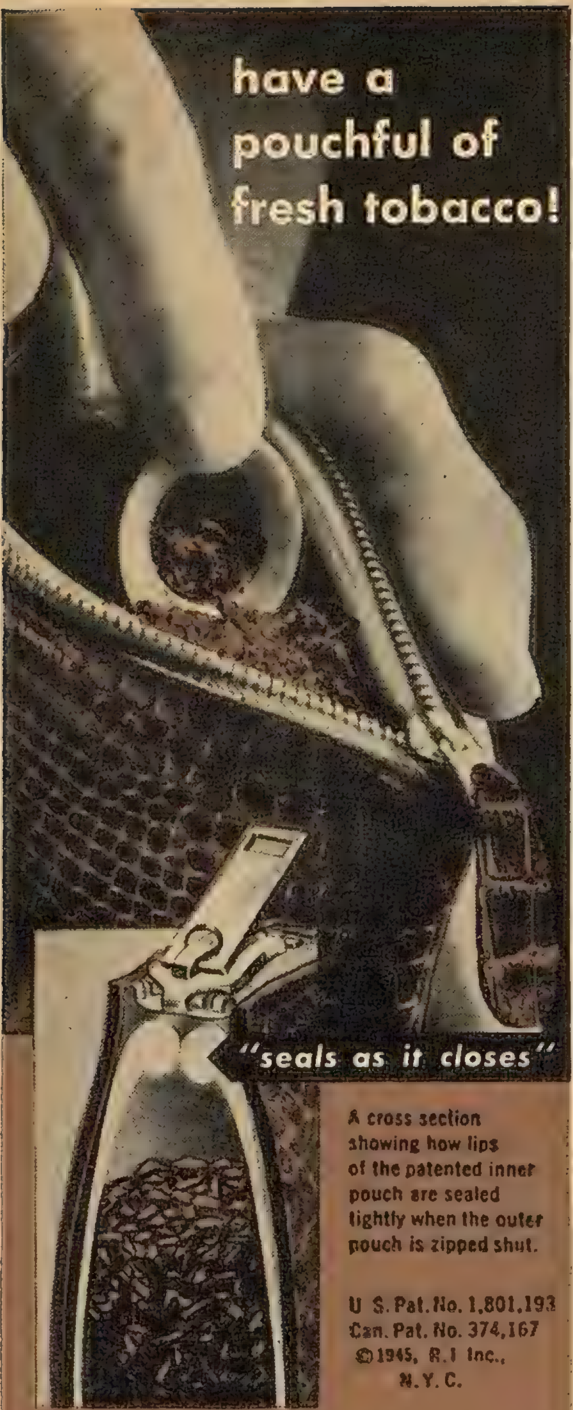
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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

DURING our precivilian days, most of us regarded the G.I. Bill of Rights as a free pay-off to ex-servcemen. We felt we could afford to let it go for the present and collect after we became civilians.

Now, however, of necessity, the realization comes to us that initiative must be the basis of our compensation, so far as the G.I. Bill is concerned, and that this publicized repayment to us isn't going to be all sugar and cream. This Bill, as we see it, has its good and bad sides.

The good: The act provides free education or training, with a subsistence allowance of $50 a month (at this writing, a ten-dollar increase is pending before Congress) plus $25 additional for veterans with dependents, for periods ranging from one year to a possible full four-year college course, according to length of service.

It helps steer the veteran to a job. It furnishes unemployment allowances of $20 a week up to a total of fifty-two weeks; and it assures a guaranteed income of not less than $100 a month to self-employed veterans who are making less than that, payable according to length of service, and up to a total of $1,040.

It guarantees up to 50 per cent—but not more than $2,000—on loans borrowed for the purpose of buying or building homes, business property, or for purchasing farms and farm equipment.

For hospitalization, pensions, and compensation rights, additional safeguards are provided for veterans.

The bad: These are best pointed out by the G.I. and veteran correspondence addressed to the Bulletin Board and by my visitors. Typical criticisms are, "The education limit on age is unfair," "The educational allotment per month is insufficient," and "Employers are demanding that the veterans they hire be those that have not been away from their type of work or contacts for too long a time." Still others are convinced that "the references required to promote a business loan or an Army surplus purchase are too complicated and involved to invite veteran participation."

These issues, plus numerous others, are what we veterans hope to bring to the light of the G.I. Bill's makers and sponsors, and in following issues of Liberty we shall elaborate on our views and criticisms.

This week's column, then, is meant to leave this thought with you, my G.I. friends: "Nothing will be given you for free." Somewhere deep inside this supposedly one-sided Bill of ours, Congress has put a catch clause—providing that if any future bonus is voted to veterans, individual deductions will be made to the same extent that the veteran took advantage of the earlier benefits provided in the G.I. Bill of Rights. Therefore make careful and intelligent use of the benefits you now collect. Remember that while they represent something we have fought for, they are something we will nevertheless have to work for, and later pay for.

PRO
CON
G.I. BILL

Pro and con

* * *

Daniel Grover, Albany, N. Y. Yes, you may apply for a loan under the G.I. Bill of Rights after you finish your college career, despite the fact that you are going to school under one of the provisions of the Bill. A qualified veteran may obtain more than one benefit of the Bill.

* * *

S. M. H., Danbury, Conn. If you accept unemployment compensation under a state program, there is a stipulation as to how much compensation you can then receive under the G.I. Bill; that is, if you qualify under both, money received under the state plan is subtracted from federal allowance.

* * *

R. L. Joplin, Brooklyn, N. Y. All the problems which your son has brought up in his letter to you will be competently handled at the time of his separation from service. At each separation center, representatives of the Veterans Administration, Red Cross, U. S. Employment Service, Civil Service Commission, and Selective Service will be available for interviews.

* * *

A Veteran, Chicago, Ill. Yes, your wife is eligible to receive care under the Emergency Maternity and Infant Care program, since she became pregnant before you were discharged, and you were in one of the four lower pay grades. She may obtain an application form from the State Health Department or from the physician who accepts her case. This is a new ruling of the Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept. of Labor, and is retroactive to January 1, 1945.

* * *

Lt. R. McGowan, U.S.N.R., Manila. It's an old racket, and I'm afraid there's nothing you can do about it, since the culprits are acting within the letter of the law. (NOTE: Lt. McGowan's parents, in the United States, received a letter offering to sell them photos of the overseas base at which he was doing duty, plus pictures of the ship on which he is serving. When the package arrived, C.O.D. $14.50, it contained some prewar tourist photos of the Philippines and a stock picture of a destroyer. This is printed in the hope that other parents will read it and end the racket by refusing to buy from the hoodlums.

* * *

S/Sgt. James Royce, Fort Belvoir, Va. I heartily agree with you that a New Jersey judge's method of handling "cheating" wives of G.I.s overseas is a good one. His plan of giving the wife, if found guilty, a choice between going to jail and applying for a discontinuance of her family allowance is well thought out and I'll bet it's effective.

* * *

Mrs. Uriah Jenkins, Birmingham, Ala. There are approximately 5,000 Negroes in the Women's Army Corps. They have done and are doing a fine job. The highest ranking Negro WAC is Major Harriet M. West of Washington, D. C., stationed in that city at the Adjutant General's Office, Casualty Branch.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur Schwartz, Staten Island, N. Y. Brigadier General Eugene A. Regnier is the man appointed by General Somervell to direct research toward developing artificial limbs. Now that the war has ended, there is no other field where improvement is more important.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions in regard to veterans' affairs. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to "Veterans' Bulletin Board," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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A MATTER OF JUSTICE

Continued from Page 49

"Do you remember the walk to the *Kurhall* at Diedesheim? Your feet were sore, coming home, and you were a little drunk. I carried you." The hills and the next path on the side of the hills and the whitewashed inn when they came back were as vivid to him as the bluebird house in front of the barn at Georgetown.

"Elsa."

"Yes, *Herr Leutnant.*"

From far off, then clearer and louder, there came the sound of teen-age boys singing on their way home!

"In unserer Heimat ist alles bequem—"

The rich harmony was now everywhere. Torgersen answered impulsively in soft baritone:

"In solches Heimat ist jeder angenehm—"

He stopped, embarrassed. "Except me. I am not acceptable, not *angenehm,* am I, Elsa?"

He was startled to feel her hot face pressed against his cheek. "You are—much more than acceptable—Francis." Her fingers were touching his shoulders, fluttering like moths trapped at a window. "Of all the —the enemy, you would be least likely to forget that we are—people." Her whisper was forlorn. "It seems to us that all of you have forgotten."

"No, not all of us. But some of you would like to be forgotten—overlooked." His voice was bitter.

She stiffened and pulled back.

"Not you, Elsa. I didn't mean that." He drew her close and kissed her then. "This," he said, "I have never forgotten."

"Nor I, Francis." She clutched his arms fiercely. "Francis—yes, I must say it!"

"Grüss' Gott, Elsa." The burly figure of her Uncle Kurt walked unhurriedly by.

"Grüss' Gott," they both answered. But Francis noted that there was no greeting for him. Twelve years ago Uncle Kurt had known all about him and Elsa, and approved. Now he saw them once more in each other's arms and spoke only to his niece. Uncle Kurt, who had despised Hitler.

"He didn't speak to me, Elsa. Why?"

"That can wait, Francis. I don't know how to excuse myself for—for the way I've been. It was the silence for so many years." She was almost sobbing. "And the war, and now the occupation." She trembled in his arms. "But I shall make it up. Those —annoyances, Francis, aren't just that. I think that Kaufmann plans to kill you. He's losing everything. He's bitter and desperate."

"Yes, I know." Tommy Burton, cocky, behind the grocery counter again. No more chance to push decent people around. Desperate, yes. "So he's going to take a crack at me?"

"I'm sure of it. Francis, you must go home another way! Through the lane behind the Heinemanns'—"

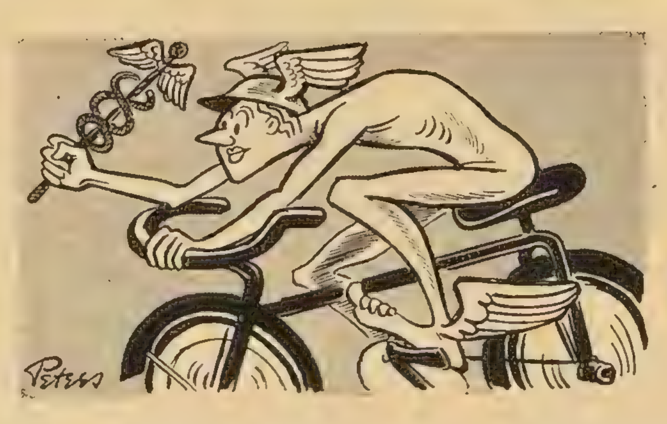
"No, my dear. If Kaufmann has a gun, others know how he got it. I can't fight all of you. It's not only Kaufmann." He was at once sorry he had said it, but the mounting resentment of a week, and Elsa's understanding for the assassin's motives had driven him to say it.

She clutched his arms again until her nails hurt his skin. "Oh, you stupid! Now you must go. Quickly, my beloved!"

"Good night, Elsa." He kissed her hard on the mouth. "You *do* remember. Good night, my darling." He wanted to hold her forever. "Tomorrow at eight, at the fountain? We could walk into the hills?"

She nodded, her face pressed into the hollow of his shoulder.

He whispered good night again, strode toward the lane which would



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

BIKE-LOR-RIDE: Mercury on a bicycle.

INJUNUITY: Braves building a trick tepee.

TREE-TMENT: Medication for a sickamore.

PANICDOTE: Hammy vaudevillian's joke.

FANGLER: A snake, catching fish.

BLOTTERY: Game of chance for an old soak.

AMBIDEXTROSE: Ability to add sugar with either hand.

BR-R-R-R-GLAR: He robs igloos.

GLASSIFY: To put the goblets in order.

HOODUE: Bad luck coming.

take him past the Heinemann cottage. Impulsively, he almost felt like going home the way he had come, not as a gesture but as a way to end the whole mess. Elsa had been sure. . . . A shot in the night might bring things to a head. Invite the overt act, then use the strong hand. Very easy. But would that work in the long run? He was here to bring peace, discipline, not angry flare-ups through the years. And Mindesheim was Germany in little, milder perhaps than Prussian towns, but still a miniature of a gigantic angry picture.

He came out, after groping his way between the Heinemanns' garden wall and that of the next house, into the broad Neustadtstrasse.

HE felt at first only surprise when the stab of flame burst from Ballweg's doorway across the street. Elsa had told him to go this way. . . . Then the tearing pain in his shoulder left him fumbling for a house wall. Elsa had told him to go this way . . . this was the safe way . . . go quickly, my beloved. Kaufmann had been waiting, then, ever since . . . Torgersen was conscious when he sat down on the cobbled street. He heard the hurried tromp of Army shoes on the double. And he knew that Elsa . . .

He awoke with the pain still tearing his shoulder. Otherwise he felt not too bad. He got awkwardly out of bed and rang for his orderly.

"Well, Simmons, what's the dope?"

"Some Hun winged you, sir. Dr. Holz taped you up. No bullet."

Torgersen looked at his shoulder. "Neat bandage." He considered his next move.

"Simmons, take two men and arrest Ernst Kaufmann. Hearing at the Rathaus at ten. Serve summonses on Wilhelm Ballweg, Kurt Norden, Fräulein Elsa Norden."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you men see any other possible witnesses?"

"Nobody, sir. But you're right about that Kaufmann. We saw him not—"

"All right, Simmons. Bring him in."

Torgersen rang for his breakfast. This hearing, he knew, would be taken as a piece of personal vengeance, a drama in miniature of the whole mess. Even men like Holz, incorrigible liberals who had kept their ideals through all the years of oppression, would doubt him now. As for Elsa—he had pushed into the back of his mind, as he lay gasping on the cobbles last night, the bitterness of her betrayal. But he still did not wish to face her.

He was surprised to see the crowd before the Rathaus. He walked through the opened lane mechanically, callous to the hostile air that closed him in. As he crossed the centuries-worn floor toward the council bench, he looked up contemptuously at the clean patch on the wall where the Führer's picture had hung. Justice had been absent here too long. He took his seat.

"Bring the prisoner Kaufmann in."

Torgersen searched the watching faces for the one he feared. She was off to the right with her Uncle Kurt. The pain in Torgersen's shoulder beat against his effort to seem calm. She was staring at the floor. He could find no trace of feeling in her.

"The prisoner, sir." His orderly was standing in front of the bench with Kaufmann.

"This, Kaufmann," Torgersen began in German, "is a preliminary investigation. I can send you to Neustadt to answer charges before a properly constituted court. I have no power to pass sentence. But I should warn you that anything you say here may be held against you." He hoped that his voice had the correctly stiff magistrate's tone.

"You are suspected of having shot and wounded an officer of the Army of Occupation at ten thirty-five last night, directly opposite the residence of Wilhelm Ballweg. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, but naturally, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"Very well. Will Kurt Norden please step forward?"

The husky railwayman left Elsa's side. He walked with diffidence.

"You have known the defendant for some years? Have you heard him utter threats? Would he be likely to do this kind of thing? Your answer will not convict him, Herr Norden."

Uncle Kurt spoke slowly, monotonously: *"Herr Leutnant,* I have never heard the defendant threaten you."

Torgersen knew that further questions would do no good. "Wilhelm Ballweg, will you please step forward?"

No, Ballweg had heard nothing, seen nothing, suspected nothing of the use to which his premises were being put. The shot had been his first warning that anything was amiss. No, he had never heard the defendant utter threats.

Torgersen tried to keep his voice steady as Ballweg returned to his place in the crowd. "Will Elsa Norden please step forward?"

As she came toward the desk she kept her eyes lowered, but when she stood before him Torgersen thought he saw her shoulders stiffen. She's ashamed, he thought; she finds this hard. Well, so do I.

He asked the routine questions. Yes, she lived at the residence of Ernst Kaufmann. Yes, she was mistress of the school. And then, for one second, she lifted her eyes to look into his. And what he saw there—unutterable misery and compassion and tender regret, for him, for herself, for her people and his, told Torgersen what he had always wanted to believe. She had not known that Kaufmann would be there in the night. She *had* tried to save—an old sweetheart.

Torgersen's outward calm almost

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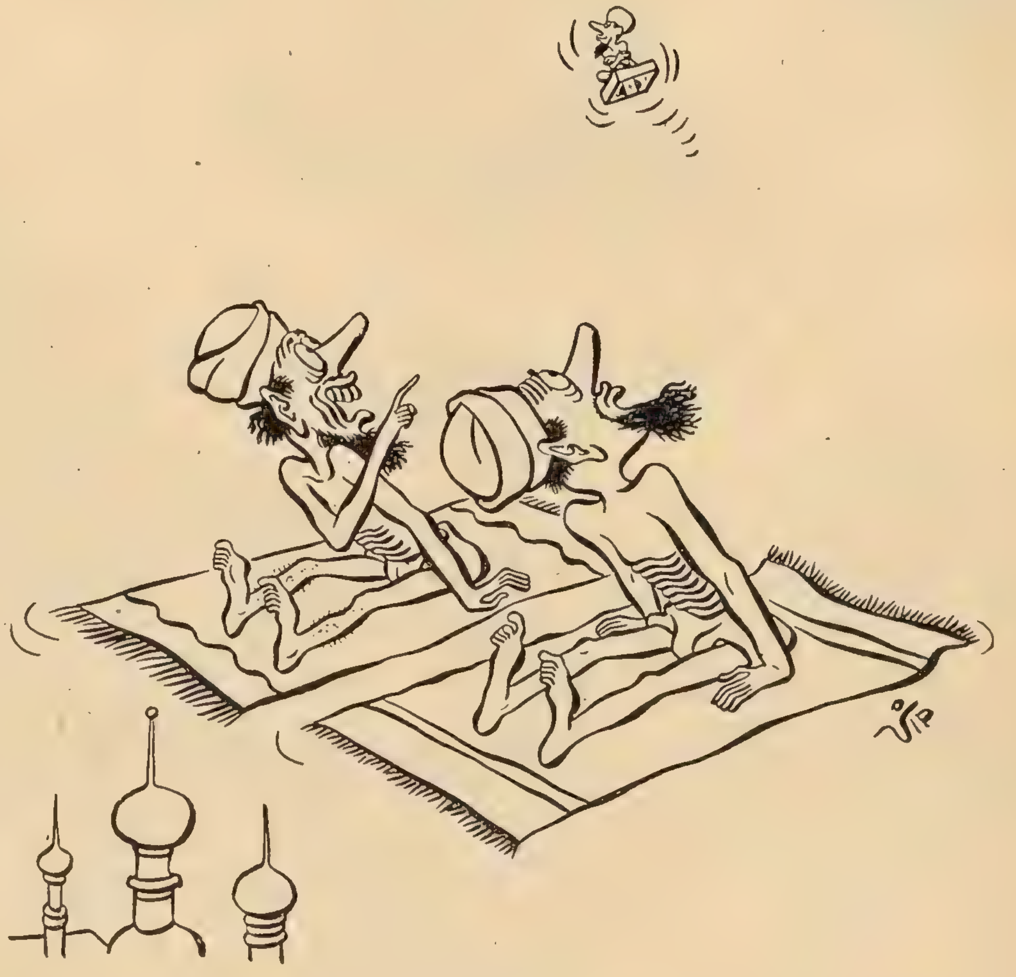

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splintered. "Have you heard the defendant utter threats against the personnel of the Army of Occupation?"

The crowd stirred. Hans Gronert, the mail carrier, whispered loudly, "Unbearable." They all knew about Elsa and the American, had always known. They were moved as crowds are in moments of suspense, by mixed feelings of sympathy and charity and spite and hate and, some of them were asking themselves, What would I do if I stood there?

ELSA NORDEN'S voice rang out boldly. "*I* have heard the defendant threaten you, *Herr Leutnant,* I have."

There was a sighing in the crowd, a few angry whispers.

"Pardon me, Fräulein. I did not hear exactly. . . . Will the recorder please—"

"Not at all necessary, *Herr Leutnant,*" Elsa interrupted. "Not an hour before you were shot, I heard Ernst Kaufmann threaten to deal with you."

"'*Ihn zu behandeln,*' 'to deal with' the—ah—victim of the assault. Those were the exact words, Fräulein?"

"Correct, *Herr Leutnant.*"

"Did you—this is very important, Fräulein—did you see the defendant leave his house after this threat?"

"I did not."

Torgersen sat back. Under his ribs he felt a palpitation.

"That will be all, Fräulein." He waited until she stood beside her uncle, her head once more bent. He thought he knew what the impact of what he was about to say would be on these people. Perhaps it would be so alien that they wouldn't even understand it.

"There is no direct evidence against the prisoner. No one has been found to testify that he was abroad at the hour of the crime. True, one witness has testified that the defendant threatened to 'deal with' the victim of the assault. Those words could be construed as proof of malicious intent. But in the absence of other evidence they cannot be so construed."

Torgersen noted the bewildered stirring in the front rows. Perhaps they didn't understand, after all. But they would think about his verdict, talk it over at Jodl's, and in time they would understand.

"The prisoner is free. The charge is dismissed."

The shuffle and buzzing rose to a clamor. Torgersen got out as quickly as he could without seeming to be running from something. But he knew that he was.

He stayed in his room all the afternoon, even having his lunch there. He busied himself with neglected paper work. He stayed away from the window. Trying to tell what people thought from their gestures as they walked by, the unheard words of their moving lips would do no good. Better let the thing settle for a while.

Then, in the early evening, Torgersen left the inn, sauntering past the porter's stool as if this were the regular hour for an after-dinner stroll.

"Grüss' Gott!" the porter said heartily.

"God greet you!" Torgersen answered with satisfaction. He moved slowly through the streets. There were few to be met at this hour. A delayed winegrower carrying his spray tank from the vineyard passed without greeting. But he would know nothing, probably, of the morning's events. Some few women sitting on doorstoops looked abashed, as if they wanted to say a word but couldn't.

THEN, in the Schillergrasse, Torgersen saw Uncle Kurt approaching.

"God greet you, Herr Norden! Home late this evening."

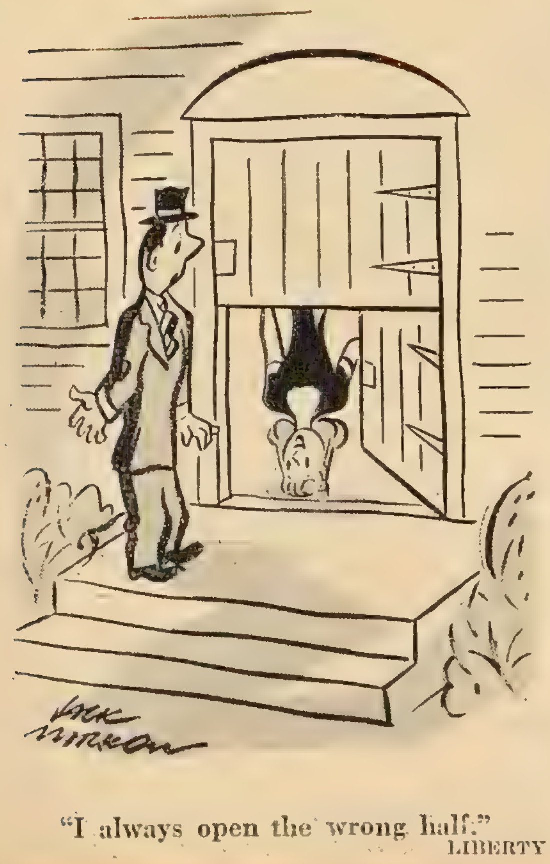
"Grüss' Gott', Herr Leutnant!" Uncle Kurt paused. Bluntly he added, "You are a wise young man, *Herr Leutnant. They* will know what you meant." The squat figure marched quickly on.

Going briskly toward the fountain at the north end of town, Torgersen reflected that things were better. Oh, there would be Kaufmanns left. Perhaps the whole people was warped. Or simply too long forced to live with warping fear? Not all of them, no. Uncle Kurt and Dr. Holz. There must be some way out. For now, at any rate, the night was still.

Torgersen thought of the slopes of the Harz dim above the town, and of the walk home from Diedesheim.

He hoped that Elsa would be at the fountain, would wish to walk tonight. It was surely not too late.

THE END



"I always open the wrong half."

LIBERTY

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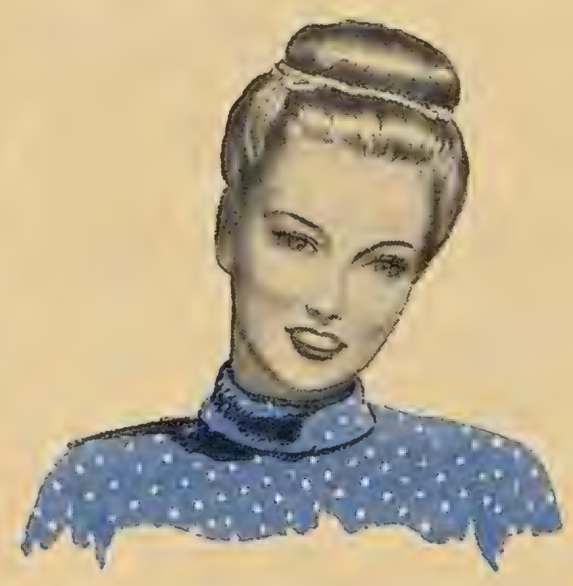
For DOUBLE EDGE RAZORS

Are you in the know?

Too bad she doesn't care about—

☐ *Her competition*
☐ *Boogie-Woogie*
☐ *The Three D's*

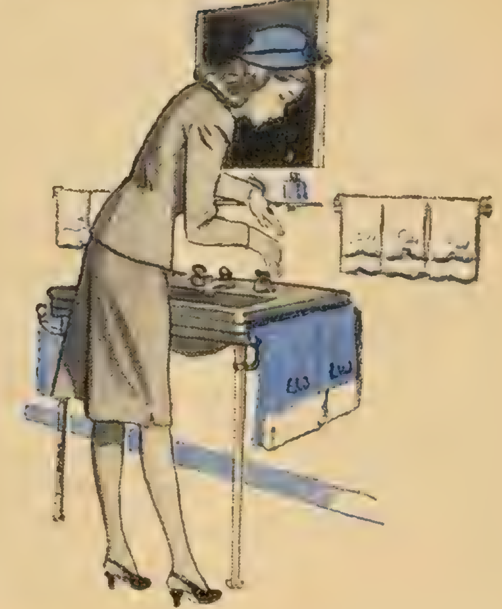
Men never make passes at untidy lasses—droons who ignore the three D's. (Daintiness, deodorants, dress shields.) Warm wool frocks *will* tattle on such charmlessness. So, take care! Busy perspiration glands are always with us . . . working time-and-a-half on problem days, moreover! Let Kotex help you outsmart them. You see, *now there's a deodorant in Kotex.* It's locked inside each Kotex and can't shake out—because it is processed right into each pad, not merely dusted on. Try Kotex with deodorant for daintiness—next time!



A long face loveth a—

☐ *Scoop neckline*
☐ *Turtleneck*
☐ *Crossed surplice*

Be it a blouse, dress, coat—the voice of the turtle is heard in the neckline! It's The Look—the turtleneck. And if yours is a long or oval face, it's swoonderful: high necklines flatter you. Appraise a style for the "plus" it gives you. Likewise, when shopping for sanitary napkins, consider the *plus protection* you get with Kotex—thanks to that patented *safety center.* By keeping moisture from the sides of the pad, the special safety center of Kotex offers extra security. A "bonus" that helps build confidence when it means so much to you.



Which would you use?

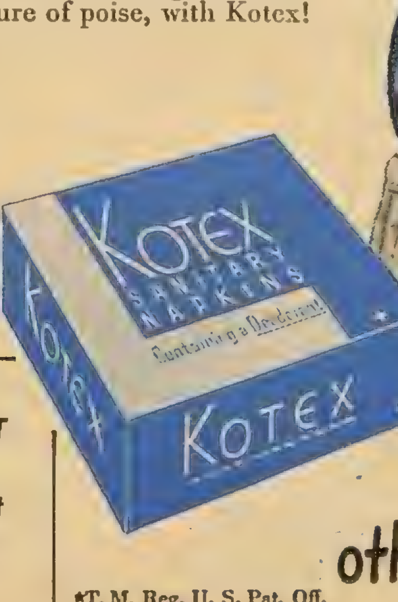
☐ *The guest towels*
☐ *The Turkish towels*
☐ *The end of your slip*

Freshening up at a friend's house? Let's pray those dripping little paws will reach for the *guest* towels—not the family's! Even if they look unapproachably lovely, *use* them. Spare yourself needless puzzlement, too, over which sanitary protection to choose on difficult days. Kotex, of course! For it's Kotex that has the *different* kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. You're cushioned-in-comfort for hours and hours, because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* And no bunching or roping to plague you!

Can you be picture-perfect—

☐ *With a shiny nose*
☐ *Without benefit of bangles*
☐ *In winter pastels*

Si, si to all 3. Copy this chick for whom the camera clicks, spurning heavy makeup (a slight shine helps model the face). Forsake all bangles, "posey" clothes. Skip sweaters, slacks. Simple winter pastels photograph best. You can *be* at your best even on trying days—with the self-assurance Kotex gives. The *flat tapered ends* of Kotex free you from worrisome "outline" fears, for the flat pressed ends of Kotex don't show—don't cause revealing outlines. You're the picture of poise, with Kotex!



A DEODORANT
in every
Kotex napkin at
no extra cost

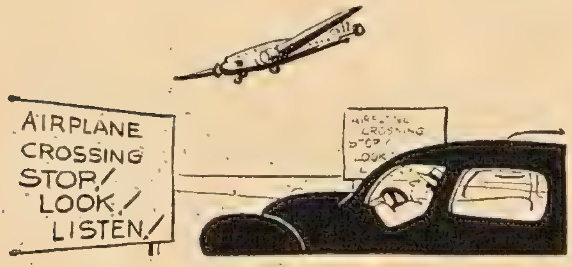
More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: Signs ten feet high on the roadways around LaGuardia Airport bear the inscription: AIRPLANE CROSSING—STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! Major E. Haslett, manager of the airport, explained that, "When visibility is poor, motorists may see the plane, but the pilot cannot always see the motorist. The plane, as it comes in low for a landing, might frighten a driver and cause an accident. Under rare conditions the wheels of the plane might hit the top of the bus or car.". . . A fence around a large excavation on Fifth Avenue has portholes for grown-ups to look through, and a lower row to enable small fry to inspect the goings-on of derrick and steam shovel. Large letters proclaim it to be "Best's Sidewalk Superintendents' Lilliputian Bazaar."

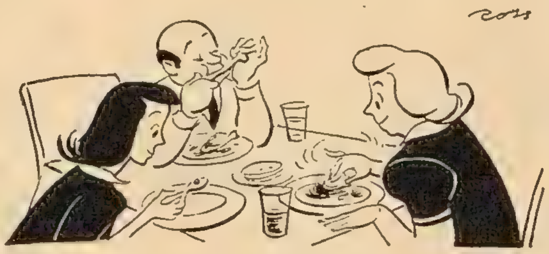

AIRPLANE CROSSING STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

RIGHT ABOUT FACE: Eavesdropping in the park, as one little jonquil-haired girl shrilly protested she was older than her dearest pal, I tried to remember at what age we stop boasting how old we are, and yearn, instead, to have friends think we are subdebs. And at what point do mothers stop trying to make their babies overeat so that they will look like pink balloons? There comes a time when we start belaboring them for wolfing sweets and potatoes because they are eating themselves out of shape.

NICE HEADWORK: A series of four winter millinery "luncheon-promenades" at New York's Hotel Pierre made it more than clear that the new hats really look new. What's more, they're so ingeniously complicated that the average woman is going to have a mighty tough time of it if she tries to revise last winter's felt and make it look up-to-date herself. Fur, feathers, flowers, gold lace, sequins, fake jewels, felt, and ribbon appeared in profusion, but it was the deft manipulation in the draping of turbans, crowns, and trimmings that made the hats too involved for the amateur even to approximate. Though I have never been partial to elaborate hats, I must admit that almost all of the styles shown had charm and were so artfully soft that they would be flattering to the rank and file as well as to the beautiful models who wore them. An outstanding color combination was "Normandy rose" and "Pacific gray." In plain old-fashioned English, this means a muted rose and a light gun metal. The two shades were luscious when worked out in draped satin. The fashion commentator at one of the shows gave me a slight start when she described a deep boat-shaped black felt hat whose crown was filled with pink and green satin bows as a "forerunner of spring," with winter not yet around the corner!

STRETCHING EXERCISES: "In the Home Institute kitchen we have been experimenting to see how far a pound of hamburger could be decently stretched. We did the stretching with oats."—*News item from the N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

Though I'll concede the healthful oat
Improves a breakfast table d'hôte,
At mixing it with meat I balk,
Despite the recipes and talk
Of stretching each defenseless pound
Of luscious, juicy, round steak, ground.
I'd rather take mine straight and small,
Or else just have no meat at all.



SAVE YOUR SKINS: Dr. Victor G. Heiser, former government health official and author of An American Doctor's Odyssey, is now medical consultant to the National Association of Manufacturers. He says Americans throw as much food into their garbage pails as would feed any other nation of nearly the same size. He suggests the following rules for mending our wasteful ways:

"Don't snoot potato skins—they're nutritious. . . . Scoop up the last pea with a spoon. . . . Don't be ashamed to pick up the bones. . . . Use bread as a gravy wiper." In other words, polish the plate before it leaves the table.

4 OUT OF 5 may have it!
even slightly bleeding gums may mean
GINGIVITIS

TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS

One of the most common enemies of handsome teeth and firm gums—

Watch out if your gums bleed even a *tiny* bit when you brush your teeth!

This is often one of the first signs of Gingivitis—a common gum inflammation which, when neglected, often leads to the soft, spongy gums and loosening teeth of Pyorrhea, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months.

Then at home here's how to—

Help Your Gums Be Firmer—Teeth Naturally Bright

Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste—it's made *especially* for both massaging gums and cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling brightness.

Notice how invigorated and refreshed *your gums* feel. How clean and naturally lustrous *your teeth* look. Buy a tube of Forhan's today! Let your whole family enjoy its benefits—its zippy refreshing taste. At all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

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NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

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FREEZE-OUT

Continued from Page 47

THE cave was near the crest of the basalt cliff, not far from where the valley faded into the chill, waveless sea. Webb had seen the low opening in the black basalt bastion as he combed the narrow beach for sea urchins. Having spied it, he hunted a few more of the prickly green mollusks, broke their shells between rocks, and scooped out the rich orange roe with a wide flat sliver he broke from a drifted birch log. Then he turned back to the cliff.

The ascent was easy, for the stone was fantastically weathered. From the top of the cliff a pathlike fault reached down to the cave. The opening was chest-high. It angled slightly upward and slanted toward the tip of the cape. Webb entered on hands and toes. He was careful not to scrape holes in his knees on the rock.

The tunnel stank. Even through his mask he could smell the offal and the high fetid fumes of decaying fur. The stench pleased him, for it proved something had lived in the cave. He paused in his crawl, one hand raised. Perhaps that something was a bear. He shook himself, throwing off fear as a wet dog rids itself of water, and went on.

In the dark his head pushed against something, something soft and resilient. He pulled off a glove and raised his hand. He jumped. Fur! Now was the time to use his precious flashlight batteries. He reached into the deep pocket of his outer parka and grasped the felt-padded barrel. Webb was afraid, so afraid that his hand shook and the roof of his mouth felt hollow. He turned on the light.

The reindeer hide hung across the tunnel. The top was held in place by ivory wedges. Stone weights were suspended near the bottom. Panting with relief, Webb pushed the fur to one side. There were two of the fur doors, each several layers thick. At the second he paused, removed his mask, and hallooed. No answer. He went on.

Beyond the second door the stalk of tunnel flowered into an oval cave. He probed the cavern with his light. Hides hung from the walls and littered the floor. In the far corner lay a slab of rotten meat and near it a heap of filth. A pair of seven-foot iron-tipped spears leaned against the wall. The fire pit in the middle of the floor was filled with ash. The fire was out. He knelt and felt the floor: still warm. That meant little, for a well-sheltered cave held its heat for months.

Webb was puzzled. The cave obviously belonged to Siberian Eskimos. But why had they let their fire go out? Where were the women and children who stayed behind when the men went hunting? If the entire family had moved away, why had they left food and furs and weapons? He finally shrugged off the question with the thought, Anyway, it gives me a chance to clean out the place before they come back.

THE Eskimos did not return, and after several days Webb stopped expecting them. He was busy readying the cave for the winter ordeal.

He threw out the verminous floor furs, covered the floor with pieces of driftwood and dry tundra, and burned the cave clean. While waiting for the smoke to leak out through the narrow niche in the roof, he went hunting. Crawling on his belly over the cold sea rocks in an Eskimo parka, flopping about with seal-like snorts, he wriggled close enough to a hair seal to spear it.

In the rocks at the foot of the cliff he found a growth of rock tripe and put the brown leathery leaves to

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★ ★ ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

IMPORTANT!

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FRIDAY

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"Atkins!"

LIBERTY

soak in a skinful of water by the fire in the cave. He muled driftwood and dwarf willow up for fuel, filled the light-pot with seal fat and, a week after finding the cave, felt himself ready for his first big test, the sea freeze.

The cold increased daily; the quiet sea became lake-still. It remained free of ice, but in the evenings Webb saw tiny flashes of light above the placid surface, firefly sparks of freezing vapor.

Late in the afternoon of his eighth day, the air was suddenly filled with thunderous groans and creaks. Webb crawled hurriedly from the cave. The sea was deathly still, its surface ashen. As he watched, an icy spume formed on the water, the frothy pulp contracted into slabs of ice, the slabs swelled and joined, until half the sea was covered.

The rumbling and thundering reached a crescendo. A tremendous *crack!* rolled across the water. The sound bounced between the basalt cliffs, filling the valley with echo. Webb cringed and looked at the overhang of the cliff, fearful that the rocks might shake loose. When his gaze returned to the sea, the clots of ice had merged into broad sheets, broken by narrow paths, jagged as lightning. Then, as peal after peal of ice thunder reverberated through the valley, the paths began to freeze shut.

Webb tottered on the edge of the cliff. The thunder beat in his brain. Loneliness and sound filled him. He scrambled into his cave and buried his head under the furs, but the beat of his heart echoed the cannonading outside. He seemed to hold the quicksilver of his reason in shaking fingers.

Desperately he lit the seal-fat lamp and by its spluttering light read and reread his report. From behind a barricade of meteorological data he fought for his sanity. For

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minutes that were hours and hours that were eternities he pored over the recordings of temperature and air pressure and wind direction. Again and again he traced the paths of last year's storms as they swept eastward across Siberia. When at last the din ended and the sea was solid, Webb came from his cave, shaken but sane.

It was midafternoon and, after the tumult, the silence seemed deafening. The sun had barely nudged over the southern horizon, and a faint wind blew from the east, the first east wind since his arrival. Webb looked over the frozen sea, wondering if he had the faintest chance of trekking across the ice to Siberia before some extremely high tide, heaving up below the ice, tumbled its rink-smooth surface in impassable chasms and mountains. He shook his head. No, not without dogs. He must attempt to wait out the winter.

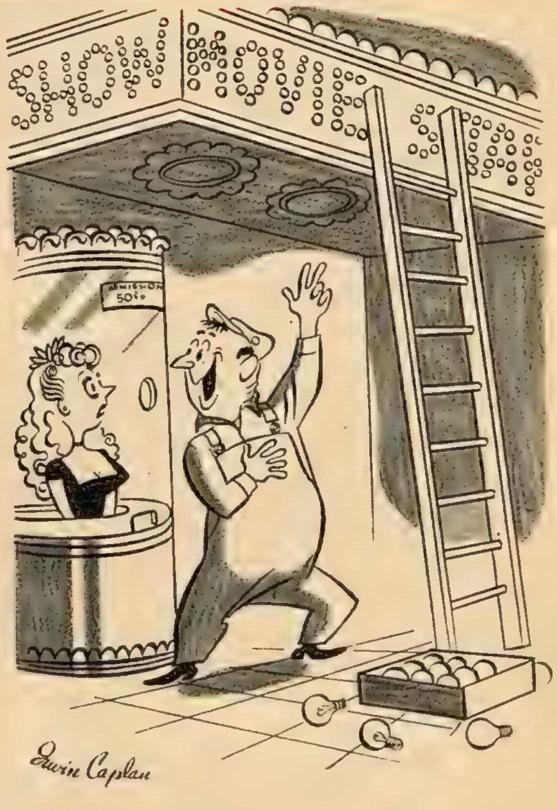
Then he saw it, to the east, a low smudge of smoke. He blinked, unbelieving, and looked again. Still there. Turning his back on the breeze, he pulled off the mask and looked a third time. The smoke hung in the distance, unlike any Arctic mirage he had seen or heard of. He shouted, but only the echo bounced back from the far cliff.

"Easy, easy," he told himself. "It's miles away. Don't go blowing your top now." He had not dared waste much time on exploration before, but now, with smoke on the horizon . . . "Easy, easy does it. Wait until morning, when you can use whatever light there is."

His breath coming short, his chest clamped with excitement, he went inside to prepare for the trip.

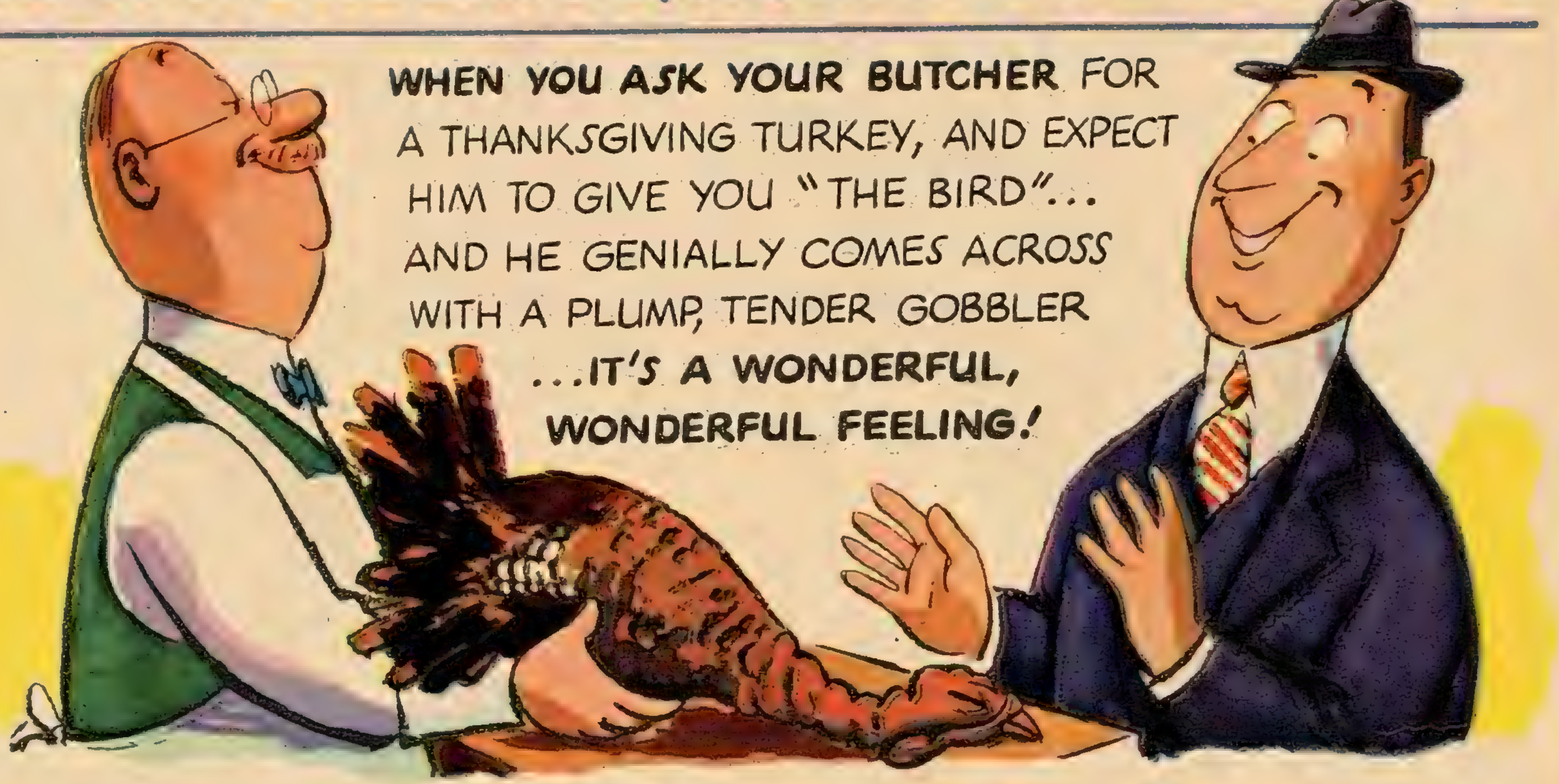
THE bodies lay on the beach, frozen and grotesque. There were five dead men scattered over half a mile.

(Continued on page 98)

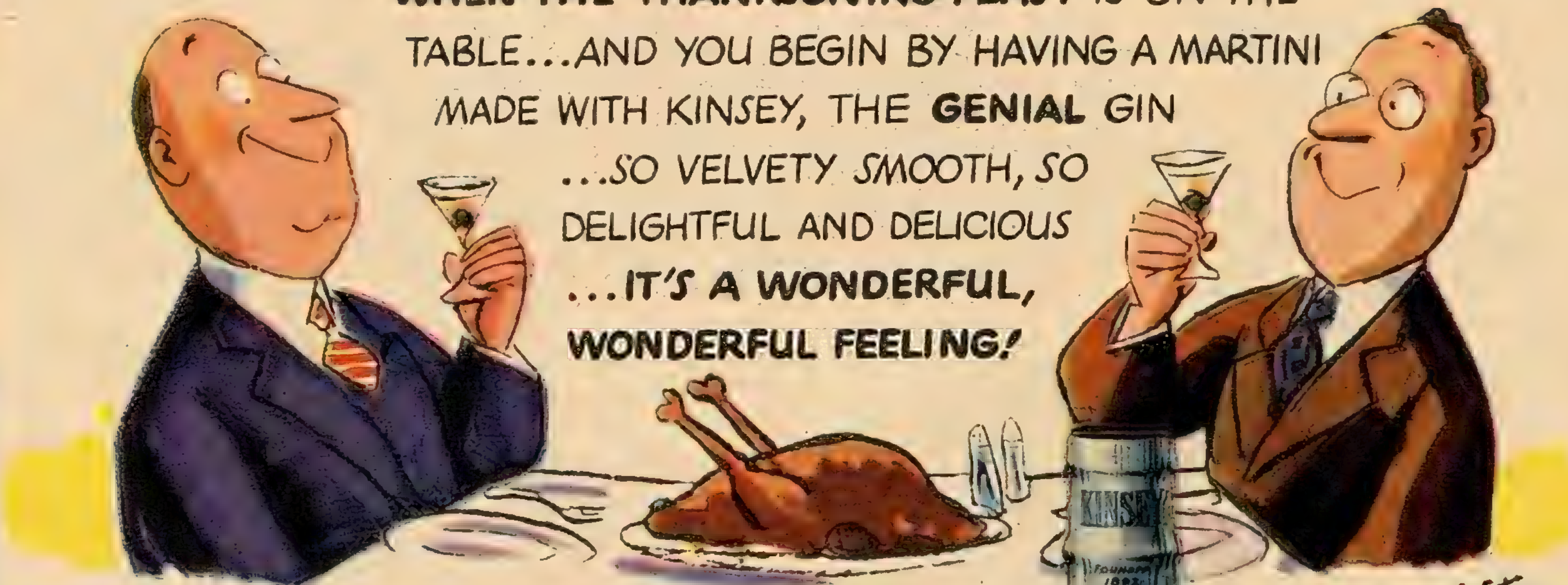

Irwin Caplan

"I'll put your name in lights!"
LIBERTY

IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!



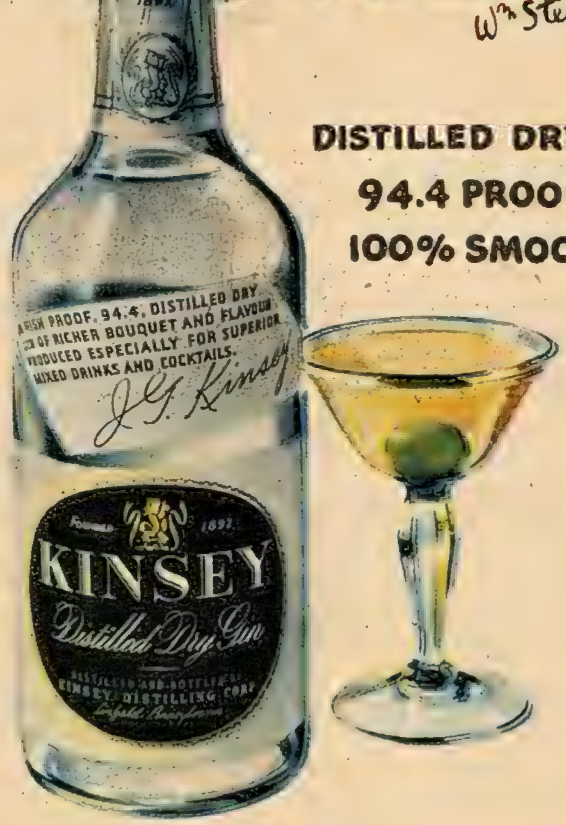
WHEN YOU ASK YOUR BUTCHER FOR A THANKSGIVING TURKEY, AND EXPECT HIM TO GIVE YOU "THE BIRD"... AND HE GENIALLY COMES ACROSS WITH A PLUMP, TENDER GOBBLER **...IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



WHEN THE THANKSGIVING FEAST IS ON THE TABLE...AND YOU BEGIN BY HAVING A MARTINI MADE WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN ...SO VELVETY SMOOTH, SO DELIGHTFUL AND DELICIOUS **...IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**

KINSEY

the Genial GIN



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Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. • Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

"Mr. Smeeth—I thought we made a pact!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 96*)

All had been shot several times. Studying the upward left-to-right path of the bullets across each body, it seemed to Webb they had been killed with a tommy gun.

"Things bad all over," he said automatically, with an apprehensive look at the cape he was skirting. The idea of sharing an island with an armed killer was even less appealing than total solitude.

He had come above five miles from his cave when he found the bodies. A mile farther, beyond the cape, he found an Eskimo settlement, deserted. A trio of skin canoes lay on the beach, smashed and ripped. The village consisted of a wooden-doored cave and a scattering of one-room dugouts. All were empty, the furs gone, the fires out. But in each there was fuel and rotten meat. As he was about to leave the cave, Webb noticed inside the wooden door a scrawl in English. He turned his light on it and deciphered the writing, "They take us boat."

"It beats me," Webb admitted aloud.

He rubbed his masked chin with his gloved hand as he came from the cave, then looked at the smoke mushrooming over a near-by ridge. Perhaps the answer lay there.

He approached the ridge cautiously. The smoke seemed to come from the far side. Gripping his spear firmly and glancing frequently over his shoulder, he worked up the bluff. Reaching the top, he stood on a narrow plateau which sloped gently, then fell away in another cliff. From below the cliff the smoke rose.

Near the far side, he dropped to all fours and approached the cliff cautiously. A few feet from the edge he paused and looked to either side. He gasped. From his new position he saw, sharply silhouetted against the cold-hazed sky, the four black cups of a wind meter. He scrambled to his feet and raced toward it, almost hysterical with joy. A weather station. Companions for the winter. Probably even a wireless and a chance for early rescue by dog sled.

The cups spun idly in the breeze. Webb stood beside the meter, panting from the run and excitement. A thin wire, running over the lip of the cliff, must lead straight to the station. He turned to follow it, but, half glimpsing the name plate on the meter, turned back. The plate was a half-inch band of black iron bent around the metal stem of the machine. The model was unfamiliar, and Webb bent to read the manufacturer's name. Panic squeezed his stomach. The lettering was in Japanese.

SUDDENLY the pieces of the puzzle fitted together and Webb could see the whole unpleasant picture. The Japs had set up an illegal observatory on this Russian island. They had kidnaped the Eskimos from the village so there would be no one to report them. One of the natives knew a little English, the language most spoken by whalers and fur traders, and wrote a note on the door.

Somehow the Japs had missed Webb's cave and the men in it. Probably it was just an emergency cave that hunters used when caught far from the village. When the hunting party was found after the boat had gone, the Japs disposed of the Eskimos. The bodies were left on the beach.

That might not be the exact story, but Webb knew it was close enough. "Brother, things were never so bad. If you don't get them, they'll get you. And they have a tommy gun against your spear."

To turn back would be useless. He could not hope to hunt the island half a year without running into the Japs. Better to strike now while he had the advantage of surprise.

Webb worked his way inland along the ridge until he could see back along its base. Through the twilight he saw the boarded doors of two caves near the foot of the cliff. A path, railed by a drooping strand of cable, connected them. From a pipe in the front of the right door, smoke flumed. The pipe by the other door was dead.

As Webb watched, a small man in a short parka came from the right-hand cave. He went into the other and soon smoke came from its pipe. Then the little man left, and soon the smoke stopped.

The left cave must house a generator for a wireless. It would operate only at intervals. The other cave would be quarters and the observatory. He estimated there would not be more than three Japs at the station, perhaps only two. A weather station requires little personnel, and the fact they had felt it necessary to kill the Eskimos indicated they were outnumbered.

IN the dusk, Webb approached the caves. There was no cover, and with the cold deepening along with the twilight, he did not risk crawling over the icy rocks. He walked slowly, his eyes on the door. He reached the path.

A wooden lever slanted across the left door. He raised the lever slowly, but it groaned like a banshee. He pushed on the door. It did not give. He threw his hip against it. The door swung in, creaking. The interior of the cave was dark.

Webb slipped in, shut the door, and paused, listening. He could hear nothing but the pounding of his heart and his breathing, hoarse inside the mask. He pulled out his flashlight and, holding it in his left hand, well away from his body, played it about the cave.

Boxes lined the low walls. On the far side of the room a generator stood, silent. Beside it was a huge drum of oil.

The wooden bolt squeaked in the door.

Webb clicked off his light. He backed against the wall, his hand tight on the leather thongs of the spear. The door swung open beside him and a shaft of light fell across the room. The Jap entered, bulky in his parka. The parka hood was back and Webb noticed the straight black hair and the glasses. A heavy revolver bobbled at his hip. The Jap bent over the generator switch. Webb stepped toward him and raised the spear. The handle grated on the stone wall. The Jap spun, his hand darting for the gun.

As he threw, Webb thought of the Eskimos on the beach. The iron point struck above the heart. The gun clattered on the stone floor as the Jap pitched forward, surprise contorting his dead face.

Webb shuddered and bit back his

(*Continued on page 100*)

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(Continued from page 98)

nausea. He picked up the revolver and threw it open to make certain it was loaded. The chamber was full. As he looked at the gun, an explosion rocked the cave. Then another, and another, and another. Webb rushed out, unthinking. The high tide had come. The great smooth sheet of new sea ice was heaving and buckling.

Shaken by the violence of the upheaval, Webb reeled back against the cliff. The door beside him swung open, and two Japs rushed out. They were lightly dressed in dirty naval uniforms, and they looked sleepy. For a moment Webb and the Japs stared at each other while the Arctic Ocean exploded beside them. Then one of the men rushed. Automatically, by reflex, Webb raised the pistol and fired. The charging Jap fell at his feet. His companion ducked for the door and, before Webb could fire again, slammed it shut. Hysterically Webb pumped shots into the wooden barricade. Not until the hammer clicked on the empty chamber did he realize his mistake.

He bent over the man he had shot. No gun. He rushed back to the generator room and quickly examined the first Jap. No ammunition. He picked up the spear and ran back outside. The door was still shut.

"Easy," he panted. "Easy. He doesn't know you haven't anything left. He can't even be sure you're alone." The thought calmed him.

The Jap would probably try to wait him out. Webb grinned ruefully. The little fellow was in a lot better position to play freeze-out: he had food and a stove. He looked up at the pipe, and his grin broadened. A stove. That would do it.

Calmly he walked back to the generator room, and reached into one of the wooden boxes. He pulled out a can labeled with a jumping salmon. Good. He drove the spear into the top of the can and worked it around the edge until he could bend back the lid.

The pipe was about eight feet from the ground and Webb had to climb. The face of the cliff was smooth, but at last he made it. He pulled the can from his pocket and rammed it over the pipe. It froze quickly.

Dropping back to the path, Webb examined the door. A small ventilation slit had been shut from the inside. He opened a can of pilchard and plugged the outside with frozen sardine. Then he settled down to the death watch.

DURING his vigil he made several useful discoveries. He followed a wire and found the antenna. In the generator hut he discovered a hatchet. When the sky grew light, around noon, he started the generator and, taking the hatchet, returned to the door.

The door was thick and the hatchet small. The work was nerve-racking. He could not be sure but that at any moment a bullet would crash through the weakening wood. But in two hours he broke through.

The tommy gun was trained on the door. The Jap lay behind it, cheek against the clumsy stock. He was dead.

The fumes from the smothered stove still filled the room. Even after an hour with the door open they were strong enough to give Webb a headache as he crossed to the wireless. He turned the transmitting coils to five hundred kilocycles, the emergency band, and sat down in the little low-backed chair. His dispatch case, with the remaining copy of his report, pressed into his back as he began to tap the telegraph key.

"Things," said Webb, "could be worse."

THE END

JUDO
Jo Kaplan
LIBERTY

CHAMPS OF THE BIT

Continued from Page 22

get Americanized in a hurry. Rasel-Fedawi answers to his nickname Razzy.

Most horses get their names by borrowing a portion from the name of each parent—like nine-year-old Rifage, a son of Mirage and Rifala and one of Van Vleet's most valuable stallions. Rifage is a grandson of Skowronek, for whom the hard-headed Soviet government once offered his English owner $250,000.

Like all pure-breds, each Van Vleet horse has a lengthy and well-documented family tree. In addition to having a record of his ancestry, each Arabian has a chart showing his own distinctive features and markings—a practice worth recommending to keepers of human genealogies.

For Zarife and the other great stallions, life has a purpose that transcends the ordinary activities of a horse's life. Bearing such potent blood, a great stallion must spend part of his time begetting offspring like himself. His other activities keep him in top form for this, his lifework.

At the Van Vleet Arabian stud the current program consists simply of breeding pure-bred stallions to pure-bred mares to produce pure-bred foals. This season, for example, the Lazy VV produced about twenty-five foals. About half of these, including nearly all of the females, will remain at the Lazy VV for further enlargement of Van Vleet's string. That means that about a dozen colts —males—will be leaving the Lazy VV some time this year.

Producing more pure-bred Arabians, as Van Vleet does, will be the purpose of some of the breeders and ranchers who buy Van Vleet's colts. But a few will grow into sturdy young stallions ready to serve at stud for mares of any breed or strain, to do their part in the all-important work of "grading up" America's horse population. For this purpose a few more fine stallions are ready every year, not only among the Arabs but also among the other fine breeds including the Thoroughbred, Morgan, American saddle, walking horse, and quarter horse.

ONLY a few years ago there was a great gulf between the ordinary farmers and ranchers who have always owned most of America's horses and the owners of pure-bred horses. As the good horses improved with careful breeding, the average horse degenerated until its blood lines faded and were forgotten.

It is no secret that an ordinary horse—meaning a horse without any traceable blood or lineage—is barely worth its keep. And yet if that "ordinary" horse is a mare with fairly good conformation, it may become a real money-maker if its owner breeds it with a blooded stallion. Any foal that carries half, quarter, or even smaller fraction of Arabian blood—and the same holds true with other good breeds—is worth hundreds or possibly thousands of dollars.

It is these simple facts of profit or loss that are now writing the doom of the mongrel horse in America, now that blooded stallions are plentiful.

While it may take many years for the supply of pure-bred Arabian horses to meet even the demands of breeders, much less the demands of the increasing numbers of ordinary individuals who want a horse to ride, the Arab blood is revitalizing horsedom through the popular part-Arab breeds and strains, notably the quarter horse and the Palomino, the platinum blond of horsedom. Today the quarter horse is known as a breed, and only a few months ago Buckskin Joe, the Fort Worth quarter-horse champion, sold for $25,000.

Arabian horses in America still are scarce and expensive, and there are not nearly enough of them to satisfy the demand. But through the efforts of ranches like the Lazy VV and breeders like the Van Vleets, we soon will have enough Arabs to make the long-needed improvement in our riding horses, not only in the West but all over America.

Then sports-loving Americans by the millions may once more pick up the old cry, "Get a horse!"

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Don wakes up to the excruciating knowledge that there's no whisky left in the house.

THE LOST WEEKEND

(Paramount)
Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, Phillip Terry

THE mighty team of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder (of Double Indemnity fame) have directed, written, and produced The Lost Weekend, a faithful adaptation of Charles Jackson's novel about a man on a four-day bender. Ray Milland does a wonderful job as Don Birnam, probably the lushest part of the year—in every sense of the word.

As in the novel, Don evades his brother's surveillance, thus giving himself four whole days to escape from reality via alcohol. He has no money; therefore most of his dipsomaniac holiday is spent trying to beg, borrow, and once to steal cash to buy the all-important liquid.

It's a frenzied, horrifying search. On one of the days he staggers out with typewriter under arm, and begins slogging up Third Avenue, looking for a hock shop. All of them are closed, and tortured Don walks fifty blocks before he discovers the reason—it's Yom Kippur.

At the end of the same day he falls down a flight of stairs. From there we are catapulted into one of the grimmest of all movie scenes: the Bellevue alcoholic ward. Honors here go to Frank Faylen, who does a masterful bit as a male nurse. When the lights in the ward go out and the screams go up, you'll be struck with the full force of the horrors of the d.t.'s.

As Don's girl, Jane Wyman gets "A" for Effort at being *simpatico.* Phillip Terry is Wick, the common-sensical brother whose soberness outweighs Don's drunkenness.

The Lost Weekend is a worthy probing into the causes of chronic alcoholism. It doesn't preach or moralize. It simply states, "Here I am in this condition, here are some of the events leading up to it. Maybe now you can understand how I got that way."

Wick discovers Don's secret cache.

RECOMMENDED PICTURES

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY (M-G-M). June Allyson, Robert Walker, Hedy Lamarr. A modern fairy tale.

BLITHE SPIRIT (Noel Coward). Rex Harrison, Margaret Rutherford, Constance Cummings. A supernatural farce.

THE HOUSE ON 92ND STREET (20th Century-Fox). Bill Eythe, Lloyd Nolan, Signe Hasso. Drama-documentary about the F.B.I.

MILDRED PIERCE (Warner Bros.). Joan Crawford, Ann Blyth, Jack Carson. James Cain's murder-melodrama.

THE TRUE GLORY. Anglo-American war film. An extraordinary documentary.

STATE FAIR (20th Century-Fox). Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes. A bucolic musical.

TROUBLE IN THE AIR

Continued from Page 43

mare, right over there in front of Trumbull's!"

Another man said, "Say! Why ain't Trumbull open? It's long past his time!"

By then Thomas Hawkins was ready with tentative answers, at least, to a few of the questions that had plagued him ever since he looked out the window that morning while he was buttoning his shirt. How he arrived at these answers was a process obscure even to himself. A hunch, he would have called it—something on the same level of perception as his sense of trouble impending. The important thing was that the crowd was groping toward these same answers, that he had hit upon them a little sooner.

A VOICE cried, "Johnny was playin' faro in Trumbull's back room last night, last I saw of him!"

Thomas Hawkins pushed in among them then, making his way toward his successor. He counted on attracting their attention to himself for a little while, and he did that. Pollard saw him coming and scowled. You couldn't blame Pollard for looking worried and lost, and naturally he didn't relish having Hawkins see him in such a fix. Scotty Hogarth, Pollard's deputy, was scowling, too.

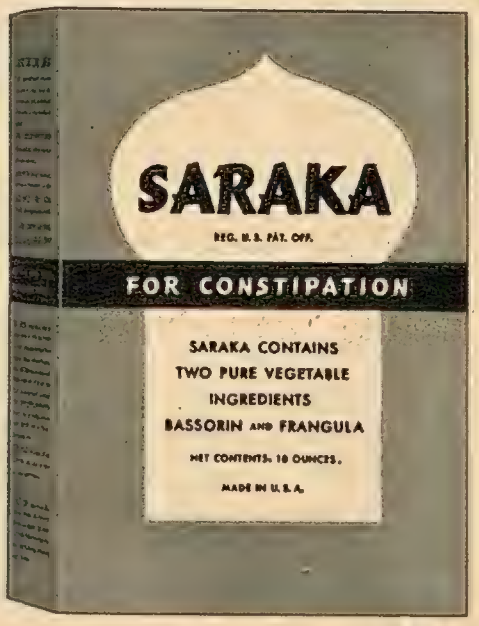
In Thomas Hawkins' own view of it, this was going to be the hardest and riskiest part of his plan. Pollard and he had never been friendly, as everyone in Anstruther knew. Pollard had taken over the job that Thomas Hawkins had done for a long time and done honestly and well, the job that had been his pride. In the contradictory, human way, it was Pollard who held the grudge on that account, not Hawkins. Still uncertain of himself, Pollard was all the more jealous of his position and his authority for that reason, all the more intolerant of any interference. This was the risky part, Thomas Hawkins told himself again. If they could just get over this—

He didn't look that way, but he was acutely conscious of Trumbull's place, closed and silent though it was. It wasn't like Trumbull to miss any excitement, or the chance of profit that the excitement of others threw in the way of his establishmen. Thomas Hawkins had never before wished for the gift of eloquence as he did now. If he had the right words to say to Pollard—about seeing Trumbull out earlier, for instance; about the way Trumbull had taken a stick to Johnny Muir's pet horse—

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Success is getting what you want;
happiness is wanting what you get.
—*Anon.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★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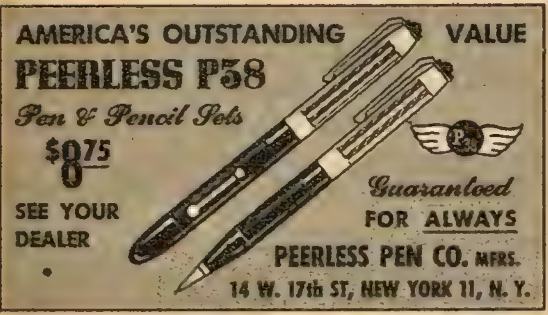
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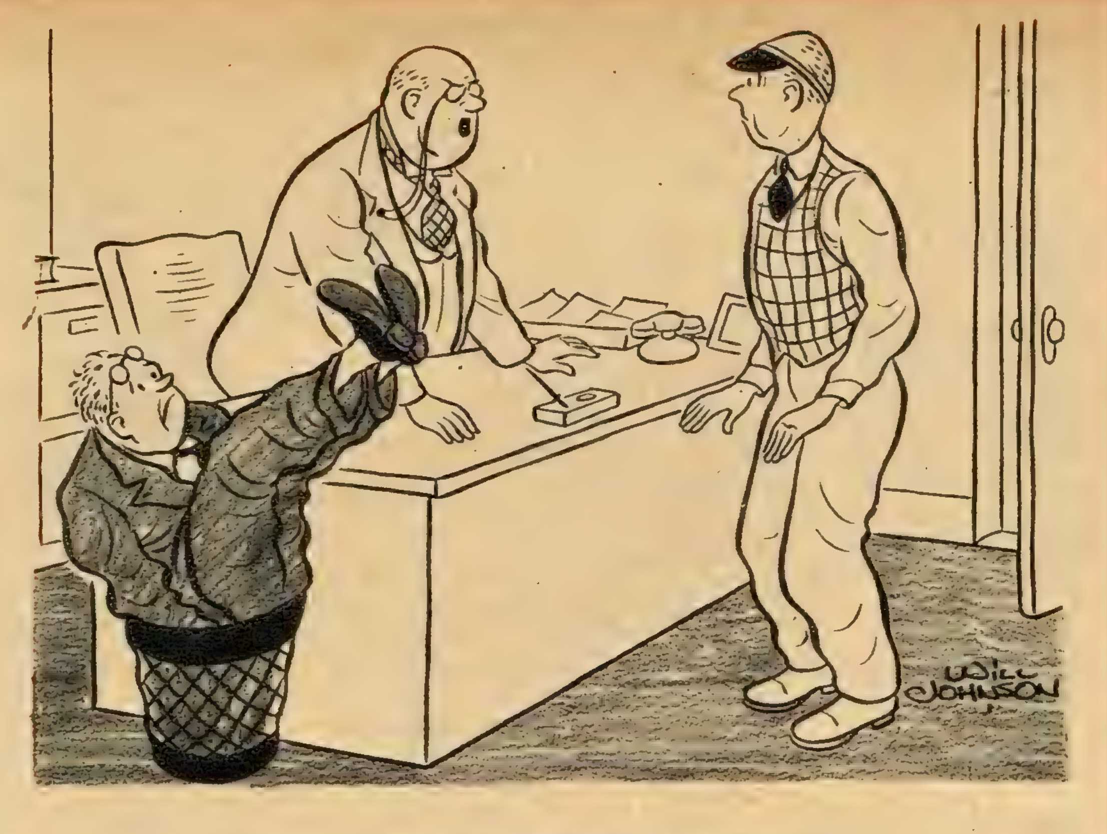


"Herndon, how would you like a promotion?"

LIBERTY

The crowd opened up a little to let him through. This was something unforeseen but exciting, and they stopped talking and watched. David Pollard said, "I take it you've come to tell me what to do!"

Hawkins had a vaguely pacific gesture. "You don't need to get mad! I only had something to tell you, something I happened to see earlier this morning. Come on over here till I tell you. Your deputy might as well hear it, too."

He walked away a few steps then, and he was holding his breath. Pollard might refuse to follow him, might insist on having anything he had to say said in public. But after a moment he heard the steps of the two men behind him. Just out of earshot of the crowd, Thomas Hawkins turned and waited for them to come up.

The crowd behaved just as he had thought it might. It hung back, not out of diffidence but with a sure instinct for heightening the suspense and its own enjoyment. Pollard asked angrily, "What kind of fool play-acting is this? Do you reckon you can—"

Thomas Hawkins' first words were just as angry as his, just as plainly audible to everyone. "I don't reckon to do one thing or another! I only just want to—"

His voice dropped then, but they could still guess at the import of what he said by watching Pollard. Pollard's straight back and sharp gestures were as eloquent of impatience and resentment as any words could have been. It was noted with rising excitement that Thomas Hawkins was just as angry as he.

Pollard was angry because he had a hard problem on his hands and no immediate notion of how to solve it. The altercation with Hawkins offered a vent for his anger and, even more important, the show of doing something, taking some action. But Thomas Hawkins counted on revealing to him, under cover of this seeming altercation, a way to solve his problem. Hogarth, the deputy, heard him say hotly, "It ain't, either, crazy! The way things are, anything else'd be crazy!"

"I'm not afraid of having a few bullets aimed at me!"

"Oh, hear him! If you've got a rattlesnake to kill, do you always let him take a bite at you first? 'Tisn't only just you, either. You'd need maybe a dozen men to make sure of gettin' in there, and they'd all stand a smart chance of gettin' shot, too!"

"I can get a dozen men easy enough!"

"You can get every man here, and that's just what you don't want! You get that many, and it isn't the law any more, but a mob! And the worst is that if you let them do it once, they'll want to do it every time, and they'll soon get so they won't wait for you to call on them, either! Maybe you think that ain't important, but it is! It's a whole lot more important than finding the man that shot Johnny Muir, I can tell you!"

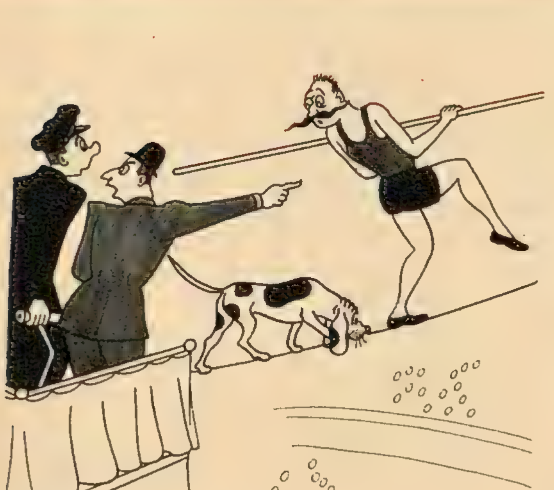
Pollard said, "How do I know you aren't trying to make a fool of me?"

"If I am, you can charge me with obstructin' justice. You'll have witnesses enough, and they're not friends of mine, most of them. But hurry up! You wait just a minute too long, and I'm not the one that'll make a fool of you, but every man you see in the crowd there! You tell Hogarth what he's to do and tell him right now, or a whole lot of people are goin' to get hurt!"

WHAT the expectant crowd saw was that Pollard turned and said something to Hogarth, who scratched his head and evidently asked to have his instructions repeated. Pollard spoke to him again, with mounting impatience, and Hogarth shrugged and started across the street. For a moment necks were craned to see where the deputy was going and what he was going to do. But then the attention swung back sharply to the two men still standing where Hogarth had left them. A yell went up from the crowd. Thomas Hawkins had reached out and punched the sheriff on the side of the head.

Characteristically, no one tried to stop them. The crowd formed a wide intent circle around the fighters, forgetting about the murder of Johnny Muir, even. But Hawkins, settling down to ten or fifteen minutes of the hardest kind of work, did not forget. He went on thinking about Johnny Muir, even while Pollard's fists thudded against his cheekbones and his ribs. Pollard must be pretty mad, and he wondered whether Pollard still thought this was a crazy idea.

IN the first few moments of the fight, Thomas Hawkins contrived to glance at Trumbull's place, and saw a half dozen faces peering from the upstairs windows. There was that much to assure him that the idea was not crazy. But then, to save himself from being knocked unconscious, he had no more time to look around; he had to attend to David Pollard's flailing fists. Both their faces were marked already, and Hawkins couldn't see much out of his left eye. In spite of all he could do, he was working up to a direct, slow fury against Pollard, and he began to plan his own punches more carefully, where they would do the most good. Once he caught the sheriff off balance and sent him sprawling. The crowd whooped, and Thomas Hawkins, though he wasn't fully aware of it himself, grinned.



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Pollard didn't stay down, and Thomas Hawkins had to jump aside from the headlong frenzy of his next attack. Pollard had him by one arm and was trying to jerk him off his feet.

They got their arms about each other and stood locked and swaying unsteadily, breathing in gasps. The crowd, that had surged in closer to watch, fell back again as they broke apart, and Thomas Hawkins wiped some of the blood from his mouth. It was a pretty tough fight, he told himself dully. Anyone who didn't know better might think—

BUT all through the fight a part of Thomas Hawkins' mind dwelt anxiously and insistently on other matters. He reminded himself that a thick bandage had been knotted about Johnny Muir's head to keep the wound from bleeding and leaving a trail, and that he himself had seen Trumbull take a stick to Johnny Muir's little horse. If he had let Pollard go boldly up to Trumbull's door and start asking a lot of questions, what would have happened?

Either Trumbull would have denied all knowledge of the shooting, and then it might have been impossible to prove anything against him and his hangers-on; or else, depending on the degree of his panic, Trumbull might have chosen to shoot it out, to stand siege for the day in the hope of slipping away after dark and getting out of the country.

If that had been his choice, Johnny Muir would not have been the only one dead by nightfall. But this way, the way the old sheriff had persuaded the new sheriff to try—

Not that this way was perfect! For one thing, it was going to leave them both all black and blue and tuckered out. For another, it took so hanged long! Thomas Hawkins' throat was parched, he breathed like a croupy child, and he was not too sure of his legs. To look at him, Pollard was not in much better case. Thomas Hawkins risked turning his head for a moment, for another glimpse of Trumbull's place, and saw that the faces were gone from the upstairs windows now. Lost interest in this fight, had they? That wasn't much of a compliment, after all the trouble he and Pollard had gone to to entertain them!

Pollard was coming toward him again, staggering like a drunken man, and Thomas Hawkins got ready to—

Then, all at once, the fight was over, though it was hard to make Pollard understand. Hogarth, grinning broadly, had to parry the sheriff's last blow, since Thomas Hawkins had already dropped his hands. Hogarth shook David Pollard by the shoulder, and his voice was hoarse with excitement.

"We got them! We got every last one of them! They just walked into our arms, there at the back door of the saloon, and there wasn't a shot fired! Trumbull, he had a big bag of money with him, so, wherever he was going, he aimed to stay a while! He talked, too! They all talked, plenty, once they saw how we'd tricked them and that the game was up.

"I tell you, it was just the best dodge ever! They made sure everybody was watching the fight and that they had time to saddle up and get away without being seen!"

DAVID POLLARD got a little of his voice back. "Where did you put them?" he demanded.

"In the jail, and six of the boys are guarding the place. Trumbull blames it all on that little mare of Johnny Muir's. He just raves like a madman when he talks about that horse. He says, if it hadn't been for her—"

David Pollard held up his hand, and the knuckles were split and bleeding. He turned to the gaping, astonished crowd. "You all heard that, didn't you?" he said. "We've got the men that killed Johnny Muir, and when they've been tried, they'll hang for it.

"That's the law, and that's how it's going to be."

His voice grew harsh with the effort it cost him to speak. "You can thank Thomas Hawkins, as I thank him, that there wasn't anybody killed in fetching those men to jail! He had it figured out, and I guess you'll admit that he fooled you all, and not just Trumbull and his gang. So the least you can do is to leave them in jail, where Thomas Hawkins landed them. They won't get away, you can make sure of that! If I have to, I'll get Thomas Hawkins to help me hold them for a proper trial. That's what he wants done with them, and I think he's got the right to decide. If there's anybody here that wants to say anything against Thomas Hawkins—"

THOMAS HAWKINS heard Pollard talking, but heard it only as a vague succession of sounds. He was trying to wipe the blood from his face and put his clothing in some sort of order, and he didn't understand that the cheers, when they began, were mostly for him.

What he wanted was to slip off home and wash his face and get tidied up.

But first he meant to lead Johnny Muir's little horse to his own stable and see that she was watered and fed. When they saw him trudging over toward Trumbull's hitching rack, the cheers began all over again.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

It's too bad those talkers who speak "straight from the shoulder" can't speak from a little higher up.

—*Quote.*

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BIG-TIME BUSH-LEAGUER

Continued from Page 27

lege," he says. "Technically, we use the same formations and shift at Ohio State that we had at Massillon High. In fact, our offense is less complex this year than it was in high school.

"Maybe I'm a sucker for saying this, but I honestly believe I'm a better head coach for all those years I spent in high school as an assistant. The head man usually is too busy planning strategy and making decisions to get to know his players. The assistant coach is his liaison with his kids. After you've worked with adolescent boys for a while, you realize they're more immature emotionally than they are physically. They get discouraged quickly. They're erratic and they get homesick. The chief lesson I learned was that every boy is an individual who requires special treatment.

"TAKE the cases of Ollie Cline and Dick Flanagan, seventeen-year-old backs last year in the Great Lakes game. Most of the Great Lakes players were big college stars before my freshmen started to play football. Cline was our fullback and his particular idol happened to be Jim Mello, the former Notre Dame fullback. Mello was at that position for Great Lakes, and the idea of playing on the same field with Mello, to say nothing of trying to lick him, overwhelmed Cline.

"Flanagan was different. 'Nuts to that Mello,' he told Cline. 'He's just another guy weighing 185 pounds. If you smack him hard, he'll go down.' I knew Flanagan would be all right, so I concentrated on watching Cline early in the game. The kid was in a daze at first, but he came out of it and played a good game. Flanagan? Oh, he ran sixty-six yards the first time he carried the ball."

Widdoes neglects to mention that the Great Lakes game was a pretty severe emotional crisis for him, too. Great Lakes was coached by his old boss, now Lieutenant Brown. The unique situation in which the acknowledged master met the humble assistant was further complicated by the fact that Brown knew Ohio State's plays and veteran personnel as well as Widdoes. Great Lakes also had a crushing edge in experience, know-how and weight. It looked bad for the college boys.

It looked much worse in the third period when the sailors tied the score, 6-6, and Ohio fumbled the kick-off following that touchdown. The college kids held for downs—and promptly fumbled again. Once more they dug in and took the ball away. Then Les Horvath hit Jack Dugger with a thirty-yard pass, and on the very next play Horvath ran twenty-five yards to Great Lakes' five-yard line. That was the ball game, and just to make it stick, Ohio

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ran up two more touchdowns for a convincing 20-6 decision.

"That was the turning point of the season," Widdoes smiles. "Beating Great Lakes gave our freshmen the confidence they needed. They realized for the first time that they could play pretty good football."

Great Lakes might have been the great awakening, but it is only fair to credit Widdoes with shrewd and skillful psychology in preparing the freshmen for the acceptance of that realization. The Buckeyes last year had several talented operatives, to be sure. Horvath, a tremendous competitor and steadying influence on the field, won the John Heisman award as the Player of the Year. Dugger, an end, and Guard Bill Hackett made everybody's All America along with Horvath. Let us not be naïve about these things, however. Only top-drawer teams put players on the All America, and Widdoes' frosh enabled Ohio State to pull a stunning sleeper for the championship.

NEVER before did a coach go so far with so many players so young. He had only five dependable backs and, with the exception of Horvath, all were preinduction-age kids. Three more, each seventeen, played in the line. The all-civilian team was rounded out by three 4-Fs (Dugger, bad eyes; Bill Willis, varicose veins; Russ Thomas, trick knee) and three men in the Army Specialized Training Program. Horvath was in dental school and Hackett and Warren Amling were veterinary students.

For the benefit of skeptics, it should be noted that of the forty-three players on the O.S.U. squad last year, only three were not graduates of Ohio high schools. And those "foreigners" came from towns just beyond the state boundary. This season, Widdoes has another all-state, odds-and-ends team consisting of four seventeen-year-olds, two 4-Fs, four A.S.T.P. deferrees, and Paul Sarringhaus, a former star who was discharged by the Army after combat service in the Pacific.

College football teams often reflect the personal characteristics of their coaches. This is another way of reporting that Ohio State is a deadpan calmly efficient ball club not given to pulling miracles or white rabbits out of the hat. There was no hysteria or hammy heroics in the climactic Michigan game last year when the unbeaten Bucks, trailing by 14-12, with time running out, got the ball on their sixteen-yard line. Horvath simply said in the huddle, "O. K. We can't lose the ball. Let's go." Ohio State covered eighty-four yards to the promised land without throwing a single pass. Not one super-duper trick play was called. Widdoes' kids went all the way with straight, sound football.

"We don't count on pulling miracles," he says laconically. "They're too unpredictable. The groundwork for the game your team plays on Saturday is laid during the week."

Widdoes has definite, slightly unorthodox theories on only one aspect of the game—conditioning—the secret of Ohio State's rousing finishing drives. In the grueling Michigan battle last season he used only six substitutes. It was no happy happenstance. His players were in shape at the end of a tough season as a result of a carefully planned program. Once the season is under way, Widdoes rarely scrimmages a squad. His players always are in condition to pull a stunt that invariably intrigues the spectators. They are not permitted to sit down or use the water bucket during time-outs.

"The reason is chiefly psychological," Widdoes confides. "My kids may be just as pooped as the other side, but when they see their opponents slumping on the ground when time is called, they can't help thinking, 'We've got those other guys worn out. We can't miss winning.' It's good physiology, too. Everybody who's ever played any game knows how hard it is to come back once you've relaxed."

IF Widdoes is unusual among football coaches, the reason may lie in the fact that he is the only one in the profession who was born in the Far East. Although he appears to be typically American, many of his basic attitudes and habits are Oriental. He is a stickler for the small details of his job, but he is casual about things that can be done presently instead of right now. He and his wife are ardent golfers, and if they happen to get home to their three sons for dinner at eight o'clock instead of six, the customary time, nobody gets upset.

The Rev. Howard Widdoes and his wife, United Brethren missionaries, were on assignment in the Philippines when Carroll, the second of six children, was born at Manila in 1903. The father's permanent mission station was at San Fernando Union, a little town on the western coast of northern Luzon. With the exception of one year, 1909, spent in Dayton with his folks on sabbatical leave, Carroll lived in the Philippines for thirteen years, and it must have been an idyllic existence for a boy.

The Widdoes brood was not bothered with such annoyances as formal school and conventional clothes. Mrs. Widdoes taught her children at home, an hour or two a day. The rest of the time they were free to play outdoors with the Filipino kids. Carroll spoke Ilocano, the native tongue, as fluently as he spoke English.

Every August the Widdoes kids saw other American children at Baguio, a mountain resort where the missionaries vacationed to escape the summer heat; but the remainder of the year they knew only the natives. All the young Filipinos were crazy about sports, and Carroll played more games than would have been possible in a less exotic en-

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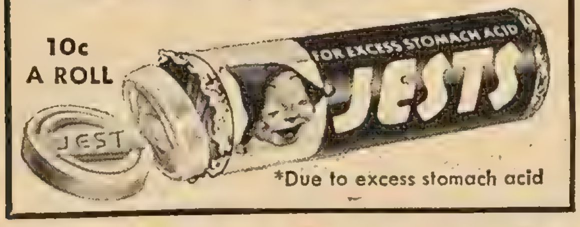

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vironment. Even his father pitched for a baseball team he organized to play neighboring high schools. Most of Carroll's early memories are of baseball, basketball, and pole vaulting.

Carroll left the Philippines for good in 1917, but his folks remained behind. They were still there in December, 1941, when the Japs invaded Luzon. They were interned for seven months, then put on restricted liberty until July, 1944, when they were sent to the notorious prison camp at Los Banos. A vague charge was trumped up against the Rev. Mr. Widdoes, seventy-one, and for forty-seven days he was kept in solitary confinement. All he got to eat was a ball of rice and a cup of salt water twice a day. An American task force liberated him on February 23, 1945 —and his son's football fame indirectly speeded the rescue.

When Ohio State completed its unbeaten season last year, Major General Robert J. Beightler, a native of Columbus and commanding officer of the Thirty-seventh Division, a former Ohio National Guard outfit, sent a letter to the university, congratulating the football staff. Widdoes immediately wrote to General Beightler, telling him his parents were at Los Banos and asking him to look after them if they were found alive. A few days after the arrival of Widdoes' letter, paratroopers and amphibious tanks liberated the 2,000 civilians at Los Banos. That evening General Beightler invited the disheveled, bewildered Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Widdoes to dinner with his staff, where they learned for the first time that their son was at Ohio State.

CARROLL was fourteen when his folks sent him with two brothers and a sister back to the States, to the United Brethren church home at Lebanon, Ohio. Carroll organized the first basketball team the school ever had and was a member of the baseball and track teams. In his senior year he transferred to the newly opened Otterbein Home High, then entered Otterbein College at Westerville, Ohio, in 1922. Up to this point he had played no football. Neither of his high schools supported gridiron teams.

Otterbein plays small minor-league colleges in its own class, yet Widdoes was something less than a campus hero even in that modest company. His best game was basketball, which he played professionally for a few years at Canton after graduation. On the track, he ran the high and low hurdles, and eventually approached twelve feet in the pole vault, good enough to earn a place for three years in the state intercollegiates. But he couldn't earn as much as a local reputation in football, which was to be his meal ticket. Weighing only 145 pounds, he couldn't make the varsity until his junior year, and he knew the thrill of playing on the winning side only twice.

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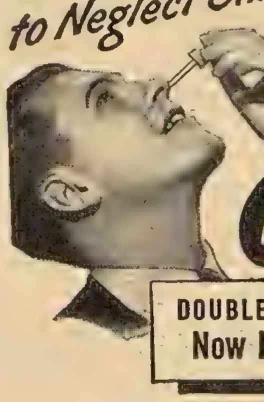

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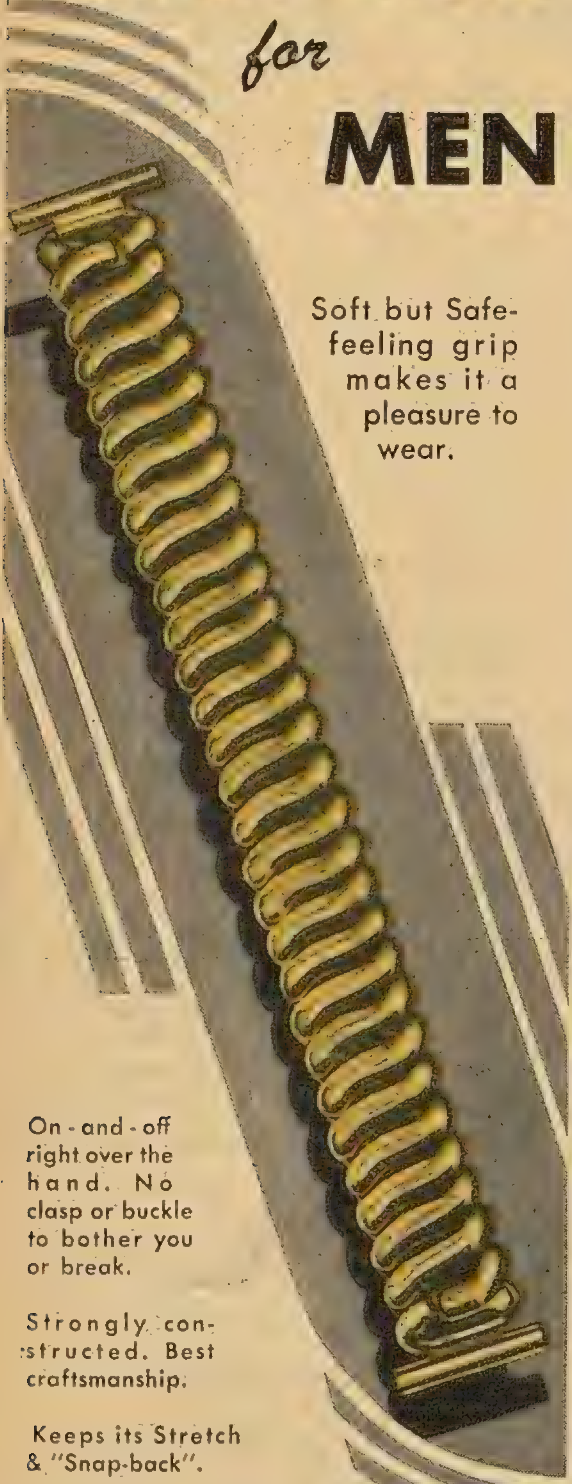

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hardly was calculated to be a springboard to a successful coaching career.

"I really didn't know what my field would be after I got out of college," he confesses. "I wasn't looking far ahead when I decided to try coaching. It was just another way of continuing my interest in athletics."

There are some deep thinkers who believe the attraction coaching held for Widdoes was merely the sublimation of his own failure in sports. They could be right, at that.

Having made his decision, Widdoes started in the subbasement of football. He went to Longfellow Junior High in Massillon as a general science teacher and volunteer coach. He might have drifted into another field if John Kester, one of his players, had not had an attractive older sister. Paul Brown, the big noise at the senior high, began to keep company with Kester's sister and later married her. After the immemorial fashion of suitors, Brown tried to get in solid with the kid brother and through him met Widdoes. The two coaches became friends, and Brown, impressed by Widdoes' quiet efficiency, got him transferred to his school in 1934.

In the next seven years Massillon compiled a record never equaled in any league at any time. From 1934 through 1940, Massillon played seventy games, won sixty-seven and tied one. That amazing run led to still more astonishing developments. Brown gained national prominence and was boomed by his own rivals for the job open at Ohio State. The high-school coaches of Ohio had two motives: (1) to get the guy out of their hair; (2) to enhance their own prestige by having Brown prove a schoolboy coach could win in the major leagues.

Brown's candidacy was considered a joke in many quarters, yet subtle factors operated in his favor.

There was increasing dissatisfaction, among players and parents, with the tactics of Francis "Close the Gates of Mercy" Schmidt, a hard-bitten coach of the old school. Promising young players, who ordinarily would have been expected to matriculate at Ohio State, were migrating elsewhere, and the rising clamor throughout the state for Brown practically forced the university's hand. The convincer was the strong implication from the high-school coaches that they would steer their best players to Ohio State if Brown got the job. In the vast confusion, Widdoes went to O.S.U. with Brown. Few knew he was on the premises until Brown accepted a commission in the Navy.

It would be gilding the lily to report that Widdoes' elevation to the acting head coach's job in 1944 was greeted with gladsome cries. No one was greatly exercised, because it was taken for granted that Brown shortly would return and, besides, little was expected of the Buckeyes for the

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'44 season. The previous team had lost six of its nine games, and Ohio State had no Navy trainees to compete with some other schools in the Big Ten.

Presently the Ohio State people were caught in the middle of a splendid dilemma. Widdoes had demonstrated he was the coaching find of the ages, and the customers had established a new record for home attendance. But there was Brown, who was entitled, morally and legally, to his old job.

In the meantime several colleges, notably Cornell, were making passes at Widdoes.

Ohio State wanted to keep him until Brown's return, but it could offer him nothing for the future but a reduction in status and salary.

Brown, however, took everyone off the spot by announcing he would coach the Cleveland team in the projected American Professional League after his release from the Navy.

It was reported that he was given a five-year contract at $25,000 a year, with the entire sum deposited to his credit in a bank. Ohio State couldn't match that with its president getting only $15,000 a year. So Widdoes was appointed head coach, with no strings attached, in February, 1945, and joined the faculty with the rank of full professor in physical education.

THAT full professorship is a life job. It is Widdoes' safety net in the event of several poor seasons in a row, for even if he should be deposed as football coach, he will continue to draw the same salary and will enjoy such benefits as tenure, retirement pension, and the like. There is small likelihood, though, that he will fall flat on his face. He is assured of a steady flow of good material from Ohio high schools, perhaps the best football incubator in America, and he simply is not the type to alienate anyone. He avoids popping off with statements calculated to boomerang and embarrass him by the simple expedient of saying nothing.

"I never had an intense desire to run the show, but I like it now," he admits. "Maybe you have fewer headaches by remaining in the background, but assuming responsibility for final decisions can be pretty enjoyable if it doesn't overwhelm you. It scared me last season, but I'm over the hill now."

Widdoes inevitably reminds regulars on the sports beat of another unspectacular, unassuming gent who always was a bush-leaguer as a competitor but has managed to do very well as a master mind in the big time. Fellow named Joe McCarthy.

THE END

* * *

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* * *

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MAKING FRIENDS WITH MOSCOW

Continued from Page 29

When things get dull, Ehrenburg falls back upon an aged Englishwoman known only as Lady Gibb, whose antecedents are quite unknown to the British colony in Moscow. She once wrote to Ehrenburg chiding him from Scripture that peace could not be cultivated simply by revenge. Ehrenburg's reply was a scathing article in Red Star, the Army newspaper, which also brought letters from Soviet Army men. Ehrenburg saves these letters, and when things get particularly dull, he will find a suitable news angle, trot out a letter from a soldier, and have another rousing assault on Lady Gibb. So far as we knew, after her first letter, Lady Gibb took her cudgelings in silence. In fact she became quite a heroine to the unofficial Society of Fascist Beasts.

The rough-and-tumble expert, Zaslavsky, is a master of sheer invective—a completely unbridled Westbrook Pegler. He once described the symphonies of Shostakovich as a "series of meaningless grunts, squeals, and whistles," and on another occasion, was read out of the Communist Party for some misdirected shaft. Zaslavsky led the attack on William L. White's Report on the Russians, and called White a "chewer of the old Fascist cud" and "masticator of sweepings from the Fascist kitchen."

Once the line has been set with the attack in Pravda or War and the Working Class, the campaign is often transferred to certain publications in the United States who lend assistance consciously and otherwise. This is usually handled through the American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., whose membership includes many people who sincerely feel that good relations can best be cultivated by ignoring disputes and differences between our two nations.

But the methods of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc., can hardly be credited with the same sincerity. A director of the organization, Edwin S. Smith, has on occasion sought to bring pressure on American correspondents in Moscow to support his viewpoint.

After the War and the Working Class published Zaslavsky's article on the William L. White affair, Mr. Smith wired to the Anglo-American Correspondents Association in Moscow saying that a group of former Moscow correspondents had drawn up a protest in New York and had "requested assistance" in getting the present Moscow correspondents to join. Smith emphasized the need for speedy action—this was in late February—because the book was due to appear in New York on March 15.

Aside from the fact that the book had not yet been published and that only four out of sixteen of us had seen the Reader's Digest condensation, there was the fact that we could only join the protest or remain silent. Censorship, of course, would prevent the slightest indication in favor of the book. Moreover, the *Narkomindel* had a copy of the telegram from Mr. Smith and could be expected to take reprisal, however devious or long in coming, against any correspondent who refused to sign. Only four out of our number had seen the article on February 26, but seven of our number signed the protest which appeared in America a few days later.

FRANTIC attempts to do independent reporting, whether of a visit to a Moscow factory or kindergarten, became ridiculously funny. Once we nominated a committee to write weekly appeals to Marshal Stalin, Mr. Molotov, and other bureaucrats. We called almost daily on the press department, and we constantly petitioned Mr. Harriman and the British ambassador, Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, for assistance.

Worried by equally irksome restrictions in their own functions, I think the ambassadors often tried to help us, although one of our diplomats, who became too insistent in his approach to Vice-Commissar A. Y. Vishinsky, was told, "The Soviet Union is at war. We haven't time to worry about those [correspondent] neurotics." The diplomat just as bluntly asked Vishinsky what made neurotics out of Moscow correspondents—was it the ghetto treatment or mental decay to which foreigners are naturally subject?

Soviet censorship cuts both ways. With regard to incoming material, Anglo-American magazines, newspapers, and books are forbidden. However, by dint of terrific pressure, the censors did permit America and Britain each to publish and distribute a Russian-language journal limited to 50,000 circulation. The British weekly newspaper, British Ally, although completely innocuous, heavily censored, and always slanted to please Soviet officialdom, became sensationally popular. Careful checking indicated that the 50,000 copies reached at least half a million people within a month, and

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probably as many more eventually, since in Russia, newspapers are never destroyed. One Russian official offered to trade precious automobile batteries for a copy, and a physician, wanting to get on the subscription list, asked one of the English girl employees of the paper if any of the staff needed babies delivered without charge.

I was told that the director of the Lenin Public Library said the two most popular publications were British Ally and the Soviet War and the Working Class. I tried to mention this in a story, but it was cut out by the censor, who said the library director vehemently denied making the statement.

The OWI followed the British example in a more expensive and less effective way by attempting to distribute a monthly Russian-language magazine, alternating between a pocket-size reader called Amerika, and the regular picture magazine, Victory. However, only two copies appeared in eight months because OWI was attempting to write in New York, cable to Moscow for censorship, return for printing in New York, and finally fly the magazines into Russia. This involved four translations from English into Russian, to say nothing of expensive cable charges and the irregularity of plane service into Russia.

IN addition to their newspaper, the British quietly tried some unofficial infiltration. On the premises of the newspaper, they set up a library of 2,500 books, which they loaned to Russian employees and anyone who found his way to the upstairs office. The library ran for a year, loaning about 100 books a month, but on January 1, 1945, there came a curt note from the *Narkomindel* telling the British to halt the distribution of subversive material.

The "subversive" material cited by the *Narkomindel* was: World Press Review; The World Turns Left, by Gerald Abrams; Hutchinson's Quarterly Review of the War (apparently mentioning the first Soviet attack on Finland); and a book which the librarian claimed had never been on the shelves—Once a Grand Duke.

It must be admitted that most correspondents do leave Russia in a more or less neurotic state. But that should not obscure the fact that the individual Russian is brave, and essentially friendly toward the foreigner. Neither is the system of suspicion and fear of the outside world a trait inherent in Bolshevism.

But in spite of British and American gestures of friendship toward the Soviet Union, it is most discouraging to find that more and not fewer obstacles have been placed in our way.

No doubt we are too impatient. The late President Roosevelt, I am told, cherished a fifty-year plan devoted to cultivating friendship with Russia. Fifty years is, after all, a brief period in the history of nations.

THE END

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NOV. 17, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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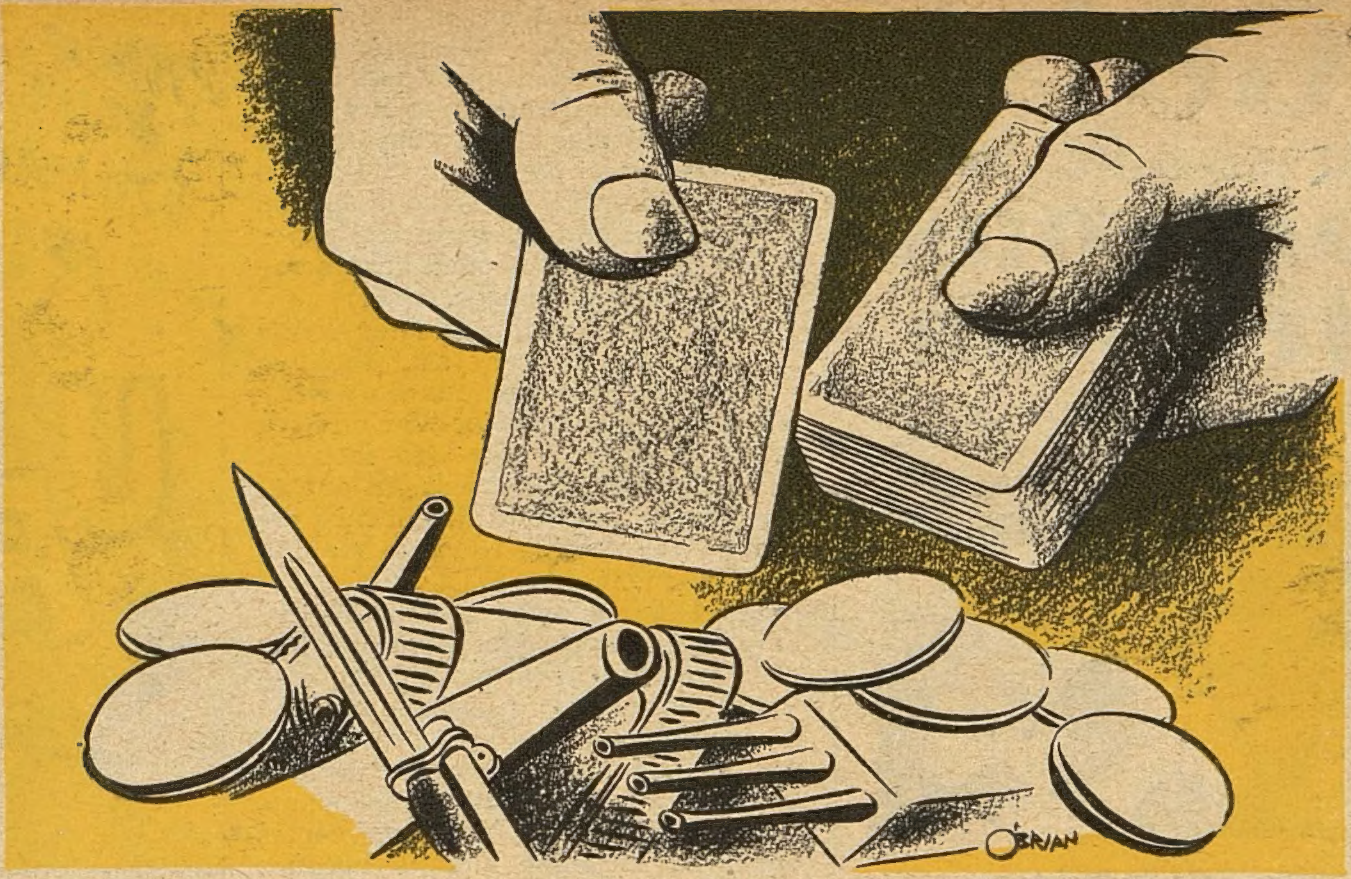

THE RIVALRY OF POWER

THE victory of the United Nations was supposed to usher in a new era of peace and freedom; of self-determination; and of unselfish co-operation among nations. In the months since victory, all these fine principles seem to have been forgotten completely. The nations jockey with one another, each seeking to set the world up to its own advantage. Week by week, mistrust and rivalry grow. We are headed away from "one world" and toward a world divided as it has never been before.

The cause of this trend of events can be summed up in one word—POWER. There is too much power in the world today. Far-reaching decisions are being rendered on the basis of armies, fleets, and aircraft rather than on the basis of right and justice. The full-blown entry of the United States on the international scene was supposed to change this old method of doing business. But the United States brings into the picture the greatest aggregation of power the world has ever known—a fact which even our allies feel they cannot ignore. All nations, including ourselves, are restive and insecure when in a disadvantageous power position. To offset the strength of others, each nation strives to increase its own power either by arming itself or by securing to itself, through alliance or otherwise, control of the power potential of smaller nations.

Because of the terrific power in the hands of the United States, Russia, and Britain, all the nations of the world are playing power politics today to a greater extent than ever before. The fate of small nations is determined not in their own interests but in accordance with their place in the power plans of the larger nations.

Someone has said there is no other kind of politics but power politics. If this is so, the world must perforce invent another kind. Otherwise a third world war powered by atoms is inevitable.

Statesmen must face the fact that power lies at the root of our differences. The objective of diplomacy must be ever toward a reduction and elimination of power everywhere in the world. Only through diplomatic settlements which serve to curtail power can we progress toward peace and justice. Diplomacy which makes it necessary to maintain or increase power takes the world more deeply into the dangerous rivalry which breeds war.

The Allies made a big stride in the wrong direction when they set up our present method of administering conquered Germany. As soon as possible after victory the governing of the defeated enemy should have been turned over to an occupying authority designated by the United Nations with its own police force. The same holds true for Japan.

National armies, each under its own commander, should have no place in the occupation. It is impossible properly to administer a country divided into zones, especially if each occupying power acts in accordance with its own interests rather than in a manner to accomplish the purposes of the occupation most effectively.

As to the future, the nations of the world, especially the big nations, must work to establish a world set-up in which power can be eliminated entirely and justice under law decide the fate of nations. Despite the warnings of our own military leaders that we must maintain our military strength because "pacifism" has been tried and failed, the fact remains there is no other course to a sane world and peace.

Paul Hunter

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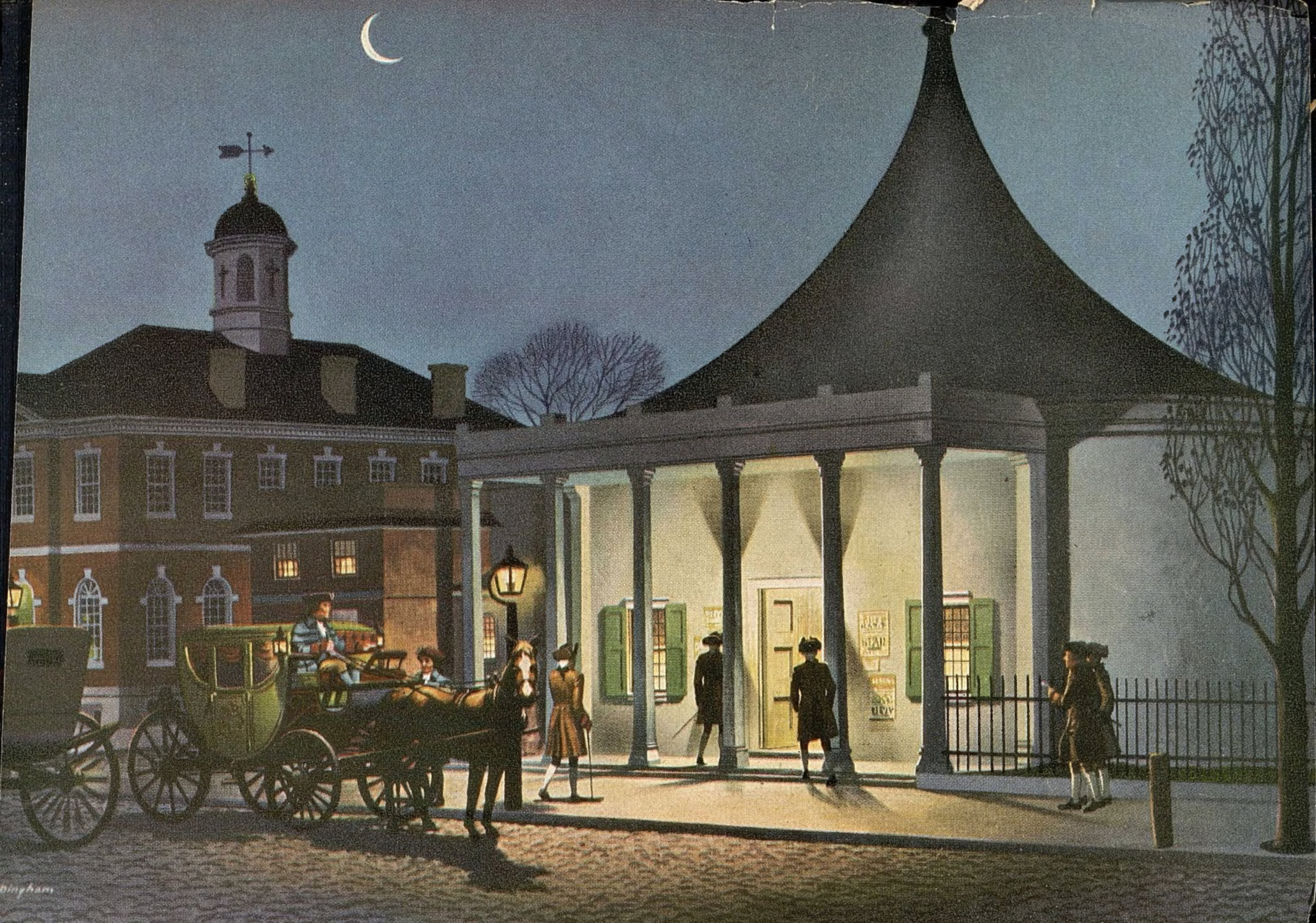

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> *News item, 8 February, 1798*

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